

SCREENLAND★

The Smart Screen Magazine



March

15c

20c in Canada

Kay Francis

New
Love
For Garbo?

Gary Cooper Talks About His Big Romance!
Who Are Hollywood's 6 Most Charming Women?

“Girls who know this secret always win out”

says Irene Dunne

1

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION

RKO-RADIO STAR

2

NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.

3

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT-YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . so easy to try . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings.

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists say:

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually* contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type of Skin...
dry...oily...in-between



YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist





Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!



Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
 ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods—too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana—and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at



bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



I P A N A
T O O T H P A S T E



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-34
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

A
Picture
You
Should
Not
Miss!



Spencer Tracy and
Loretta Young in
"A Man's Castle"
(Columbia).

Here, in all respects, is an unusual film! Director Frank Borzage has called forth all his old-time skill and wizardry of touch in fashioning a tale of two orphans of the economic storm. *Bill* and *Trina*, adrift in New York, meet and pool their assets—which total exactly nothing. They set up sketchy housekeeping in the "shantytown" of the homeless and jobless, and there manage to ensnare happiness until *Bill's* wanderlust threatens to tear them asunder. Taking these two very human and appealing characters, Borzage has woven a story that is tender, exciting, and gaily amusing by turns. If, here and there, the plot wanders off into extraneous melodrama, blame the script rather than the sensitive direction or the consummate acting. Spencer Tracy's *Bill* is a memorable character, especially in the frequent gay moments where he reveals a rich talent for sly comedy. Loretta Young is scarcely less excellent as the frightened little waif blindly in love with her roughneck benefactor. And the fervent love scenes between these two are among the most convincing the screen has shown us in a long time. Walter Connolly, Marjorie Rambeau, and Arthur Hohl render able support. This isn't *the* great screen drama of America's Years of the Locust, but you'll find it amply rewarding.

March, 1934

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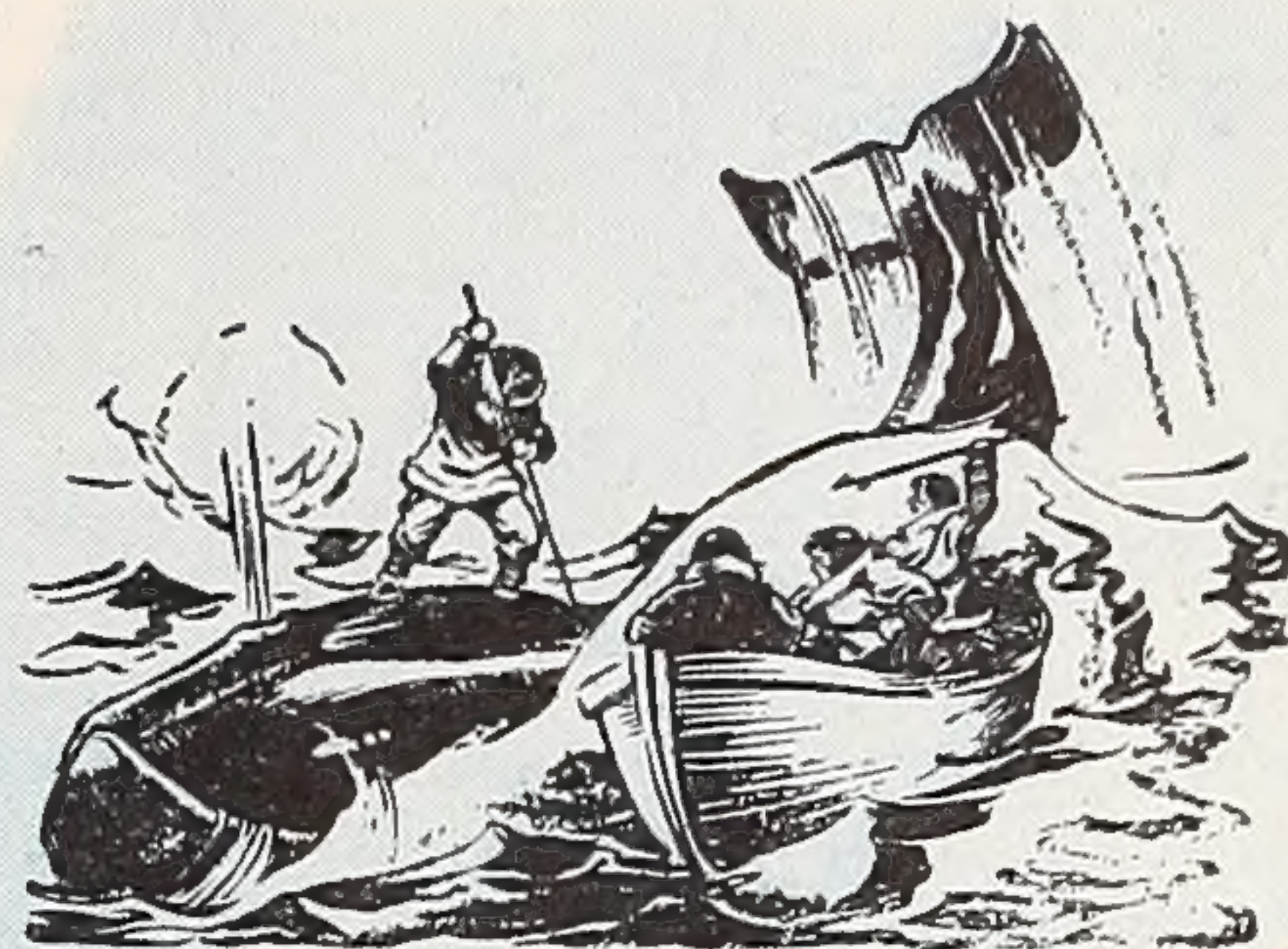
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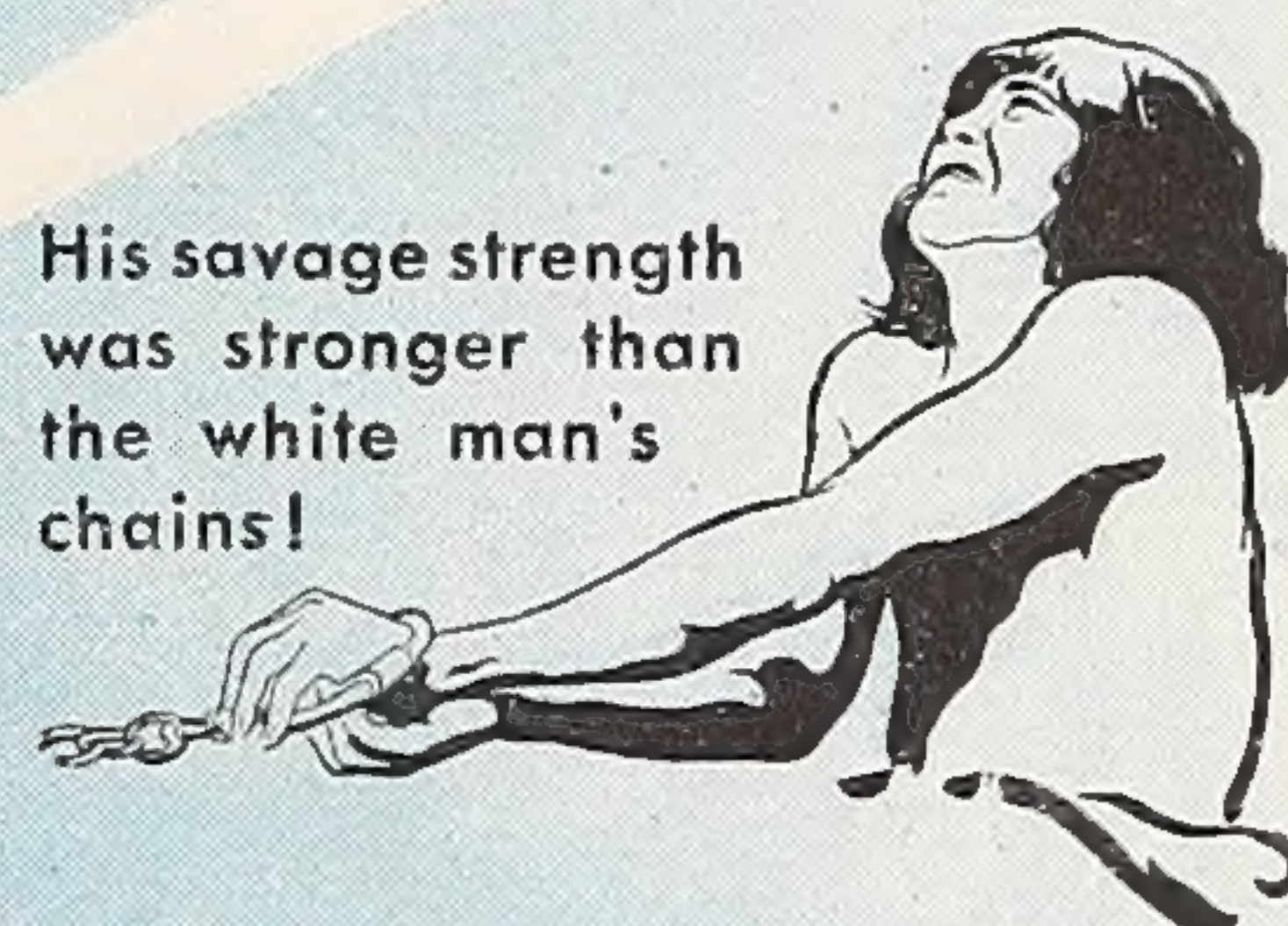
He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

They loved, happy till the white man came!



The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!

Stampede of thousands of caribou!



Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!



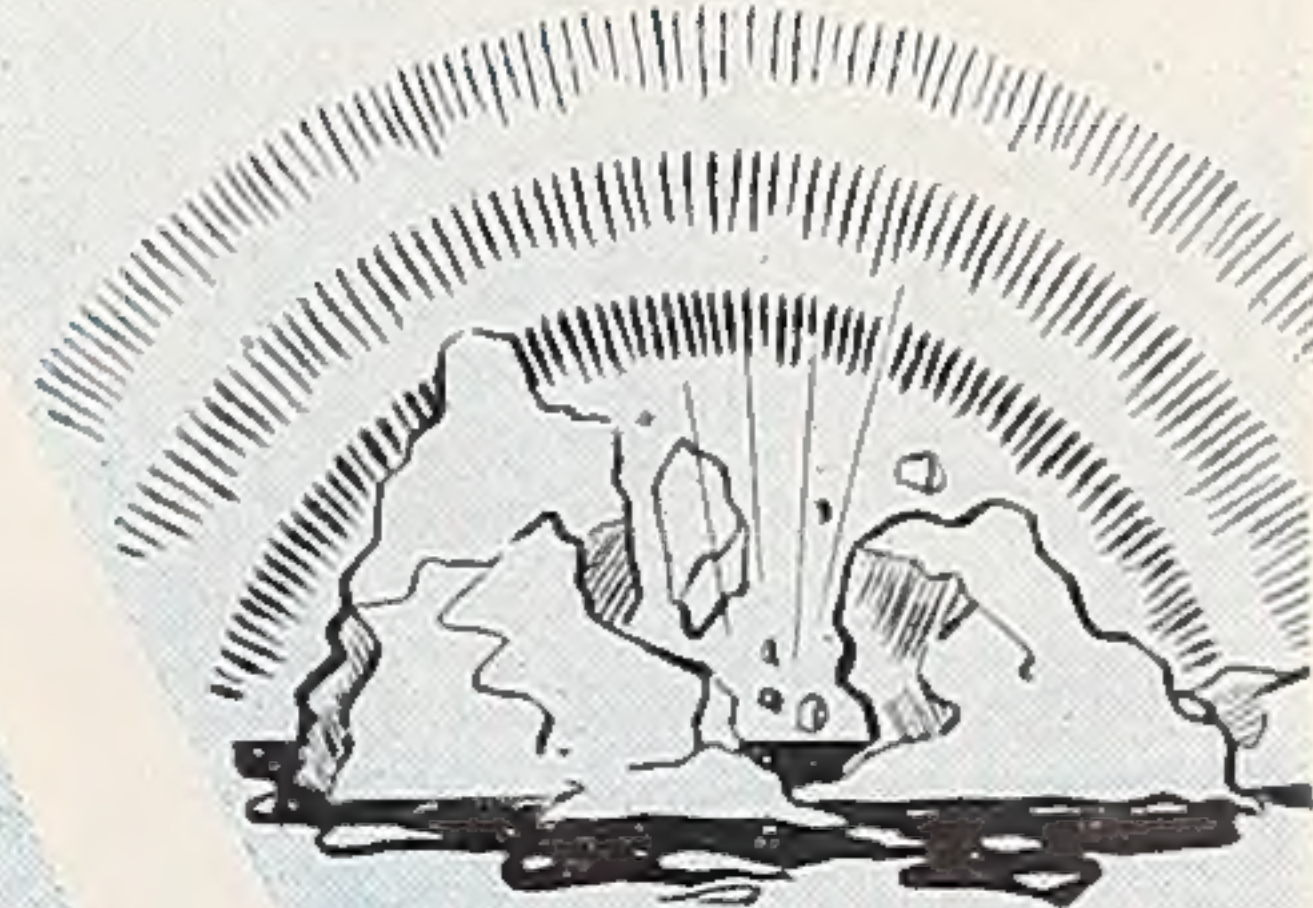
ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.



Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



His
Double
Life
Para-
mount

This diverting comedy is Lillian Gish's first film in three years—and she's charming. The story, adapted from an Arnold Bennett play, is a variation on the mistaken identity theme. Roland Young portrays a timid artist who can't prove that it was his valet and not he who died. So he lives the life of the valet even so far as marrying the dead man's mail-order fiancée! Both stars are splendid. More Gish films—soon!



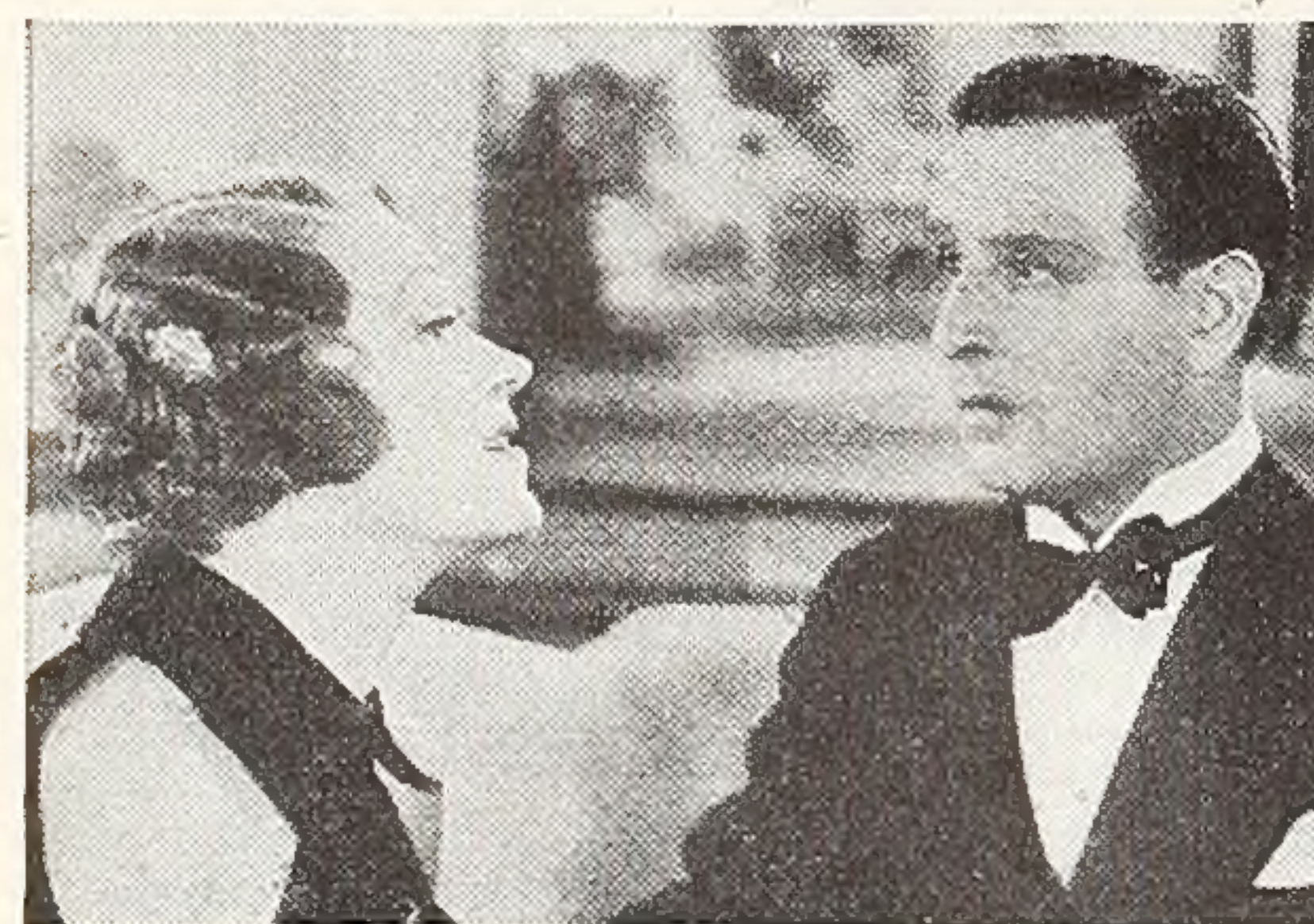
Counsel-
or-at-
Law
Uni-
versal

Here's one successful Broadway play that is equally effective as a screen story. Vivid and dramatic stuff. John Barrymore is excellent as the attorney who rose from the Ghetto to a position of power. Doris Kenyon, as his snobbish wife, gives a good performance, and Bebe Daniels wins your sympathy as the devoted secretary. The film maintains a lively pace, with cleverly distributed comedy, drama, and pathos.



Hoopla
Fox

Clara Bow wiggles a mean cooch dance as *Fatima*, the girl "who begins where all other Oriental dancers leave off." This talkie version of "The Barker" is well presented, and contains some realistic circus scenes with the usual "hey-rube" free-for-all fight. Dick Cromwell is credible as the romantic circus boy. The entire story, however, is too familiar by now to qualify as anything like first-rank entertainment.

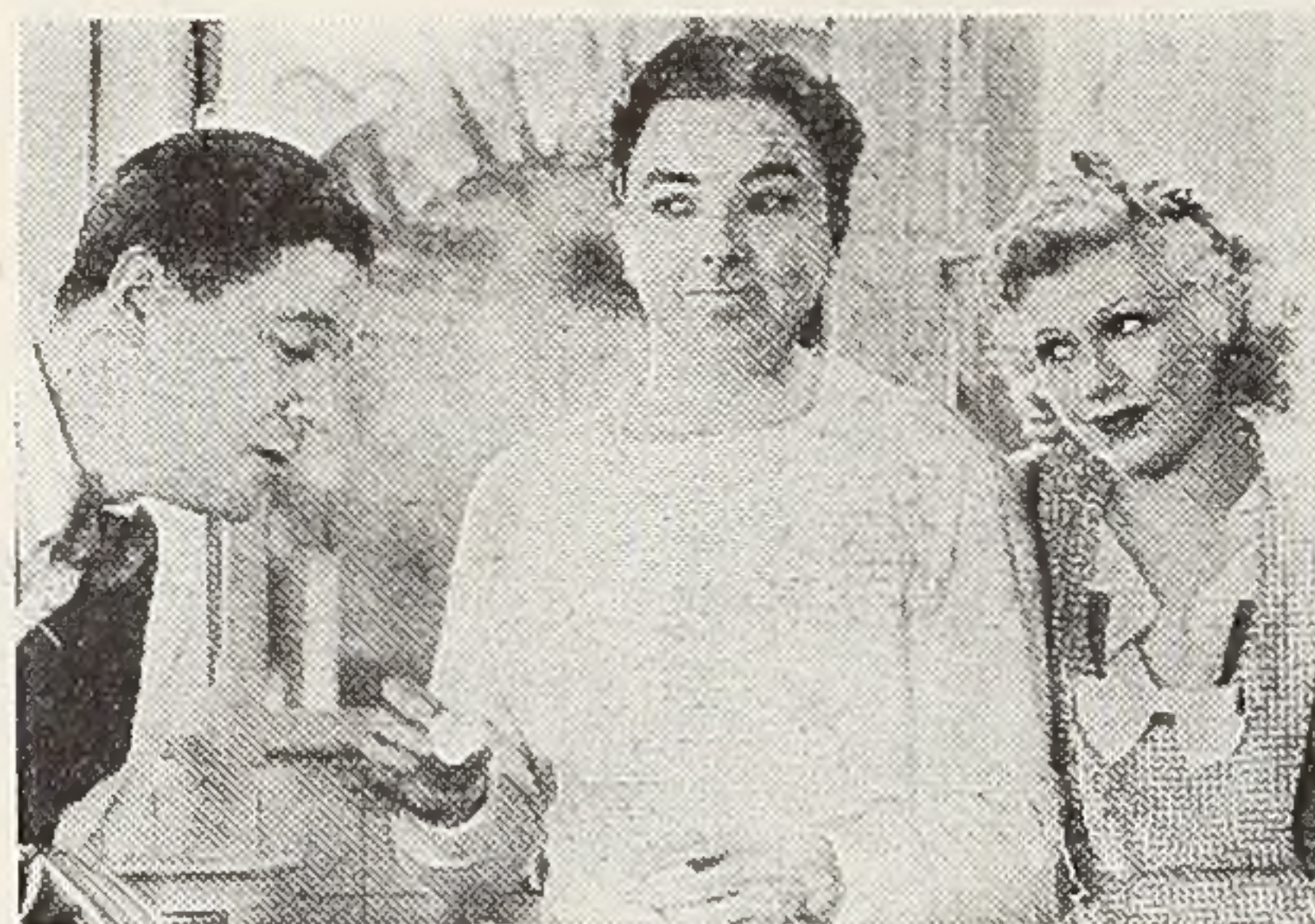


Should
Ladies
Behave?
M-G-M

They do in this picture—but in surprising ways! Alice Brady plays a middle-aged lady who seeks to revive a girlhood romance, with unlooked-for results. The clever, un-hackneyed story furnishes a grand setting for Miss Brady's slightly daffy comedy. Lionel Barrymore plays her elderly husband amid much eyebrow-wiggling. Mary Carlisle is sweetly girlish as their daughter; Conway Tearle plays the autumnal lover.

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on
Page 62



Sitting
Pretty
Para-
mount

At last! The Hollywood song-writer comes into his own. In fact, there are two of them—Jack Oakie, the exuberant, and Jack Haley, the timid—and they're both immensely comical as the heroes of this musical film. Out on the Coast in quest of a job, they run into assorted complications, not least among them the exciting Ginger Rogers. The music, dancing, and "spectacles" are satisfying. And Gregory Ratoff!



Jimmy
and
Sally
Fox

We were afraid of this. Jimmy Dunn plays one of those brash press agents—a rôle without which, evidently, no vigorous young actor's career is complete. As usual, he loses both his job and his girl through an excess of zeal. Then, having seen the error of his ways and reformed, he wins both back. Jimmy performs with genuine charm, and Claire Trevor shows promise. But the story, alas, has little in its favor.



Advice
To the
Lovelorn
20th
Century

What could be funnier than a rough-and-tumble newspaperman being forced to conduct a "heart-throb" column? The answer should be "nothing," particularly when Lee Tracy is the harried scribe. Yet somehow the story, presented in cinema form, fails to come off. And the attempt to liven matters by hauling in melodrama scarcely helps. Tracy tries hard; Sterling Holloway assists; Sally Blane does her best work yet.



Gallant
Lady
20th
Century

For Ann Harding addicts! The star's classic profile, coiffure, and croon have full play in this never believable and only occasionally moving or amusing story of a broken-hearted heroine who gives up her baby son, only to find him again later on in the engaging little person of Dicky Moore. Meanwhile she spurns the fascinating Tullio Carminatti and the irresistible Clive Brook. Pretty hard going for the grand cast.



The
House
On 56th
Street
Warners

What a woman's picture! And what a woman playing it! Kay Francis gives her grandest performance as a chorus beauty of the gay 90's who marries a young man-about-town, Gene Raymond, and retires to the mansion mentioned in the title, where their daughter is born. Tragedy separates them and Kay becomes, later, a lady gambler in that same mansion. Enter daughter—and sizzling drama.



Girl
Without
A Room
Para-
mount

Charlie Ruggles annexes the honors again in this haphazard yarn about American artists in Paris. As the slightly alcoholic friend of Charles Farrell, he rescues the latter from a Russian siren and re-unites him with his sweetheart, Marguerite Churchill. There are a few amusing scenes and a tuneful song or two—and that's about all. Farrell does his best with a poor rôle; Marguerite is lovely and effective. And Ratoff scores again.



The
Chief
M-G-M

You faithful Ed Wynn fans will chortle with delight at your pet "Fool's" antics in this comedy. As for you others—well, you're going to be entertained in spite of yourselves! The wistful Wynn plays a befuddled youth who finds himself all mixed up with a gang of crooked politicians. There are laughs galore, with Dorothy Mackaill at her handsomest, and George Givot furnishing dialect chuckles. Well worth seeing.



Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Found! A letter-writer who quarrels with Mae West's latest picture! Such originality must be heard—read this clever and good-humored criticism of the Merry Mae herewith.

And—what's this? Another dissenter! A dyed-in-the-wool film-lover of the old school calls for a return of the good (?) old custom of applauding at pictures! Maybe you won't agree with him, but his shout of defiance is amusing and provocative. So here it is!

You'll find plenty of other fresh and interesting viewpoints from intelligent movie-goers on this month's letter page. And you'll find, too, some fervent praise of good little actors and actresses—as well as a few good-natured "slams" where they're likely to do some good!

We're waiting to hear your raves (or your razzes), too. You'll find it an amusing game—and those eight five-dollar prizes for the best letters give you a chance to combine profit with pleasure.

Address your remarks to Letter Department, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York, and mail them to reach us by the 10th of the month. And don't forget that fifty-word limit on all letters.

NOW You're Talking!

Stop—read—write!

One picture—and screen fame! Margaret Sullavan's arresting personality and thrilling voice in "Only Yesterday" completely captivated the film audience. She's our readers' Girl-of-the-Month.



The first eight letters receive prizes of five dollars each

APPLAUSE WITH SOUND?

Whoever started this no-applause inhibition, anyway? Recently, at "Berkeley Square" and at "Three Little Pigs," I caused consternation among the sophisticated by clapping in the good, old-fashioned way. Well, it's no use—either pictures must become less enjoyable or I'll have to be handcuffed!

W. Ward Wright,
Rural Route 3,
Logansport, Ind.

ROMANCE K.O.'S SEX

Who says movie-going America has gone "sexy"? A lurid sex movie hereabouts had only fair attendance for two days. Meanwhile, at an adjacent theatre, "Little Women" played to packed houses for seven

days. Give us wholesome pictures, intelligently acted, and they'll continue to pack us in!

Mrs. H. D. Cooksey,
28 Forest Rd.,
Raleigh, N. C.

BUT—JOAN FORGETS!

Remember Delight Evans' open letter to Joan Crawford? Joan replied, promising to mind Delight and remove "at least two inches of that make-up." Judging from her portrait in the January SCREENLAND, Joan's memory is short. Why the gallon of stickum on the justly famous Crawford orbs? Spank her, Delight!

Linnie Cooper,
103 N. 7th St.,
Hamilton, Ohio.

A GIRL HE CAN'T FORGET!

Margaret Sullavan in "Only Yesterday" is the most "human" actress I have ever seen on the screen. She is completely real and natural. I can still hear her

lovely voice and see her appealing face as *Mary Lane*, a girl I can never forget. More power to Margaret!

Francis Darrah,
R. F. D. 6,
Manchester, N. H.

FOR "THREE LITTLE PIGMENTS"

Why not more films in color? Is the process too expensive, or what? I confess my ignorance—but how I do revel in rich, beautiful color! It adds 50% in attractiveness to any picture. Imagine those gorgeous scenes in "Footlight Parade" in color. Not to mention the famous Cagney thatch!

Willie Mae Jackson,
108 Riverside Dr.,
Columbia, Tenn.

TRUE "SUCCESS STORY"!

Frank Young, of a local theatre staff, takes his he-man movies seriously. It
(Continued on page 11)

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

"42nd Street"... "Gold Diggers"... "Footlight Parade"
... and now the most spectacular attraction the
show world has ever known — "Wonder Bar". Sensa-
tion of two continents on the stage, it comes to the
screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a
gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!



"WONDER BAR"

Starring

A L J O L S O N	K A Y F R A N C I S
D O L O R E S D E L R I O	D I C K P O W E L L
R I C A R D O C O R T E Z	H A L L E R O Y
F I F I D ' O R S A Y	G U Y K I B B E E
H U G H H E R B E R T	K A T H R Y N S E R G A V A
R U T H D O N N E L L Y	R O B E R T B A R R A T
M E R N A K E N N E D Y	H E N R Y K O L K E R

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and
directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture



To
G
A
R
B
O



SCREENLAND'S Honor Page

WE HAIL the triumphant "come-back" of the screen's most noble figure. We believe that here, for once, is a star and a motion picture living up to all the advance ballyhoo. Garbo in "Queen Christina" is a rare and lovely experience. We are proud and happy to urge you to welcome the mighty and majestic Swedish girl back to her cinema

kingdom. Her first film since her long vacation proves anew that Garbo gives us something that no other screen actress is able to give: a glimpse of grandeur, a hint of deathless beauty, the pulse of pure poetry. "Queen Christina" is no cheap sex drama for sensation-seekers, but a fine and worthy vehicle for the Snow Queen's victorious return. Long may she reign!

Now You're Talking

Continued from page 8

used to earn him a lot of razzing. Then one day two six-foot armed bandits appeared. Frank floored them with a sock apiece in the whiskers. Nobody kids Frank about his movie enthusiasms any more!

Manly Wade Wellman,
Wichita, Kan.

CARY AND THE GALS

My favorite star? Cary Grant—he has everything! But am I jealous! I usually find him in the arms of Mae West, which seems to be his idea of how to pass the time. Understand his latest effort is "Born to be Bad" with Loretta Young. Goodness, what a birthright!

Pauline Doris Donner,
Little Rock, Ark.

TSK-TSK DEPARTMENT!

I can say my say in one sentence: Joe E. Brown had better look to his laurels—he'll soon have a rival if Joan doesn't economize on that lip-rouge!

Mary Hickey,
171 Ocean Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

A BOLAND BOUQUET

My fifty words are dedicated to Mary Boland, a player so intelligent she can do "dumb" rôles superbly. She has saved many a so-so picture, like "Three Cornered Moon," through her combination of wit and charm. What's more, she possesses one of the most attractive voices on the screen.

Doris Davies,
Regina, Canada.

PAGING MR. MANNERS!

David Manners is one of the most romantic actors on the screen today. At all times his work is a genuine pleasure to see. Why not show him in more of those romantic tangles? Producers, give us more of this popular young Thespian!

Winifred Luzmoor,
Lafayette, Colo.

OFF THE BLONDE STANDARD?

Isn't it about time we put all our synthetic blonde menaces in moth balls and gave girls like Pert Kelton a break?

An orchid and a couple of dandelions to Pert! She's a tonic for jaded nerves.

Mae E. Nelson,
1933 So. Highland Ave.,
Berwyn, Ill.

KELLY COMES THROUGH!

Our friends the producers may not know it, but they've discovered a great star in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." His name is Paul Kelly, and he's one actor who can make a romantic scene effective without making it mushy. Let's see him often!

Ruth Joanne Wilson,
240 12th St. S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

THE FLAMING FEMME OF 44 B. C.

What a hit Cleopatra, if she were alive today, would be in motion pictures!

She not only possessed beauty and acting ability, but she married often—totaling three spouses—and always made her Marc!

Roderick Dhu,
4446 Clifton Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 90)

TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

for 10 days
at our expense!

"I have

REDUCED MY
HIPS NINE
INCHES"

... writes Miss Healy



"I read an 'ad' of the
Perfolastic Company
...and sent for FREE
folder".

"They allowed me to
wear their Perforated
Girdle for 10 days
on trial".

"and in 10 days, by
actual measurement,
I found my hips 3
INCHES SMALLER".



"I really felt better,
my back no longer
ached, and I had a new
feeling of energy".

"The massage-like
action did it... the
fat seemed to have
melted away".

"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my
weight 20 pounds".

**REDUCE YOUR WAIST
AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**
... or it won't cost you one cent!

WE WANT YOU to try the
Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for
yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE.
Then, if without diet, drugs or exer-
cise, you have not reduced at least 3
inches around waist and hips, it will
cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

■ The massage-like action of this
famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle
takes the place of months of tiring
exercises. You do nothing, take
no drugs, eat all you wish, yet,
with every move the marvelous
Perfolastic Girdle gently massages
away the surplus fat, stimulating the
body once more into energetic health.

**Ventilated . . . to Permit the
Skin to Breathe!**

■ And it is so comfortable! The
ventilating perforations allow the
skin pores to breathe normally. The
inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle
is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric,
especially designed to wear next to

the body. It does away with all irri-
tation, chafing and discomfort, keep-
ing your body cool and fresh at all
times. There is no sticky, unpleasant
feeling. A special adjustable back al-
lows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and
definitely whether or not this very efficient
girdle will reduce you. You do not need
to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . .
then send it back if you are not completely
astonished at the wonderful results.

● The illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle
also features the NEW Perfolastic Brassiere.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

DEPT. 733, 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

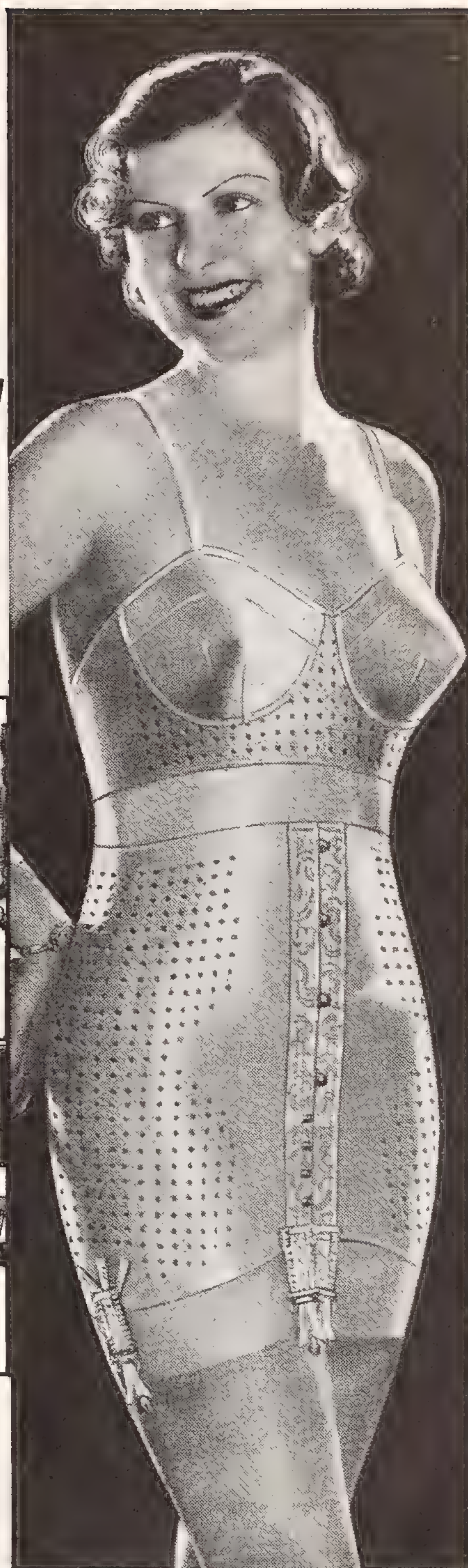
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE
BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic
Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



**JOHN BARRYMORE**

Just as sure as not
You'll find John on his yacht,
Developing seaworthy legs.

And spending his time,
Without reason or rhyme,
With his rarest collection of eggs.

**JOAN CRAWFORD**

You cannot ignore,
In this group of four,
The personal hobby of Joan.

She considers it play
To model in clay
And even to chisel in stone.

**NORMA SHEARER**

If you can't analyze
The charm of her eyes
Or the glamorous lure of her tresses—

You, at least, should have known
That Miss Shearer is prone
To designing her very own dresses.

**CLARK GABLE**

Here is a man's man,
A cinema-fan's man,
An actor in sweater and jeans.

When off of the lot
You can see Clark get hot
'A-fishing for whales and sardines.

Caricatures
and text by

ABNER
DEAN

hollywood hobbies

The Editor's Page.

Two Great Come-Backs!

By Delight Evans



Little Mary on the big stage of the Paramount Theatre on Broadway, New York, in "The Church Mouse."



A TINY girl with shimmering golden hair and appealing pout and expressive hands and cute childish legs walked out on the big stage of the Paramount Theatre on Broadway, New York—one of the "hardest" theatres in the world, with one of the most exacting audiences. The little girl opened her lips to speak—and perhaps she did, but you couldn't hear her for the applause that spread through that vast theatre. Evidently the little girl was Somebody. Just a mite, but maybe the audience knew her. Knew her? They loved her! They had always loved her—the mothers and the aunts since "Tess of the Storm Country"; the youngsters since "Secrets." And she was weaving the same spell. Mary Pickford came back to Broadway—the street she deserted for the movies when she was a golden-haired child prodigy of David Belasco in "The Poor Little Devil." And now, with years of film triumphs behind her, she returned to play a bit from "The Church Mouse," and conquered again. This Pickford must have something! I should like to see her in a full-length stage play, as she plans, touring every city, town, and hamlet where her movie image has been loved so long. Why don't you invite her to visit you?

IT WAS a heart-warming evening, that world premiere of "Queen Christina" on Broadway. It brought back Garbo. And it brought back another movie idol who had been away too long. When that tall man with the plumed hat and the flashing smile and the burning eyes stepped from his stage coach into a movie Swedish snow-drift—you believed he was, in truth, the Spanish envoy on his way to his sweet fate as the lover of Queen Christina. And no other movie actor could have made you believe it but John Gilbert. It isn't easy to be convincingly dashing and romantic in a fur coat and a velvet hat and a Castilian hair-cut. Only Gilbert could do it. And later, when it becomes so apparent that his rôle is not to be "built up"—that he is to be merely Garbo's leading man, he accepts the inevitable with such good grace, such charming humility, that you admire him all the more. I hope that John Gilbert is back in pictures to stay. Why doesn't some smart producer take advantage of our current romantic mood and star him in "The Count of Monte Cristo"? He's the one actor who would not be ridiculous in such an heroic rôle; he would make us believe it, because he would believe it himself!



John Gilbert—the same romantic, dashing Jack of "The Wife of the Centaur" and "The Big Parade"—makes a glorious come-back opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina."

Gary Cooper

Gary's married! "Bachelor until 35," he succumbs at 32. Here are the reasons, revealed by the Montana Menace himself

GARY COOPER had always maintained that he would not marry until he reached the age of thirty-five. But his marriage on December 15 to Miss Sandra Shaw (Veronica Balfe) of the exclusive Park Avenue social sector was announced—and Gary is only thirty-two!

With the rest of the world, I was curious to know just what had actuated him to change his mind and revise the sentiments he has so often proclaimed both publicly and privately. I wanted to hear about the girl who had succeeded where so many had failed.

For Gary has been rumored in love, engaged and even married more often than any young man in Hollywood, where for an appreciable time he has reigned as the cinema colony's most eligible bachelor.

First among the screen sirens who laid siege to his heart was the torrid Clara Bow, back in the days when both were starting their picture careers. But their romance did not endure for long, and Evelyn Brent followed the Brooklyn bonfire in Mr. Cooper's affections and press-notice. Miss Brent was in turn supplanted by Lupe Velez.

The progress of the Cooper-Velez romance was historical and hysterical. It lasted for over three years and there are those who insist, even today, that neither Gary nor Lupe will ever completely forget each other.

However, at the time that Lupe wrote finis to that chapter in their lives, Gary was a sick boy. He sailed for Europe in the double quest of forgetfulness and health.

It was while abroad that he met the older woman for whom he felt a very real appreciation and friendship. However, Hollywood in general and the world at large magnified

The long, lean Gary, one of Hollywood's most popular youths off and on the screen, had his future all planned! But—!



*By
Laura
Benham*

TALKS

about his

Big Romance



his friendship with the sophisticated Countess di Frasso and when that worthy noblewoman arrived in Hollywood to visit Mary Pickford shortly after Gary returned home, tongues wagged and pens scribbled in a veritable deluge of gossip.

So, for a long time Gary's name was insistently linked with that of this charming older friend. Despite the various rumors that flew so thick and fast for a while, to the effect that the countess would soon discard her title for the simple signature of "Mrs. Gary Cooper," you may be sure that such an idea never occurred to the tall, gaunt gentleman from Montana.

I've known Gary for a long time and I'm sure that this is the truth. For he has always been quite frank with me and his rare confidences are things to believe and to cherish.

For that reason, I wanted to see him and have a good, long talk with him about his plunge into matrimony. I wanted to see if Hollywood and pictures had at last changed the man who had always been impervious to the superficialities and hypocrisies of a town noted for altering most characters—and most views on matrimony.

Gary greeted me as cheerily—and as silently—as is his usual wont. The fact that he is one of the most popular actors on the screen today and has been fêted by princes and potentates has not altered the charmingly ingenuous grin and half-shy mannerisms that characterized him in the beginning.

He was inclined to be reticent at first (but that's typical of Gary), and obviously preferred discussing such timely topics as Roosevelt, recovery, and repeal. But eventually he squared his shoulders and decided to be brave and tell me why he had decided to forego those three years of single bliss.

"It's because I think I've found the One Girl," he explained. "The One Girl I've always been looking for.

Along came Sandra Shaw! She is really Veronica Balfe, New York débutante, who entered pictures "for a lark" under an assumed name. Miss Balfe changed Gary's ideas about bachelorhood—and maybe he isn't glad of it!

And when that happens you find that it doesn't matter what you've said before—it doesn't matter how young or how old you are—all that counts is being together and sharing each other's lives."

"Did you know the moment you saw Miss Shaw that she was the 'One Girl'?" I could not resist asking.

Gary's blue eyes twinkled as he replied. "I didn't see her when I first met her! It was last April in the projection room at the studio. It was dark, of course, when I went in, and after stumbling over several pair of feet, I managed to find a (Continued on page 72)

Charm—what, how, why, and whose? Here are all the answers!

By
*Margery
Wilson*



Every woman wants Charm! Every screen actress is supposed to have it! But what's the real truth? Is this precious quality the exclusive property of a few movie stars, or may you possess it as well? We wanted the answer, and we found it—by asking Margery Wilson, acknowledged authority on Charm, to tell us her conclusions. Read Miss Wilson's article. We believe it is at once the cleverest—and the most controversial!—ever written on this fascinating subject. For Margery Wilson knows. She is consulted by famous stage and screen stars, by society women, teachers—and just girls!

WHAT is Charm?

This is the question thrust at me incessantly.

After hearing careless chatter on the subject one might suppose that there are different kinds of Charm—one sort for actresses, another for housewives, still another for dealing with men, and others for different ages.

Let us rid our minds of such complications at once. We will arrive at the forceful truth immediately if we will admit that there is only ONE Charm. True, that Charm expresses itself in a million ways by whatever

**MARIE
DRESSLER**

"She has taken
the fear out of
age for women."



KATHARINE HEPBURN
"Her face does not matter."



HELEN HAYES
"A lovely lullaby."

The Charm Six: Hepburn, Dressler, Hayes, Chatterton, Garbo, Shearer

avenues present themselves in any given person, place or circumstance. But it is basically one thing—a single, vital, immutable psychological fact. We will dissect and then discuss this common denominator found in all charming women. Then you will see why I have chosen this list of six women; you will perceive just what is the special quality they have in common—and I trust you will agree with me that they have it in greater abundance than their contemporaries.

Now, for the definition: "CHARM IS THE ABILITY TO CAUSE OTHERS TO SEE THEMSELVES IN YOU." A truly charming actress actually lends her beauty and emotions to every woman in the audience. If each timid little girl, seated in the dim theatre, is vicariously living the delightful, pathetic, or thrilling things of the actress' performance—she will adore that actress. This is the secret of personal appeal and success anywhere in life. Every woman in the world has it to a greater or a lesser degree. It is what producers are combing the earth to find. After you have read this article, I believe you will have a most interesting experience in studying yourself comparatively with the women you know. These six players, in my opinion, reflect amazingly the desires of their audiences.

For instance, Katharine Hepburn does and says things you and I would like to do and say; says and does them with a reckless nobility—with always her sound conviction supporting them. She has, perhaps, the

most rapid co-ordination of heart and head to be found in Hollywood. Her face is

not the ordinary one. Her admirers

think her rather odd face is beautiful. Her critics say

she is homely. I say her

face doesn't matter,

for it is merely

the place

where

the fire of her personality casts its reflections. It is but a screen on which is shown the shadow-play of each day's dramas. Katharine Hepburn can, if she wishes, act for an admiring public as long as she lives—IF life does not dim the flame of her spirit,—if nothing dulls the edge of her lightening perceptions. If her personality remains unchanged she will later be as beloved a character actress as either Marie Dressler or May Robson.

For most of us life is too complicated to let us go about speaking our minds in the Hepburn manner. We fear it might not be politic. We are afraid of giving offense, of being considered rude. In her it does not seem rudeness but rather a passionate and constructive honesty. Thus, in Katharine Hepburn we see our own wish given full and arresting expression and we say—"Isn't she charming!"

Mae West's appeal to both rowdy and conservative is based on the same thing. It charms most people to have their vices expressed for them. (Continued on page 80)

GRETA
GARBO

"She fascinates even those who dislike her."



NORMA
SHEARER

"The novelty of an unbelievable perfection."



RUTH
CHATTERTON

"Hers is the trick of making Time stand still."



What, no Crawford, Harlow, or Dietrich? Don't wonder—just read why!

6 MOST CHARMING WOMEN?

What I Think of Jimmy

THE only trouble with giving out a story of this kind, as I see it, is that in order to be any good it has to be absolutely honest. How can I make it honest and yet printable—particularly if he's going to give out one on me?

My first meeting with him occurred when we went to a producer's office to see about parts in "Maggie, the Magnificent." The room was packed and jammed with people. And there, beside me, stood that tough-looking little redhead with a face like an amiable bulldog.

As I said, the room was so packed I despaired of ever getting close enough to the producer to talk to him. Cagney was standing next to me. He must have noticed that I looked a little worried because suddenly he said, "Do you want to get up there?"

"Sure," I said, "but I don't suppose I ever will."

"Go on," he said and began pushing me. When he stopped I was right up in the front line. As I came out of the office I gave him a little smile which was intended to tell him everything was all right. But I still didn't know who he was.

Next day I met him at rehearsal and we were introduced. He'd got the part he was after, too. The play only had a six weeks' run but it served two purposes. We got to know each other and became fast friends and it kept us in coffee and cakes.

Jimmy was a revelation to me even in those days. You expect him to be just a tough mugg. Well, even then, when he was only getting a foothold, Jimmy was never tough. He was constantly trying to improve himself. The only people who have ever interested him are extremely intelligent people and those he calls "camps"—people with an unusual sense of humor who are always good for laughs. But he prefers the intellectuals. Not only Jimmy but all his brothers read constantly. And they read *good* books in an effort to better themselves.

When I hear people say he has gone highbrow in an



Always in good humor! Here's the breezy Blondell as you've known her on the screen in a long succession of gay performances. And she's at her best now in "Convention City."

**They won their first success together—
and now, for the first time, Blondell and**

As told to

effort to live up to his position as a star it makes me furious. He *isn't* highbrow! He'll laugh just as uproariously now at low things, even vulgarities if they're funny, as he ever did. The only difference is that in those days he was a relatively unimportant person and no one paid much attention to what he read—or even if he read.

People are constantly asking me if he has changed. The only change I can see in Jimmy is that in New York I could usually understand him whereas now he talks so low it's almost impossible to hear him. You get the feeling when he's talking that some delectable dirt is being dished if you could only hear it.

But that again resolves itself into the difference between being unimportant and a great star. When you're unimportant you have to talk loud to make yourself heard and when you're a star everybody sits on the edge of the chair so as to be sure of not missing a word.

He has an air of quiet assurance about him that makes everything he does seem O.K. When he used to tell me something it never (Continued on page 82)



Cagney of many characters! The versatile Jimmy has been tough, tender, lowdown, and gentlemanly, by turns. You'll find him at his most characteristic in "Lady Killer."

What I Think of Joan

ever met. When he wired me recently to join him in Carmel on a little vacation he failed to give me the address. I called George Frank, his friend and business adviser, to get it. "You're lucky he remembered to sign his name!" George chuckled).

I think Joan is without doubt the best comedienne in the business. She never has to extend herself for a laugh. She has a really great gift for comedy. She is the most attractive young woman I can think of who can play comedy effortlessly and instinctively.

In her first important rôle in New York, "Maggie the Magnificent," she took direction from that greatest of all stage directors—George Kelly—with an ease that only a natural and instinctive actress possesses. The very fact that Kelly, himself, used to collapse in the footlights, figuratively speaking, at the facility with which she followed his instructions proved her understanding of the requirements.

I cannot stress too much the rarity of the comedy gift among women players—particularly young ones—because, for the most part, they are chiefly concerned with the dramatic aspects of the part they are playing. Blondell will play any scene for all it is worth and, in playing a scene, will disregard entirely the characteristic that is so pronounced among the leading ladies: that of looking pretty at any cost.

She is sensible enough never to let her moods influence her relations with her associates. I mean, for instance, if she came on the set in a bad humor or feeling of sorts, she would never have the set closed, as many actors and actresses have done. If she is in a bad humor or a blue funk, she can easily be kidded out of it. She's always ready for a laugh.

Another of Joan's great characteristics is her very broad tolerance. She has an amazing capacity for "taking it on the chin." The fact that she has been stung again and again hasn't embittered her. She will always listen sympathetically to anyone's tale of woe and do all she can to help out. She's (Continued on page 83)

they've been good friends ever since—
Cagney consent to talk about each other!

S. R. Mook

TALK about Blondell? I seem to know her too well to remember anything startling about her. When you know a person well you take each other so much for granted you stop making observations and disregard the colorful aspects of a personality. The result is, very often we are surprised by a pointed comment from a stranger concerning her.

Joan's most pronounced trait is her absent-mindedness. An instance of this is furnished by the fact that she is continually inviting people to dinner and then forgetting all about it. Usually when she extends an invitation to intimates she will add, "Call us up the morning you're coming and remind us, will you?" That's great as long as it is intimates she invites but when her to-be guests are casual acquaintances with whom she is not on friendly enough terms to do that, things often become a little embarrassing, because when the guests arrive Joan and George have generally forgotten about it and are as apt as not to be out to dinner themselves.

(Mook speaking: That's great coming from Cagney, who is probably the most absent-minded person I have



Mr. Gibbons, the eminent art director whose authoritative views on home decoration are presented to you herewith.



Perhaps the most popular home setting ever created for a motion picture: the living-room devised for "When Ladies Meet" by Cedric Gibbons, who received thousands of requests for information about it from householders throughout the world. Read what Mr. Gibbons says in this article.



Remember the amusing bar in Alice Brady's home in "When Ladies Meet"? Here's a view of it, above, from Cedric Gibbons' files.

Right, Mr. Gibbons designed this delightful bedroom for a young girl. Note how gay and informal, without being too "quaint."



Consult the Screen *for* Ideas in Decorating Your Home

YOU can get a free education in interior decoration from the motion pictures that you see, according to Cedric Gibbons, the noted art director who is responsible for the sets created for such stars as the Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"In the ordinary course of events, an average American family man knows perhaps twenty other families into whose homes he can go," says Mr. Gibbons, speaking to SCREENLAND's readers. "When he has visited these homes once or twice he has seen all there is to see in them, and they can give him no new ideas about furniture or decoration."

Let Cedric Gibbons advise you on home decoration problems. The second in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series of helpful articles by famous interior decorators

By
Ruth Tildesley



It is a very modern home that Cedric Gibbons has created for his lovely wife, Dolores Del Rio. Modern women should live in modern surroundings, which enhance their appeal.

"But each modern screen production contains anywhere from one to a dozen interiors. In the course of our film-going we enter a hundred different homes in a year, and get as many new ideas. It is as broadening as travel, and in some instances it's a safer guide, for motion picture producers spend much money for the best experts in this line, each one possessed of the latest thought on the subject.

"The average picture-goer can educate his taste from the screen, since many sets seen in up-to-date pictures are good examples of modern art.

"The principle behind the creation of a beautiful room is simple: it should be a background for the people who live in it.

"The average person looks at a room as a place with four walls, furnished thus and so; but the correct idea is to look at it merely as a background to set off the people who come into it.

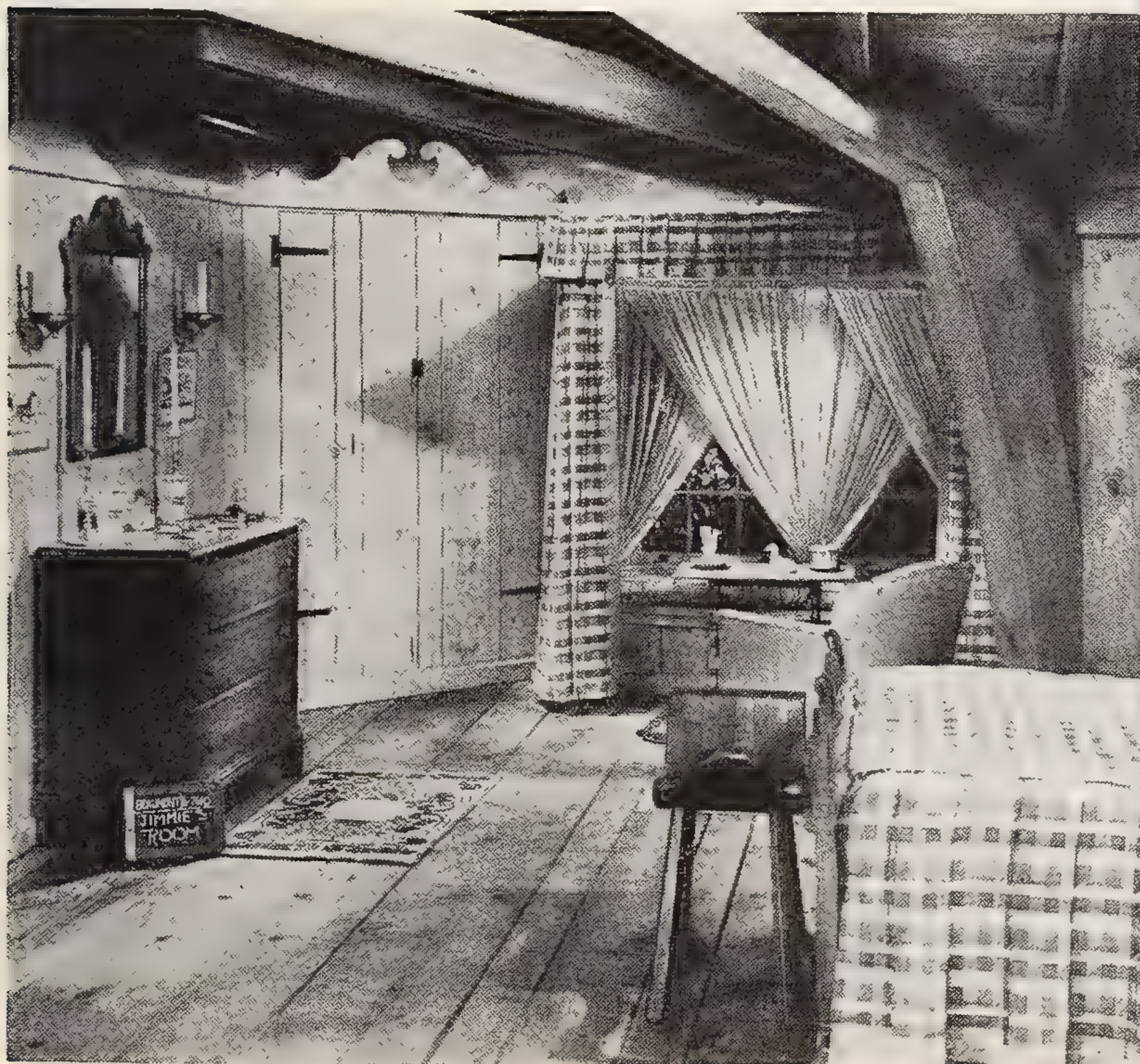
"Don't crowd it with furniture and ornaments so that you have to look twice to see who is present. A modern interior should have a subdued beauty that sets off the human element to best advantage. No outside details should detract from the personality of the hostess or the loveliness of her gown.

"I like the living-room in 'Reunion in Vienna,' because it is a comfortable, beautiful, livable place that wouldn't

dwarf the personalities of interesting people who went into it.

"I consider it infinitely better than the remodeled cottage in 'When Ladies Meet'; yet it is this cottage that brought me a great sheaf of letters asking for stills, sketches, plans of any kind from all over the country. Apparently, householders who saw the film liked the cottage well enough to wish to live in it, which somewhat surprised me, because this place was supposed to have been designed for Alice Brady by a fussy architect, and it was in some ways just a little too 'nice.'

"Probably, however, the reason so many fans noticed the cottage was that time was given in the picture for guests in the house to admire it. Someone was always saying: 'Isn't this adorable?' or 'Let me show you the bedrooms,' or 'See what Walter did with the old stables!' and so on. People notice what is called to their attention, naturally. And the cottage (*Continued on page 88*)



Left, Gibbons designed this man's bedroom for "When Ladies Meet." The window treatment was widely approved.



Mr. Gibbons himself likes the living-room, above, which he designed for "Reunion in Vienna." "Comfortable and livable!"

Garbo the inscrutable! Is her interest in Rouben Mamoulian, shown directing her, below, in "Queen Christina," simply that of an appreciative star, or is it more?



Romance for the Swedish Sphinx?
Read what one of Hollywood's keenest reporters says about our latest star-director love rumor!

By
Alma Whitaker

HOLLYWOOD wants its Garbo involved in a romance.

But the secretive, mysterious Greta has never exactly flaunted her dates. Gossips pined in vain. Not since the days of her first director, Mauritz Stiller, and later her leading man, John Gilbert, has The Garbo furnished the film rumor-hounds with sufficient material for even a paragraph.

So that, the wish being father to the thought, when it leaked out that she had been seen in the company of Rouben Mamoulian, while off duty, the glad news buzzed wherever tongues could wag.

Now Rouben Mamoulian directed Garbo in "Queen Christina." He is a highly presentable Russian, speaks six languages, including Greta's own Swedish, is well versed in the ways of romance—and has never been married.

The excitement began late in the Spring last year, when Mamoulian was with Paramount, and was directing Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." Garbo did an

unprecedented thing when she accompanied Mamoulian to the rival studio to see the "rushes" of the Dietrich picture. She was to do this on several occasions, finally attending an out-of-town preview of "Song of Songs" with the Russian. The next we heard, Rouben Mamoulian had been selected to direct Garbo herself in the much-discussed "Queen Christina."

Since then, outwardly at least, their status has been that of an appreciative star toward a sympathetic director and *vice versa*, except that applied observers vowed they saw a *souçon* of intimacy in the professional mien which had not been noticeable when, say, Fred Niblo or Clarence Brown held the directorial wand.

And that, *mes amis*, is positively all the evidence. On such slender foundation is romance built in Hollywood. The quidnuncs admit that Garbo may have been merely appraising Mamoulian's work when she accompanied him to see those rushes, with a view to having him hired for "Queen Christina," but they likewise imply that great oaks from little acorns grow and all that sort of thing.

New Love for GARBO



In the question-mark, Garbo and her new director, Mamoulian. In the triangle, Greta with her leading man of this and past screen seasons, John Gilbert. The Garbo-Gilbert team, revived in "Queen Christina," still has its old glamor for fans.



The studio publicity department at M-G-M is torn two ways. It entirely approves of the regal flame of publicity that has flashed around the world, which will in no wise embarrass the popularity of "Queen Christina." On the other hand, their Garbo's rather peremptory ideas about her private affairs being sacred, forbids them aiding and abetting the fire. So they look innocent, deny everything, and generally give the impression that they simply mustn't tell.

In the Hebrew, Rouben means "Behold, a son!" Hollywood wants it to mean "Behold, a lover!" They like the idea of Rouben being a bachelor, thirty-five years of age and oozing cosmopolitan tang. Born in Caucasus, Russia, he was educated at Moscow University, where he graduated in law, and at the Lycée Montaigne in Paris. He went to London to direct some Russian stage plays in 1920, attracted the attention of George Eastman, who brought him to the U. S. A. to direct American grand opera, and later to run the Eastman Theatre School. New York's Theatre Guild claimed him in 1926. Paramount lured him out to Hollywood in 1931. For them he directed "City Streets," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Love Me Tonight."

Now, of course, no one could possibly accuse Garbo of coveting anything belonging to Dietrich. Still, it is whispered that Garbo made one of her little incognito trips to see a Dietrich preview. At all events, Garbo's

interest was obviously aroused by the time "Song of Songs" was on the way, and she was intrigued enough to see those "rushes"—along with the two-way eligible Rouben.

Then, too, the lustrous Garbo may have envied Marlene her *Svengali* Von Sternberg. It was not fair that Dietrich should have two *Svengalis*! Garbo's own original Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's greatest director, who had picked her out and piloted her on to fame and Hollywood, had been missed. In those first American days, nine years ago, the Stiller influence had been very important to the so-recently elevated daughter of Sven Gustafsson of Stockholm. At that time Stiller was god-father, prince charming, guide, philosopher and friend. Stiller was that most dangerous of men—one who understood. So, in Hollywood's way, it was comfortably decided that Mauritz was the all-important man in Greta's life, both in the films and out.

And it was after Stiller's departure that she became Garbo, the arch-recluse. Hollywood built on that. It was the thing to picture her a struggling *Trilby*, with a lost *Svengali*. There was even a hint of dismay when succeeding pictures, minus Stiller, proved successes. Garbo had fooled them again! During that period she would visit few people, chiefly Frances Marion in her hill-top home, where she would sit and gaze wistfully across the world.

But presently came "Love" and "The Divine Woman" with Jack Gilbert. The bouyant, (Continued on page 73)



DeMille's Magic at Work Again!

DeMille gave Claudette her chance in "Sign of the Cross." He gave her another grand part in "Four Frightened People," with William Gargan and Herbert Marshall. But wait until he presents her as Cleopatra!

By Leonard Hall

CECIL BLOUNT DEMILLE, Star-Maker of the movie lots these twenty years and more, sat in the restaurant of a New York hotel a few days ago, and fiddled with a perfectly legal cocktail.

He was breaking a lifetime rule, was Cecil Blount—a law advised by his pappy at the business end of a razor stop. A wise man and a true gent never touched a drop before sun-down. But great matters were a'fizzing under that bronzed skull, and anyway, the sun was invisible through a Times Square cloudburst.

Yes—the dreaded, courted "C.B." was once more hot upon the stunt that has delighted him and made him famous through all his movie years. He was engaged in the spectacular, intricate, and fascinating business of making another great film star.

And the lady ear-marked for lights and luxury was our toothsome young friend, Claudette Colbert!

As an old film reporter, I was so excited when I learned what was going on in the DeMille noggin that I swallowed my ripe olive pit and all. For when Cecil makes a star, she's a blazer, and she stays made for years!

Gaze briefly upon the record of this amazing DeMille, who was making red-hot movies when most of Hollywood's young geniuses were being carried in to see Chaplin hurl pies.

This vivid vet was the first man in filmland to realize and cash in on the horse-power and drawing power of luxurious, sensuous young ladies in motion pictures. Let the other boys have their "camera angles" and "montage" and all that studio clap-trap. Give DeMille a gorgeous girl dallying daintily with scented sin and he was ready to shoot!

He invented the sunken bath and the two-acre bed six-feet deep with silken pillows. He brought delightful yet censor-proof decadence to the movie world. He has been poked fun at as much as any producer in screen history—yet the same history has never proven his formula wrong.

More, he practically devised the movie star system. And he didn't use any rusty old second-hand stars. Not

The great director has created many famous stars—and his latest and most sensational is Claudette Colbert



The star-maker and his new star. Cecil DeMille and Claudette Colbert, we predict, will become one of the few great star-director teams in screen history. It took DeMille to appreciate Claudette's potentialities.

Cecil! He made 'em, and, to coin a striking phrase, how!

He dug up a shapely Mack Sennett bathing beaut named Gloria Swanson, who was married to a low comic called Beery—first name Wallace. He swathed her tightly in two yards of white satin, cut low both north and south. In two or three perfumed pictures—called something like "Who's Your Wife?" and "Where's Your Husband?"—he made the Swanson girl a star of such high voltage that in a few years she was sniffing off earnest offers of \$10,000 a week, rain or shine.

Years ago he found a dark-eyed, curveful kid called Bebe Daniels. She was serving Art by being pushed around in one-reel comedies by a skinny, goggled boy named Harold Lloyd. C.B. cast her in his silken, sexy films, and at this very hour she is still a leading ornament of Hollywood, much in demand, having acquired riches, Husband Ben Lyon, and a charming infant on her way through the years.

The old DeMille formula, mates! The one that has obsessed him for two decades. Find a girl who looks like the wickedest daughter of old Mother Eve, hot with allure and dripping with Original Sin. Clothe her craftily, stressing silk,



Gloria Swanson became a film sensation when DeMille discovered her. Remember Gloria when she looked like this? Snappy costume in those good old days!

satin, and blankets of gardenias. Give her a slightly dizzy rôle, exploit her properly—and watch her shoot to glory!

And so I found DeMille, after all these years and pictures, plotting another blistering star—about to turn loose, on the unsuspecting public, his new ace, Claudette Colbert! Dramatic? Ask me!

He is about to bust out with a picture for Paramount on the life and loves of *Cleopatra*, Queen of Egypt, sweetie of the great *Julius Caesar*, honey-pie of young *Marc Antony*, juggler of nations, first of the Red-Hot Mammas. I suspect that *Cleopatra* really infested the ancient world so that one day, centuries later, C.B. might put her in a talkie. And the little Egyptian home-breaker and world-wrecker is going to be played by Claudette "Legs" Colbert.

She's the new DeMille star, latest in the royal line. Jot it down in your memory book. And around her choice for the purple hangs as romantic a little yarn as Hollywood has coughed up in ten years!

The Case of Claudette is historic as one of the most thoroughly mis-handled and gummed-up in screen (Continued on page 94)

The Man

Tracy was "out" of "Viva Villa"—and Stuart Erwin was "in"! That's Hollywood! Read, here, how Stu welcomes his big chance, with his wife, June Collyer, cheering him on

By
Ben
Maddox



He's happy! Stuart Erwin, that popular and clever young actor, has stepped into his biggest rôle in "Viva Villa."

Left, the "Stu" Erwins in their Beverly Hills home. You know that Mrs. Erwin is the lovely June Collyer of the screen.

SOMETHING *always* happens in Hollywood! There is no telling what or whom you'll bump into around the corners of this topsy-turvyville. Ah, Hollywood—you fascinate me! Never a dull hour; of thee I sing, baby!

More particularly, of Stu Erwin I write.

Stuart is plain, true-blue Stu to his friends. No frills or temperament—a regular guy who, without a speck of sex-appealing menace in his honest grey eyes, still managed to win the beautiful June Collyer.

This month he has suddenly become an important personage. Both his fellow players and the distant fans are talking of him and discussing his future. And, now that M-G-M has displayed renewed interest in Stu, there has been an accompanying avalanche of questions as to June and her plans.

The attention is the direct result of Lee Tracy having

made one smart-crack too many on that Mexican balcony. (Certain meanies had long speculated as to the real-life reaction if a fellow tried Lee's familiar screen technique for putting folks in their place. Well, now we know!)

In Hollywood, as everywhere, one man's misfortune is another's meat. Stu had been patiently awaiting Old Man Opportunity and diligently doing all he could to improve his individual talents. So when M-G-M thrust him into Tracy's rôle in "Viva Villa" he was ready to turn out an outstanding performance.

The studio is delighted with their Tracy substitute and momentous parts are in the offing. Naturally, this executive recognition pleases those of us who have contended that all either Stu or June needs is a chance.

Probably, at this point, you are attempting to recall what this couple have been doing recently. Unspectacular, they have been plugging right along. And if they

who replaced Lee Tracy!

have receded into the background, it is because they've been too busy being happily married to cut up enough to crash the gossip columns.

Stu, you remember, rose to brief stardom at Paramount. But he was dissatisfied with the poor stories they gave him and voluntarily left to accept featured billings at Metro. June, who had been under contract as a leading lady at Fox and Paramount, has appeared infrequently since their marriage in the summer of '32.

To distinguish the Erwins for you, I'm going to request that you hark back to the classic story of "Merton of the Movies."

You recollect the tale: the small-town hick of very average physical charm dreamed of wowing Hollywood as a Romeo, and ended up as a successful comic. He did achieve the Beverly home and, when finally reconciled to his *metier*, was able to refer glowingly (as he'd anticipated), to his wife as "my best friend and also, may I add, my severest critic."

When the talkie version was made, they starred Stu in it. He excelled in the characterization because he is a *Merton* himself!

With variations that are improvements on the original plot. In lieu of falling for a mere extra girl, for instance, Stu captured the Park Avenue-bred June. And though he doesn't actually use *Merton's* description when speaking of her, you know that he repeats it to himself devoutly when no one is listening.

I wish you could have been with me the afternoon I went to call on the Erwins. It was cold outside, so Stu stirred up a roaring blaze in the fire-place in their comfortable Beverly living-room. He and June and I endeavored to analyze their current happiness. I couldn't help thinking that he is *Merton* ten years after.

Today Stu is where he used to dream of being. He's



Who said "unromantic"? Here's how Stuart, in the title rôle of "Joe Palooka," made ardent love to no less a screen scorchier than Lupe Velez.



One of the loveliest of Hollywood girls, June Collyer was a prominent actress until she married "Stu." Now she's happy in her career as wife and mother.

a famous picture actor, lives in exclusive Beverly Hills, and has a wonderful wife and a son to carry on his name.

I happen to know exactly the environment in which Stu grew up, and it is as far removed from the movies as possible. He was born on his parents' cattle ranch in the foothills of Central California's big inland valley. It's as romantic a spot as it sounds, his birthplace—Squaw Valley.

His natal day was St. Valentine's Day and, to Stu, that augured a passionate (Continued on page 86)

SCREENLAND'S *Glamor*



A close-up of Hopkins-Glamor! Rather use too little make-up than too much, cautions Miriam, if you possess the delicate blonde brand of beauty.

Apply your make-up so carefully that it looks smooth from every angle, advises Miriam, who suggests the use of a powder brush for that finishing touch of cosmetic perfection.

Metal invades the field of sports attire, sponsored by Miriam Hopkins. She favors this gay gray knit frock shot with silver threads. A tailored bow and belt are brightened with silver nail-heads and bands. You'll see this dress "in action" in Miriam's next film, "All of Me," in which she appears with Fredric March.

The first step toward Glamor achievement—be utterly feminine! Chiffon, says Miriam, is the most alluring bit of fluff—so make it a "Must" in your very private wardrobe. Miriam's lovely hostess robe is of pink chiffon, and satin roses adorn the shoulders.



Perky
peak!
in bla
and L
down
practi
make-
back
P. S.
very
rag

School

Miriam Hopkins
Glamor Editor

If you haven't Glamor, go and get it, says Miriam. There are no hard and fast rules for coiffures, cosmetics, clothes, that you must follow—you can, and should be, as individual as you choose. Be a Hopkins, you piquant blondes, and accent your individuality



This metal sports dress is so unusual that we give you another glimpse of it. Note, and copy, that full sleeve, tight cuff idea. Miriam liked this frock so much that she had it made for her own personal use. No wonder!



Perky hat with impertinent peak! Miriam's cap is knitted in black yarn with wide ribs, and La Hopkins pulls it well down over her forehead. It's practical and quite simple to make—and now, girls, go back to your knitting!—P. S. How do you like the very new coat with the outrageously smart revers?



Miriam goes gray again! And how becoming to her spun-gold Glamor! Her suit is of pale gray wool, smartly accented about the shoulders and neckline with silver fox fur. Her tiny turban, handbag, sandals, and gloves are gray suede.

"TELLING ALL" *about*



Fresh facts, authentic revelations about the screen's most famous, least talkative brothers

LET'S get modern about the Barrymores!

For more years than they care to count, these famous "royal" rolling stones have ridden on the crest of a glorious legend. Gathering, as you've heard, *plenty* of polish.

Where there has been so much smoke—you're right! There's been red-hot fire. Likewise a number of misconceptions in the minds of those awed by the Barrymore tradition. I propose to sort the facts from the fanciful tales for you. So come along and we'll meet the illustrious brothers *as is*, and make an honest appraisal.

1934 finds Lionel and John occupying a definite stellar niche in the Hollywood scheme of things. Ethel is among the missing. Since that one talkie venture with her brothers a year ago, she has been alternating plays and vaudeville throughout the East. Doing, I regret to say, none too well at either.

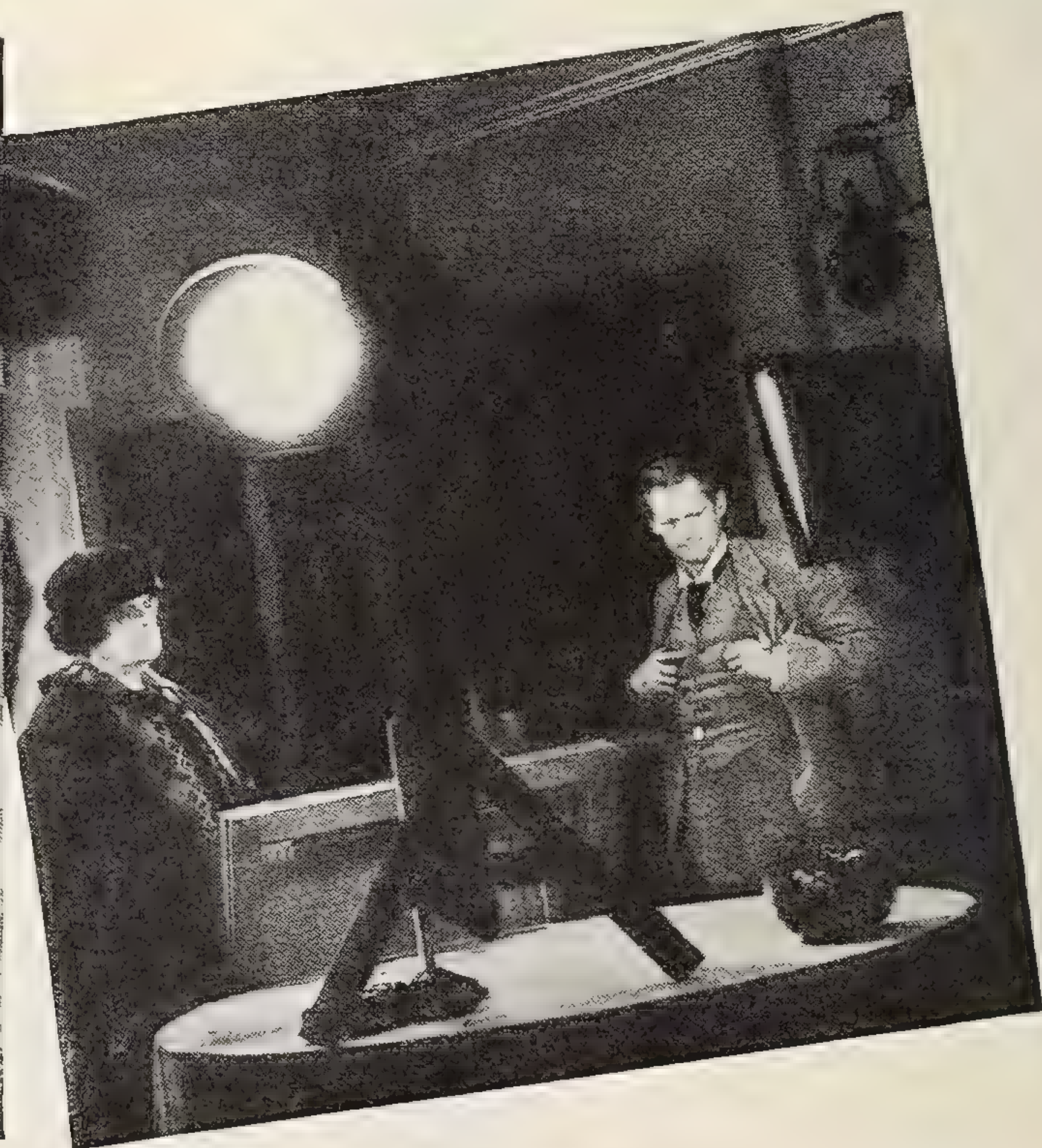
Have you wondered why all has been strangely quiet on the Barrymore Front during the past year?

I'll start my tattle-telling by letting you in on the true reason for the comparatively little mention they have had recently. It is their own fault if others have stolen the spotlight, for every move of a Barrymore is swell copy. This is the lowdown:

Lionel resents sob stories about himself, and is aloof because he suspects writers of the worst intentions; John thinks there is something in the writing game, too, and hence is following Will Rogers' example and saving his



As a *déclassé* Southerner of the old school, Lionel Barrymore gives one of his characteristically vigorous performances in "Carolina," with Janet Gaynor as his lovely daughter.



'Mid the floodlights' white glare! Lionel, as a shrewd Yankee doctor, plays with Marie Dressler in "Christopher Bean."

the BARRYMORES

By
Ben Maddox

bright ideas for his own by-line; Ethel has faded from film magazines because she is no longer active in pictures and interest in her has therefore decreased.

Before we encounter the Barrymores separately, there are a few generalizations I can make which will surprise you. It is no news, of course, to state that they are extraordinarily talented in their line of work, and that they are great individualists. But these facts may astonish you:

Although tagged the royal family of the theatrical profession, they do not agree on the honor themselves. Only Ethel takes it seriously.

In spite of the prestige which their achievements have earned them, they are extremely democratic. They don't give a blankety-blank (as they'd put it) for "society"—real or reel. They aren't ritzy enough to compete for the first family of filmdom title.

Their salaries are large, but all three of them were once poor and had to struggle for fame and money.

They have been lavishly written about, yet they have always endeavored to keep (*Continued on page 70*)

From gay young blade to model parent! Some of John's rash adventures of earlier years are amusingly told in this story. But now see him with little John, Jr.!



The youngest of the Barrymores is now quite credible in middle-aged parts, such as in this scene from "Long Lost Father," with Helen Chandler.



By
Sydney
Valentine

"And the Lodges Speak Only to—"

But wait! Here's John Davis
of the Boston Lodges—and one
of Hollywood's own

DID Hollywood feel it was suffering from a shortage of "gentlemen"? Well, anyway, it has acquired John Davis Lodge, grandson of the famous statesman, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

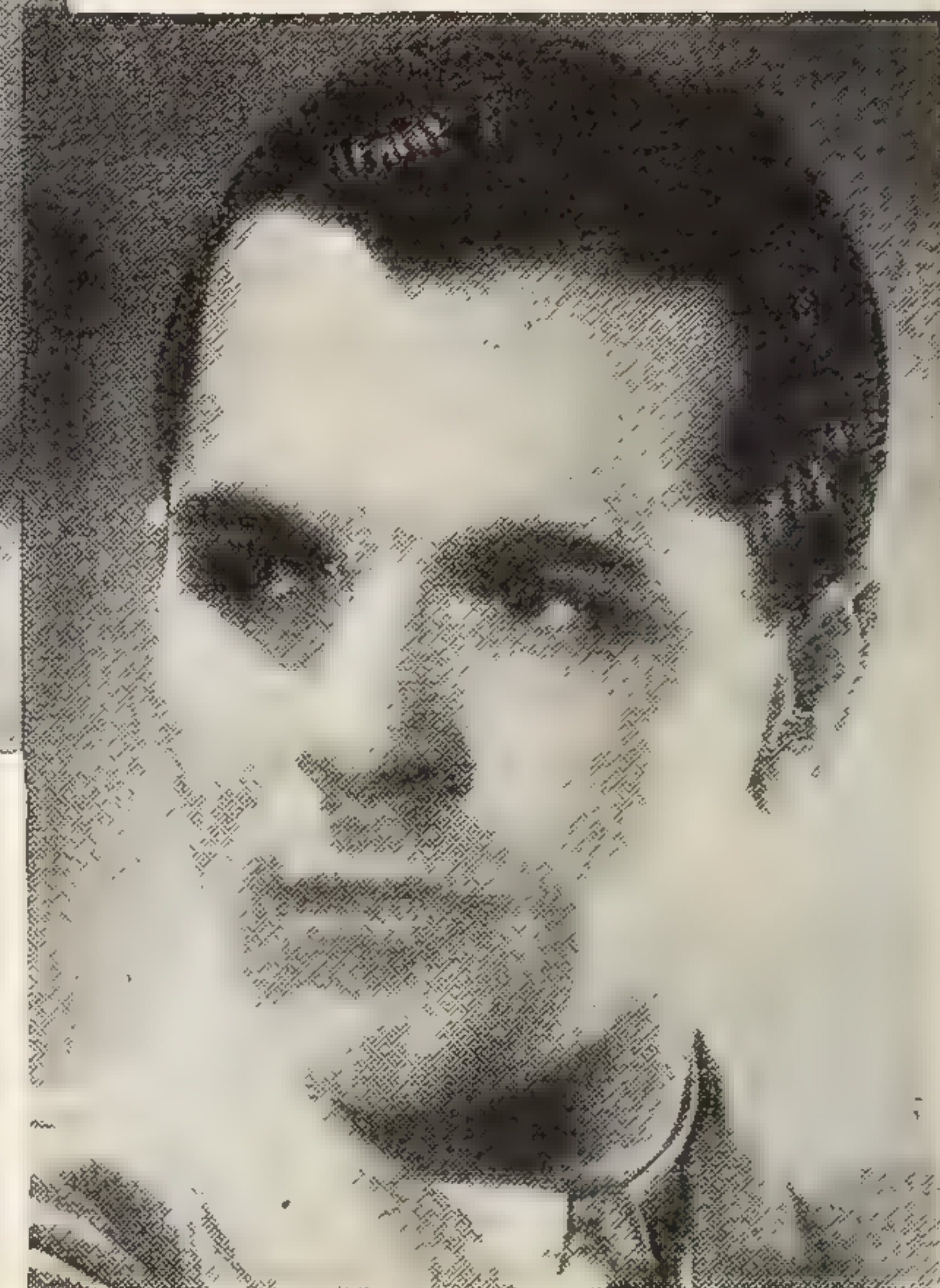
And you will find it difficult to believe that he is a gentlemanly novice when you see him as the dashing, insolent Count Alexei—sent to fetch that princess from Germany who was later to become Catherine the Great of Russia—Marlene Dietrich in her new picture—and the sumptuous love-scenes that ensue when they become mutually enamoured *en route*.

John's family is the pride of superior Boston. It has furnished statesmen through generations, beginning with that great-great grandfather who is listed as having been our first Secretary of the Navy under George Washington. John himself had the sort of education both here and abroad—Harvard and Europe—to fit him for the law and later high politics. A year ago he had a successful law practice in New York, with which, by the way, he says his present movie salary does not compete. No vulgar money considerations lured him to the screen.

But John also has a wife, a dainty, pretty, brilliant person, who had won fame for herself as Francesca

Above, John Davis Lodge as the dashing Count Alexei, with Marlene Dietrich in "Catherine the Great."

Below, Francesca Braggiotti, noted dancer, actress and musician, who is Mrs. John Davis Lodge.



Braggiotti, dancer, actress, artist, musician, when she met John. Meanwhile, Metro had been searching the country for someone who could do voice synchronization for Greta Garbo in the foreign pictures. So, when Francesca was acting in a play on Broadway and the critics mentioned how like Garbo's her voice was, Metro seized the lady with unseemly haste. Francesca speaks English, French, Italian, German and Spanish—and claims all those bloods in her veins. Hers, they say, was that utterly fantastic family that (Continued on page 76)

The Past, Present, *and* Future of Jean Parker

First the struggles—now the success—and it looks like a happy ending to come!

By James M. Fidler

AS A RULE, there is little to write about the past of a seventeen-year-old girl. There is not even a great deal to write about her present. Generally, so young a girl has her life yet to live.

Jean Parker is an exception to this rule. She has a past, and until a few months ago it was none too happy. She certainly has a present, what with a charming romance, a motion picture contract, and a most generous outlook on God's world. And if she hasn't a brilliant future, presaged by her remarkable screen work in "Little Women" and "Wild Birds," then Garbo is a talkative Spanish grandma.

Jean will talk but little about her past, primarily because she was dreadfully poor, so poor that during the time she attended school in Pasadena, California, she was too ashamed of her home to permit young friends to visit her there. Instead, for nearly two years she hid within her heart a secret, silent love for a school-mate, rather than allow him to visit her and see for himself the poverty in which she lived.

When I tell you that this secret sweetheart is Francis Lucas, and that today, nearly four years after they first met, she is still in love with Frank (and theirs is without doubt the most charming and the sweetest romance in Hollywood), you'll understand the soul of Jean Parker.

School duties threw Jean and Frank together often. He was greatly attracted to her, and often he asked her if he (*Continued on page 93*)



In "Wild Birds" Jean does her finest acting—so fine that future stardom no longer seems a dream, but a distinct possibility. Here she is, above, in a scene from the picture, with Tom Brown.

Janet
GAYNOR

Lionel
BARRYMORE

“Carolina”

Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**
Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX

Thanks A Lot!

To all the charming ladies and all the handsome lads who greet you in these pages, we voice our appreciation — and yours—for the good times they've given us on the screen

To Myrna Loy

FOR her skill and artistry in interpreting so many varied rôles, from the exotically sinister to the wholesomely charming—and for her ability to be, withal, as delightfully herself as you see her here.





Walling

To Randolph Scott

FOR his straightforward sincerity in acting, regardless of what he is called upon to do; and for his high proficiency in "straight" rôles as well as in Westerns, which has earned him the right to succeed Gary Cooper on the Paramount lot.



FOR keeping undiminished her unmatched little-girl charm—and for being as refreshingly lovely as this in her character as a Southern belle in "Carolina," her next picture in which she appears with Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young.

Dyar

To Janet Gaynor



Fraker

To Elissa Landi

WHOSE unique and delicate loveliness deserves the beauty of setting it receives in this exclusive picture; and who will give you some more grand performances under her new Columbia contract.



Snider

WHOSE good acting has brought him deserved prestige among film leading men; and who looks pleasantly at home against the outdoor background of this picture, also especially posed for you.

To Gene Raymond

To Del Rio and Cortez



Longworth

FOR being two of the most personable actors on the screen; and for their wholly delightful romancing in the musical "Wonder Bar."



To
Dietrich

Don English

FOR Marlene's majestic allure as "Catherine the Great"; and for her gay humor in her scene with these sculptured satyrs.



Bacbrach

FOR his courage in playing, as his first cinema rôle, a furred and frigid Esquimo, after having built his acting reputation on torrid personal charm; and for proving, in this appealingly natural study, that he's still as warm-blooded a lad as ever.

To Francis Lederer



Welbourne

To Dick Powell

FOR the consistent high quality of his picture portrayals; for his versatility in combining good acting with equally good singing; and for being just such an all-around good-humored "grand guy" as this off-guard photograph reveals him to be.

To Al Jolson

WHOSE too infrequent song pictures have brought a great entertainer before the cinema audience; and whose stage sensation, "Wonder Bar," now comes to the screen. And thanks, too, to Ruby Keeler, the lovely Mrs. Jolson whom you see, right, with Al!

Welbourne





Freulich

WHO is just as easy to look at off the screen as on, and yet so beguilingly different in appearance (compare the on-the-set portrait below); and whose blonde charm and expert acting have won her an increasingly important series of picture rôles, the latest of which is in "I Like it That Way."

To
Gloria Stuart



ABOVE, in fluffy bangs and naughty smile, the Russian menace suddenly goes French, much in the manner of Lily Damita. Kathryn's sparkling charm is one of the many assets of "Wonder Bar" and "Bedside."

To Kathryn Sergava

WHOSE many-sided cinema art is winning her a goodly share of American recognition. Here, (right), is the recently-imported Slavic beauty in what might be called a sophisticated interpretation of Loretta Young.



THE Sergava here, above, puts on her Norma Shearer mood—notice the gay, "free-soul" expression about the eyes and mouth that used to be characteristic of an earlier screen Norma?

MY SECRET

to give
Beauty
ADDED Loveliness

As told to Florence Vondelle
by
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in Paramount's
"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Powder...*the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.*

Rouge...*next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.*

Lipstick...*last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It's moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.*

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature's colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect.

The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, \$1; Max Factor's Rouge, 50c; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1. At leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in coupon for purse size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color tester, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.



© 1934 Max Factor

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 4-3-74			
COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR	
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES	NAME _____
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	STREET _____
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	CITY _____
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS	
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	STATE _____
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐	



Ray Jones,
Samuel Goldwyn

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Anna Sten and Phillips Holmes in "Nana"

SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidently on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

LUPE VELEZ' hands are enchanting. Shown with William Cagney in the Reliance film, "Joe Palooka," released through United Artists.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10-30 E.S.T. WEA, N.B.C. network.

Marion Davies.



The 5 RUTH Chattertons



Above, the very feminine "Ruthie."



La Chatterton, woman of the world.

Right, Miss Chatterton, business-woman.



Below, Chatterton, the actress.



Left, the ingenuous little girl.



—And how they grew!
If you thought you
knew your "Ruthie,"
read below and learn

*By
Scoop Conlon*

THERE are five Ruth Chattertons!

There is the very feminine "Ruthie" who is only known to a small intimate circle. She is as lovably girlish and appealing as the nickname "Ruthie" implies. She is altruistic, affectionate, sympathetic, loyal and devoted to her own. She is as enthusiastic and impulsive as a school-girl, in love with life—and George Brent.

There is Ruth Chatterton, the artist. Sincere, intelligent, capable, hard-working actress. This Ruth is a practical dreamer, who has aspired and achieved through sheer force of character, an inflexible will, and the determination to get what she wants. She also has all the temperament, egotism, and personal eccentricities which bespeak the artist.

There is Ruth Chatterton, the business woman. She is a dominating, courageous fighter born. Keen, analytical, and logical, she has the mind of a Philadelphia lawyer.

There is Ruth Chatterton, the woman of the world. Gorgeously impractical, extravagant and physically lazy. She is a thoroughly charming, witty "first lady" who revels in an atmosphere of culture, art, and sophistication.

There is the Ruth Chatterton no one knows. The mischievous little girl known as "Mike" in boarding school. When this Ruth gets bored with the others, she plays hookey. She may be found on a roller-coaster, in a dance-hall, or at the zoo. She is sure to be eating hot dogs, munching popcorn, drinking soda pop, chewing gum, and playing the slot machines.

The Ruth Chatterton I know is a composite of the five. Of all her characteristics, I like best one quality all the Ruths possess—a keen sense of humor.

Several years ago the girl who had been hailed as the "first lady of the American theatre" arrived in Hollywood flat-broke. She had severed all ties with her beloved theatre to embark upon a tramp adventure. Walking quietly in the shadow of her husband, then Ralph Forbes, who had scored a hit in "Beau Geste," Ruth Chatterton found herself virtually unknown in a land of blonde ingénues.

The proud girl, who had starred in and produced her own plays on Broadway, was in the undignified position of a clinging vine. She had a small, cheap roadster and twenty-five dollars cash. Out of the crash of her career, she had saved only her talents, an indomitable spirit, and that deep-rooted sense of humor. She could face the ridiculous as well as the sublime.

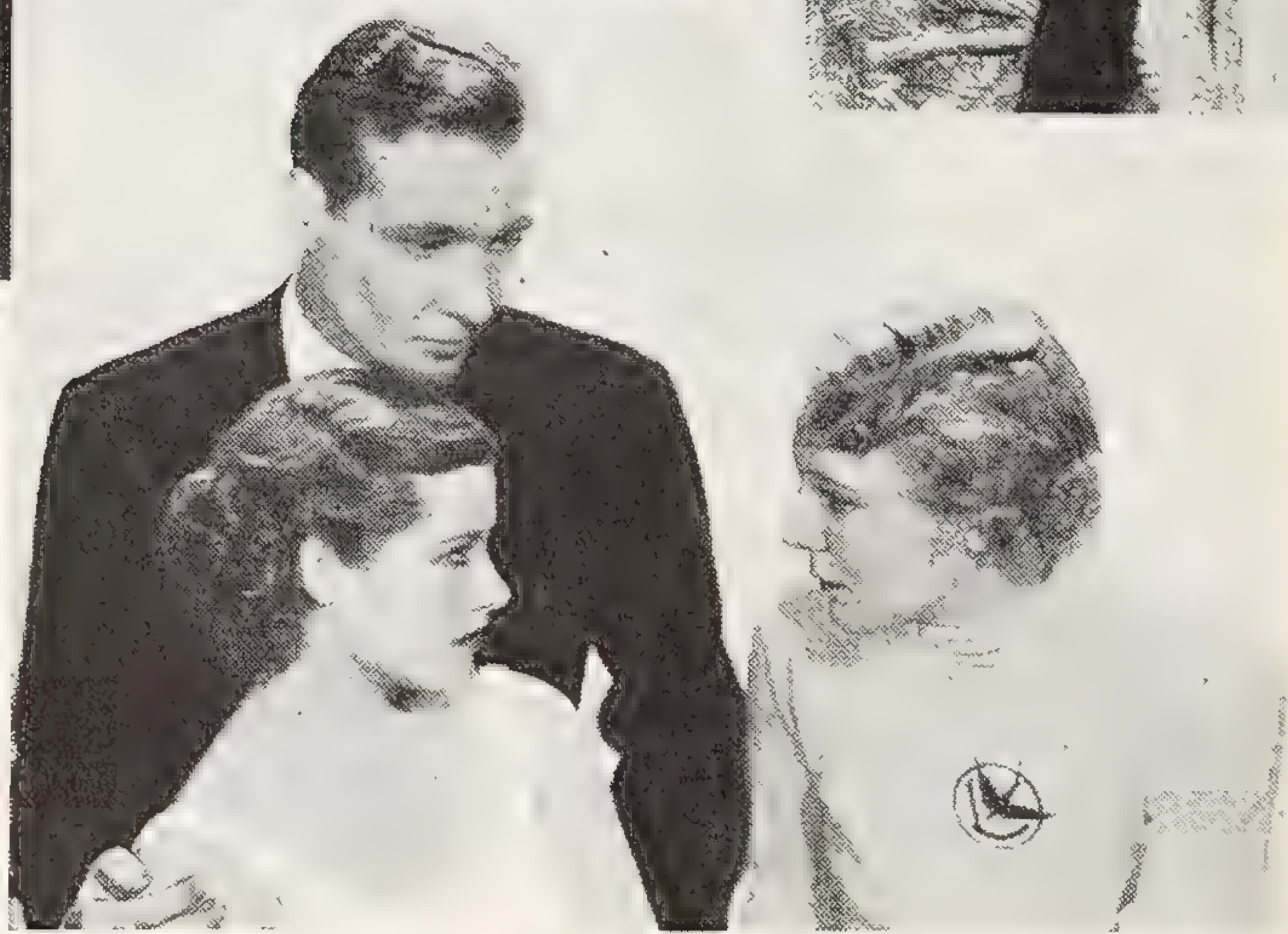
In those days most of the feminine stars were ingénues in age and ability. Many times since, Ruth has told me of her first shock of incredulity when she overheard a couple of movie buds nonchalantly, but cruelly referring to a famous screen actress, younger than herself, as a "has-been" fit only for the old ladies' home. Such was Hollywood before talking pictures came.

Ruth Chatterton's sensational rise to picture fame overnight actually began in the silents with Emil Jannings, and has been told too many times to repeat here. We are more concerned with the revelations of the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood. (Continued on page 74)



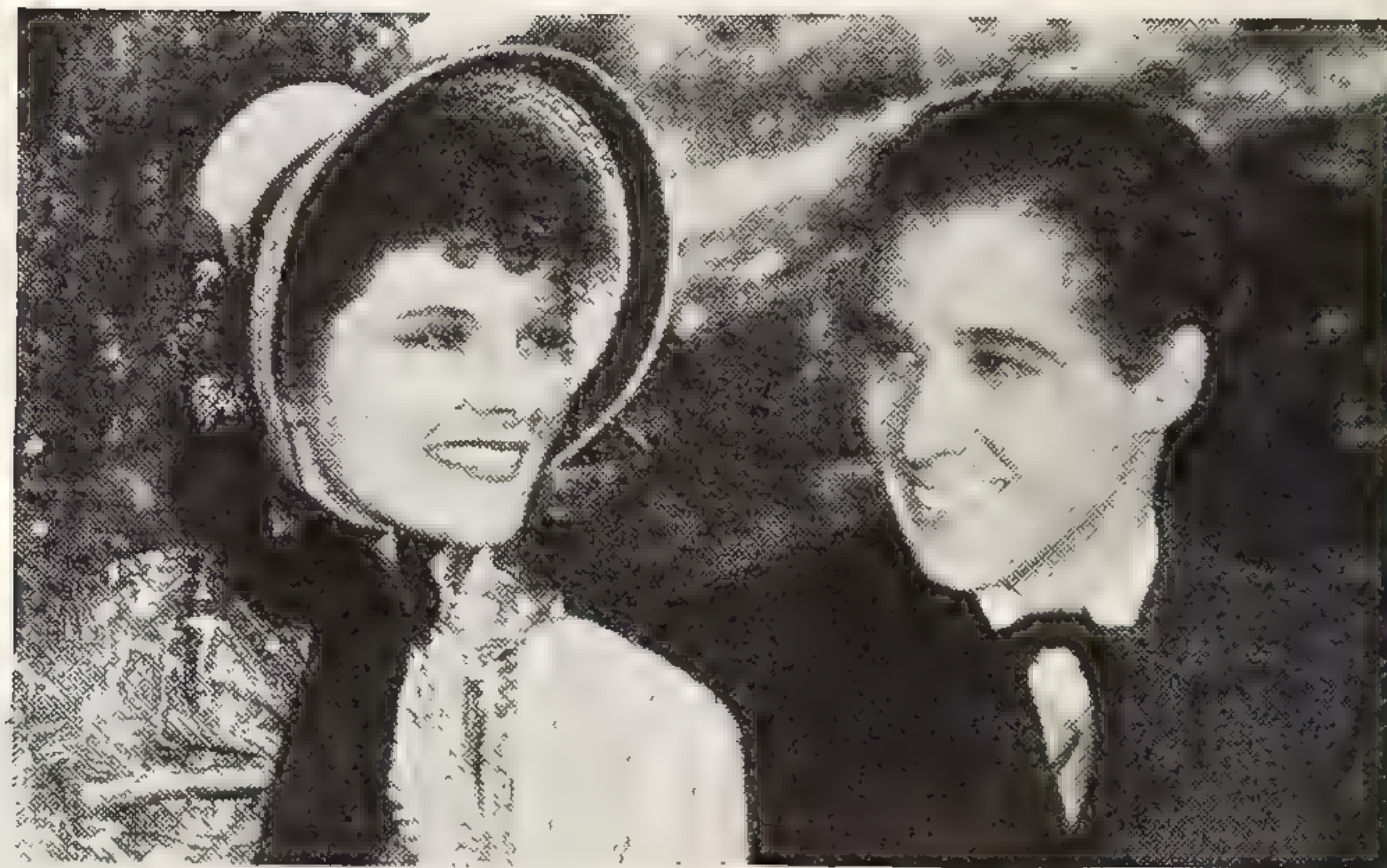
"Greetings!" Here is Douglass as the sensitive young wooer of Josephine March. His fine playing of the rôle established him securely as an actor.

By
Mortimer Franklin



"Jo's Boy"!

And now he's one of *your* favorites, too! Meet Douglass Montgomery, hero of "Little Women" and other fine films—and read some hitherto untold anecdotes concerning Katharine Hepburn



The magnetic Montgomery played many lyrical scenes in "Little Women" such as this, above, with Katharine Hepburn, whom he knew away back "when."

In his latest picture, "Eight Girls in a Boat," Douglass plays opposite a whole octet of pretty ladies, including Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson.

A FILM actor who is stage-struck? Or a stage actor who is film-struck? Whichever of these two interesting categories Douglass Montgomery may belong in, (and personally I suspect that he's a combination of both), he can certainly lay claim to being a few jumps ahead of the Hollywood he serves. For years the good-looking youth who played *Laurie* to Katharine Hepburn's *Jo March* has been doing what only recently became the fashion among our front-rank film performers.

Long before the Hayses, Landis, Hustons, Hepburns, *et. al.*, ever thought of it, Douglass was scooting back and forth across the country, sharing his time between camera and footlights. In fact, his determination to burn his artistic candle at both ends of a continent has given rise to the accusation of neglecting the cinema for its elder sister in the arts. And that's why he now feels that Hollywood may have begun to suspect him of the cardinal sin of snootiness—a suspicion which, he assured me, is wholly unfounded.

"It's true I'm in love with the stage," he acknowledged

amid the quiet charm of his New York river-front apartment, "and I always have been. But my chief plans—or hopes, anyway—are for a permanent film career. As a matter of fact, that's where my ultimate ambitions lie."

A tall, well-set-up youth, this Montgomery, with a sensitive, alive face under a blond thatch that makes him look no more than his twenty-four years. He abounds in a nervous energy that keeps him almost constantly on the move and fills his speech with frequent vigorous, unexpected turns of thought and expression.

Douglass traces his early preference to the stage, by a paradoxical route, to the fact he was born in Los Angeles, practically on the doorstep of the burgeoning film industry. The infant actor and the infant art grew up hand-in-hand.

"When I was a kid," he pointed out, "movies were made chiefly out of doors. A couple of actors would get out in the middle of a street or a park or somebody's lawn and start mugging and wigwagging at each other, with a cameraman and sometimes a director in attendance. That was the art of the (Continued on page 68)



Cagney



Dressler



Gaynor



Cantor

The Screen Spectator Speaks



Lee Tracy, the "bad boy" of Hollywood. Let's have him back on the screen again!

Screen stars are misquoted, hounded, pounded. Here's an intelligent defense!

cured at the most *stupendous* cost.

But those stars of the screen who do get the large salaries we can be sure *have got to produce profits* just exactly the same as everyone of us—whether our pay envelopes contain twenty-five dollars per week or if we ever reach the heights and get in the larger income class. Some few may get by through pull, luck, family connections or something else. However, no industry as important and calling for so large a capital could survive if old-fashioned, sound business profits weren't procured

IN THIS the first year of the Blue Eagle, symbol of N.R.A. and codification of our nation's industrial life, the ap-

pointment by President Roosevelt of Marie Dressler and Eddie Cantor to represent the actors of Hollywood's famed industry caused a happy response in this film-goer's mind. So much has lately appeared in the public press as representative of the national government's attitude that our screen stars are overpaid, that this choice of Marie and Eddie would indicate that no bad wolf is hovering around to destroy the glamorous glories our cinema celebrities enjoy as a result of our willing contributions through the box-office for the entertainment and enjoyment they afford us.

Marie Dressler we know must be one of the highest paid—and certainly Eddie Cantor has been in the money in a great big way for many, many years. Neither of them gets one cent more than he earns. They both have started at the bottom, trouped and worked, met success and failure and again success, and are large earners now because of their ability to so thoroughly entertain us that we pay millions of dollars to be permitted to attend their every performance.

We hear much of unknown boys and girls making good overnight in pictures and being paid five hundred up to one, two, three, four and even ten thousand dollars per week. We must discount a lot of that and charge it to the showman's efforts to get publicity for his attraction—as ever since Barnum the entertainment world has been convinced that we the public will pay for the *greatest attraction ever offered* only if it has been pro-

duced from its efforts—and remember, each picture that we see represents some person or company risking hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Exactly as the pioneer, the inventor, the creator or the idea man who is successful has been rewarded by riches, so should those actors and actresses who have what we the spectators want—be it genius or beauty—so too should they reap the rewards of success which under our system can only be represented by money in the bank.

And even though many of our stars are young, we must remember we want youth, and frequently the popularity of a star passes in so short a time while the rest of us are making our more normal lives that, what to we ordinary mortals seem fabulous salaries, may be earned for only a few years. Many of these young stars, through unwise investments, extravagant expenditures for absurd luxuries, gambling and victimization by the unscrupulous wipe out their fortunes in a few years and find themselves penniless and unprepared to earn any livelihood at all.

Often we think that, whatever salary some of the stars receive, they must feel ill-paid for the job they have to do for us. Suppose you were a normal, natural sort of person and you were able to portray a sweet, wistful, lonesome sort of waif such as Janet Gaynor has interpreted for us in so many of her very successful screen portrayals. And suppose (Continued on page 85)

Radio Round-Up



Here's lovely Irene Taylor, the little girl with the big voice, whom you hear singing with the Casa Loma band.

They've got rhythm! Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra pose especially for SCREENLAND at Columbia.



Phillips Holmes liked being guest star on our program so much that it looks as though he were going to take up crooning! And SCREENLAND likes him so much that he can croon for us anytime!

Gathering the latest about your favorite ether entertainers

By
Evelyn Ballarine

IF YOU'RE not a Casa Loma fan, you're simply not *au courant*—musically speaking! This orchestra is unlike any other band you have ever heard of.

In the first place, it is a corporation owned by the individual musicians as stockholders. Second, while most orchestras use the song publisher's arrangements, the Casa Loma artists make a special arrangement of every song they play. Hence they've gained an enviable reputation because of their unusual renditions of songs. Third, they are called Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra, and yet Mr. Gray is not the conductor—he's the president of the Corporation. Melvin Jenssen, the violinist, is the conductor.

Another remarkable feature: these boys have played for more college dances than any other orchestra. Princeton re-engaged them four times, thus breaking a long standing rule of never having the same orchestra more than once.

A chat with Glen Gray brings out many interesting

facts about him and the band which he adorns. "We organized in 1929 with a flock of cynics telling us that the organization would last about six months—well, here it is five years later, and we seem to be doing all right. There's nothing remarkable about it—wouldn't the boys be foolish not to try to make a go of it! We're all getting the same salary and we collect dividends regularly," he added.

Glen's full name is Glen Gray Knoblauch—he dropped the last part of it because it's too difficult to pronounce. However, the boys in the orchestra call him "Spike." He can't recall how or where he picked up this nickname, except that he has had it from grade school days.

"Just what does it mean to be president of the corporation?" I asked him. "Well, I do the hiring and firing," he pointed out. "I almost always select the music for our programs—with the approval of the boys, of course. I have taken Harold Gifford, the banjoist, out of the orchestra for a week. Oh, no, he isn't being fined for not attending rehearsals, nor is he being punished for imbibing during working hours—he's the lad who does our arrangements. And that's exactly what he's doing this week—nothing else but," said President Gray. "You see, we're on the air four or five times a week and it takes plenty of songs to vary the programs. We're kept so busy that I haven't even been able to take time out to see a Mae West picture!" (Continued on page 95)



Let Joan Crawford be an inspiration to you. What dancing has done for her, it can also do for you!

Even in this "still," Joan is rhythm personified. The lines of her body all flow in one beautiful harmony.

Every woman
should take up
dancing in one form
or another

By
Katharine Hartley



Dancing for your Beauty's Sake

IF YOU have seen Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," you no doubt felt a little envious of her lovely dancing. There's hardly a female amongst us who hasn't, at one time or another, dreamed of gliding back and forth across the stage, to the tune of tumultuous applause.

But how few of us every really do anything about it! We gradually grow up and get older, and our bones settle firmly into place, and then it seems too late. We relegate this desire, as we do many others, to the realm of our childhood, and do our best to forget it.

Now, I haven't reminded you of all this, just to have you mope over it. Because it's my idea that every one of us should take up dancing in one form or another—not to become professional dancers at this stage of the game (particularly if you're well over twenty), but for *your Beauty's sake*. Yes, for the nice things that dancing does to the body, and for the relaxed, happy expressions that it puts on our faces.

You see, dancing called by any other name might not sound so sweet—(exercising, for example!) but it is, truly, the inspired way to take off pounds where you need to lose them, and to put lovely soft curves where you lack them. Not only does it do this, but it makes your figure supple and young, and lithe and beautiful. Too, it gives your body a natural rhythm. It teaches you to move more gracefully, and to stand more still-ly, without forever fidgeting and shifting from one foot to another.

And—wonder of wonders—what it does for your circulation! After the first lesson or two, you'll no doubt be tired, and you'll ache—how you'll ache! But, nevertheless, you'll feel a renewed well-being. Your body, tried and tired as it is, will at least feel alive and responsive. And your skin will look warm and flushed and healthy—and twice as beautiful as you have ever seen it look.

You will remember that Joan Crawford was a dancer before she ever became a movie star. And it was not only the trimness of her figure, but her indomitable vitality that won her so much attention from the start. Her personality is as peppy as her feet. Her brightness twinkles in time with her toes.

So let her be an inspiration to you, and, if you want to rejuvenate both your body and your spirit, devote an hour or two a week to some form of dancing. The ideal "course" is a combination of acrobatic and tap dancing—for real slenderizing results, as limbering and stretching and agility, are the things which will be of most practical use to you. Take a tap lesson one week, and an acrobatic lesson the next week, and practice both in between. (If you don't, it'll be just like starting all over again every lesson.)

Your acrobatic lessons will prove the most interesting to you, as you soon find yourself doing things which you never dreamed of doing—the splits, for example and hand-stands, and back-bends, and cart-wheels, and what-not!

They will stand you up alongside a bar (not the drinking variety), and tell you to hold on with one hand, while you kick, sideways, then backwards. You'll do deep knee-bends with the bar to hang on to. Then you'll be put on the mat—and told to lie on your back, and the kicking starts all over again. Only after these kicking episodes, the instructor will stand in front of you, and try to put your foot alongside of your left ear. Day by day, you'll see it drawing nearer and nearer.

There are all sorts of these mat exercises. And some of them you can do for yourself at home, on a soft carpet. Sit on the floor and spread your legs as far apart as they'll go. Then try to touch your head to your right knee, then to your left one. You'll realize then how much your stomach needs flattening, when you try to lean down over it. Then there's (Continued on page 95)

"How do you like my expression?" says Old Trouper LeRoy, as he goes into action for a big scene. Master LeRoy has all the Hollywood girls in a dither, from Marlene Dietrich down.



Yoo Hoo!

Here's My Story

Friends and countrymen, lend me your lap—and I'll tell you how it feels to be a champ "scene-stealer"!

By Baby LeRoy

As told to Maude Cheatham



"Soft, eh?" gurgles the little menace, as Dorothea Wieck cuddles him for this scene in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen." "Guess I'll insist on a few dozen re-takes!"

HO, HO, I'm Baby LeRoy, that's who I am! But they call me the champ scene-stealer.

I was only born in 1932, on May 12. But I'm growing as fast as I can and now tip the scales at 29 pounds.

Being a baby film star is lots of fun and I have a new crop of stunts for every picture. In my first, "A Bedtime Story," I only laughed, goo-gooed, and cried. Yet critics say I stole the picture.

In "Torch Singer," I stood alone. And did the "razzberry," too. I liked to do that. In "Tillie and Gus," I walked. Yes, sir, all by myself! In "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," I talked for the very first time, saying *Ma-ma, Ma-ma*, several times. And did it make a hit? I'm the *Joker*, in "Alice in Wonderland." They taught me to goose-step as I walked toward the camera and was I happy when Director Norman McLeod exclaimed, "Fine! Did you ever see anything so cunning as the way he swings his chubby legs in perfect military rhythm?"

They also showed me how to bow from the waist and touch the floor with my forehead—pooh, that was just like a game.

Bathing, though, seems to be my specialty. Maybe I'm to outshine Cecil B. DeMille in a bathroom career.

'Member how Maurice Chevalier bathed me in "A Bedtime Story?" Then, Claudette Colbert gave me a scrubbing in "Torch Song." Alison Skipworth put me in a tub in "Tillie and Gus," but Dorothea Wieck, my film mother in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," and I had the best fun of all. We got into the tub together. She let me duck her and we came up laughing and hugging each other.

Oh, there's Claudette coming over to see us!

"Hello, you rascal," she said, pinching my cheek.

"Did you tell about your big discovery?" Claudette asked me. "Well, then I will! It was during a scene in 'Torch Singer.' I had taken him from the tub and placed him beside me on a table. Suddenly, he gave a squeal; Baby LeRoy had discovered his navel!

"Regardless of the grinding cameras, he began squirming to get a better view. He pushed his little round tummy this way and that way. Then, startled, he looked questioningly at each of us on the set to see if we saw what he saw. It was a classic of baby wonderment and we howled with laughter."

Is that dignified? Well, maybe not. But I'll never get spoiled or smarty. My mother won't have it. She's sweet and serene but oh, she can be firm. Her name is Gwenneth—Gwenneth Winebrenner. She isn't twenty yet and she's studying to become a doctor. She comes to the studio with me every day I work but Wacer has complete control of me here and she never, never interferes.

Wacer? Why, Wacer is my (Continued on page 79)

What Next, Charlotte?

New rôles, new triumphs for
"Alice in Wonderland"? Or—

By

James Marion

ALICE OF WONDERLAND was born in Brooklyn on March third.

"Born in March?—there should be a moral to that," no doubt the Duchess of Wonderland would exclaim. "Coming in like a lamb and going out like a lion, or is it coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb? Coming or going, going or coming, lion or lamb—it is all the same."

But Alice—or, to use her true name, Charlotte Henry—is not coming; *she is here*. And neither is she going; she is here to stay, we hope. However, if Charlotte really is to stay, just what is to keep her here? She can't go on playing *Alice* forever.

She cannot play *Alice* again, in fact, any more than Betty Bronson could twice be *Peter Pan*. Do you remember how adorable Betty was as *Peter Pan*? Well, Charlotte is just as simply charming in the guise of *Alice*. Now, if Betty could not outlive *Peter Pan*, can Charlotte survive *Alice*?

If she can, then how is she to succeed? In other words: What next, Charlotte?

"The next screen rôle for Miss Henry," say those gentlemen of the studios ambiguously termed executives, "will very possibly be *Lovey Mary* in

*Out of character!
Here's Charlotte
Henry as she
really is.*

'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' by Alice Rice."

Delightful! Charlotte should be as charming as *Lovey Mary* as she is as *Alice*. Perhaps that little story-book girl of Mrs. Wiggs' cabbage patch can make the public forget *Alice*.

On the contrary, there is the chance that as *Lovey Mary*, Charlotte may still remain *Alice* to the public, except that she will be situated in a new environment—in the cabbage patch instead of Wonderland.

In other words, there is a real fear in Hollywood that little Miss Henry has with one screen appearance established herself in a characterization that will cling to her as definitely and as tenaciously as two ludicrous shoes and a wisp of a mustache have clung to Charlie Chaplin.

It will prove a real tragedy if Charlotte's first big screen opportunity implants her so firmly in the public mind as a story-book character that she will never be given a chance to prove that she has real talent. Story-book characters have a way of leaping suddenly to film fame—and fading just as quickly. Betty Bronson as *Peter Pan* is not the only proof of this statement. See what happened to Ruth Taylor of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." And to Kathleen Burke, the *Panther Woman*.

Charlotte is a favorite at the Paramount studio, where "Alice in Wonderland" was filmed. It is because she is so well liked that common fear is held for (Continued on page 92)



★ SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL ★ H A M O R H I D I ★

The Transformation of Jean Muir! Make-up magic and clever coiffures help to make Jean one of the screen's most glamorous younger actresses

Here's the new Jean Muir, below. Haven't those eyes taken on mystery? Compare her with the girl at the right.



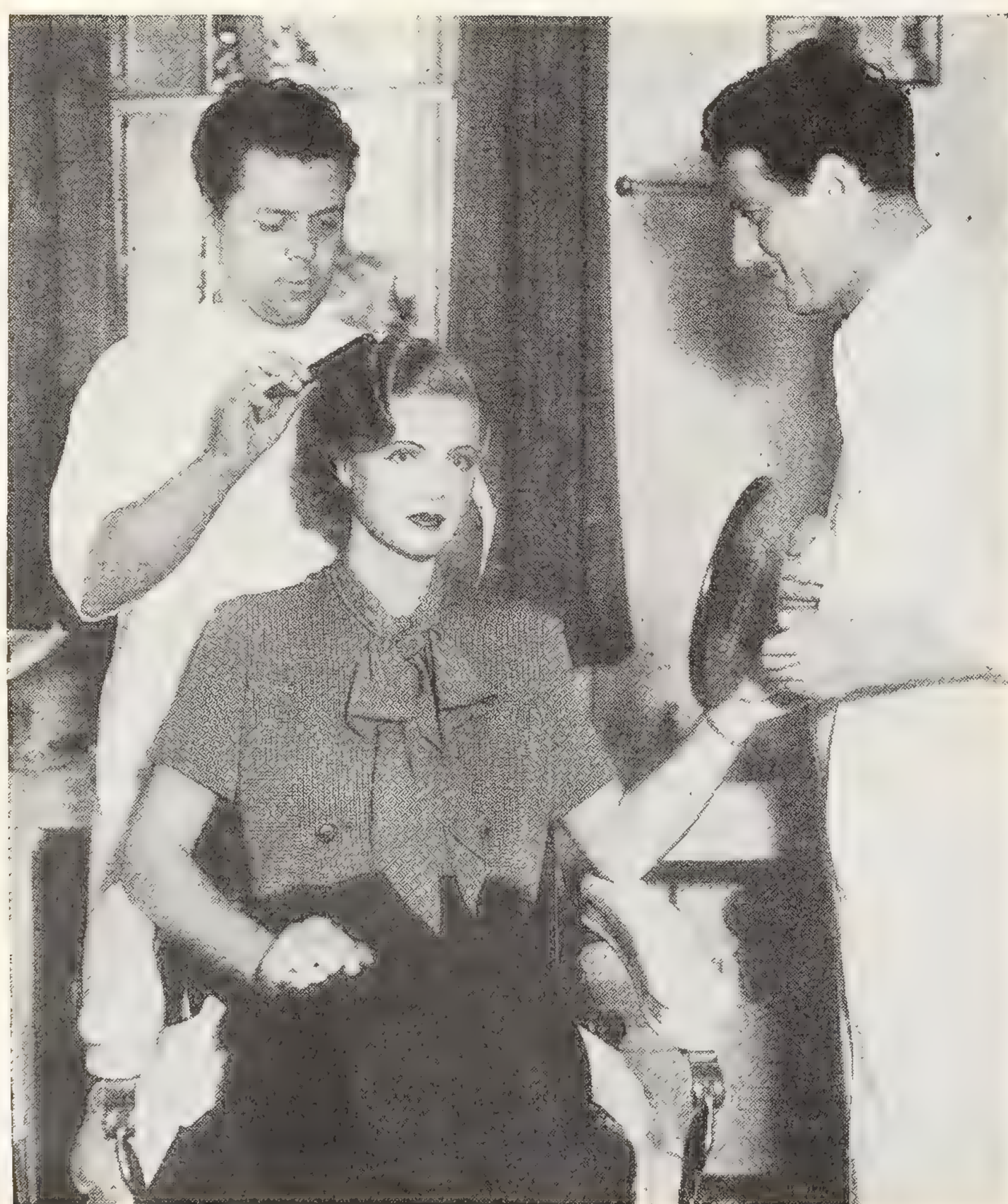
Jean, in her pre-Hollywood days. She was sweet and charming—but not nearly as interesting as she is today.



Jean Muir as she looked when she applied for a screen test. The casting director saw in this "sweet young thing" glamor, mystery, and smart sophistication.



Behold the finished work of art! What poise! What glamor! Would you have recognized a potential Garbo-Dietrich in that girlish and dainty young lady in the simple lace dress, above?



Perc Westmore, make-up expert, is responsible for Jean Muir's grand new coiffure. Casting director Maxwell Arnow is holding a mirror so that Jean can see herself change from a demure maiden to a glamorous gal. Help yourself, you Jean Muir-ish girls!



Copy Bette's soft roll curl, you girls who want to discard your bangs for a coiffure change.



Here's a more dashing hair-do—those tight curls around the ear are an original Davis touch.



New coiffure—new contract! Here's the smart long bob effect which won Bette her new contract.



Bette's exciting afternoon frock is of black crêpe. The fitted sleeves are marked with self-material buttons with loop fastenings, and the neck and cuffs are edged with lace.

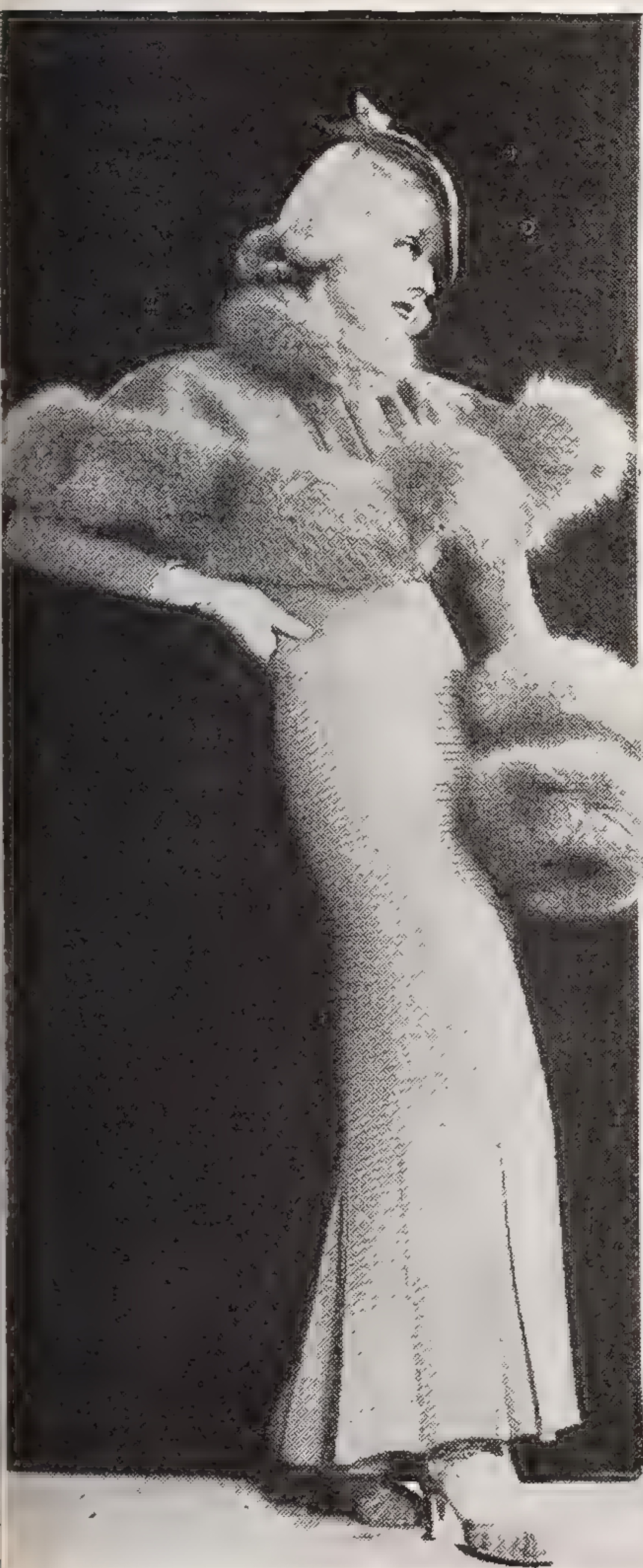
Bette Davis takes on the mood of every mode—practically a personality for every costume. Bette wears these clothes in "The Fashions of 1934"



Bette in her cadet blue ensemble—see the entire costume, here. Her tam and brief cape are of velvet, the shade matching her sheer crêpe frock. Gray fox adorns the cape and muff.

La Davis enhances this blue, horizontally tucked, ankle-length frock of sheer crêpe shown below. Note the pleated skirt and the triple-tiered tie at the high neck.

Bette's tunic frock, shown at the left, is of black corded silk, and the yoke, sleeves, and ascot collar are of contrasting black and gold metal cloth. Metal links are set on the side front of the tunic. A minute skull cap completes the costume.



★ SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL HAMBORHUI ★

Study these suggestions from Hollywood's smart actresses and adapt them to your own clothes and your coiffure problems



Sophisticated lady! That depends on your hair-dresser, says Irene Bentley. He can make you look dramatic—like this, above.

The "Little Women" influence! Margaret Lindsay affects the little cluster of curls on the forehead—à la "Jo" Hepburn—for a refreshing new coiffure.



It's all done with mirrors! Travis Banton designed this costume for Lilian Tashman for her personal appearances. The brilliant tunic is made entirely of mirrors, and the skirt is a graceful white satin inspiration.



And now here's Irene, left, with a demure "little girl" hair arrangement. Quite a contrast, isn't it?

Below, Irene with still another coiffure—this time suave yet sweet, altogether suitable for deb or smart young matron.

Dennis Phillips, Fox Studio hair stylist, is creating the California Curl for Irene Bentley.



This is Irene Bentley's "going-to-town" hair-do. It's the very thing for Big Nights in Hollywood. Very striking, Miss Bentley!



Kathryn (of Russia) Sergava introduces this necklace and bracelet of glistening aluminum in coat-of-mail design, interlaced with bands of black velvet ribbon.

Jean Broadway-to-Hollywood Howard suggests this crimson velvet tiara, necklace, and cuffs, edged with silver balls, to adorn your whitecrêpe evening ensemble.

Thrilling tips on toggery!



Here's a breath-taking affair—a printed linen evening gown, and it's absolutely backless! Take it south with you, says Lilyan Tashman, who knows. And how do you like Lil's short ringlet bob?

Decorative Del Rio! Isn't Dolores stunning in this peach satin pajama robe or house coat, whichever you prefer? Note the three bands of jade, the tailored collar, and the casual self-material sash.



Dazzling Dvorak is wearing just about the wildest gown that ever came out of Hollywood! The bodice is composed of two long draped scarfs, a black and a white satin, which end as a sash.

Travel in tweeds is Tashman's counsel. Lil brightens her severely tailored gray tweed suit with white flowers. Black gloves, black and white scarf, and a black beret are her accessories.



SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Queen
Christina
M-G-M



 There IS a Garbo! Any doubts you may have felt during the many months' absence of the Swedish star are dispelled when you see "Queen Christina." You breathe a sigh of relief and say, "So there really was a gorgeous long girl with an unbelievably beautiful face who knocked us cold for seven years!" By the time the rather tedious script and slow direction have given the great Greta a chance to warm up you are asking yourself, "Hepburn? Who's she?" Because this Garbo has the power to make you dream again. You may fight, but before you know it you are transported into that make-believe world which you hadn't visited since you thrilled to your first stock company show. Garbo is in the great tradition. And as *Queen Christina* she is the most romantic figure the screen has ever seen. As I said, it's often very, very slow; but there are scenes—and what scenes!—between *Christina* and her Spanish lover in a snow-bound inn, and later on an outward-bound ship, that more than atone for the dull passages. The love scenes, so lyric; the queen's abdication, actually stirring; and the magnificent finish—all make "Queen Christina" a memorable picture. The Queen is *not* dead!

REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Alice in
Wonderland
Paramount



 It's all right! You lovers of Lewis Carroll's book need no longer cringe. Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland" is a fair picturization of the classic "Adventures." Some critics may find fault with it—and with good reason. But better to have made it, with all its rubber masks and mistakes, than not to have had an "Alice" on the Christmas screens. And there is so much to enjoy that I think only the Carpers' Club will quibble. For one thing, Charlotte Henry is a charming *Alice*—not too sweet, seldom self-conscious, and always believable. Perhaps you won't recognize many other members of the cast; but you'll know Gary Cooper's inimitable voice as the *White Knight*; and you'll be vastly amused at W. C. Fields as *Humpty-Dumpty*. The Mad Tea Party is, to me, the best scene in the picture, as, for me, it was in the book. But you may enjoy more the perfectly crazy croquet game, or the Cheshire Cat. Just for the record, that's Cary Grant's melodious voice warbling *Soup of the Evening*, as the Mock Turtle; and it's Charles Ruggles as the March Hare; and the White Rabbit is none other than Skeet Gallagher. It's all fun. Except that animated cartoon—amateurish and inexcusably unfunny.

Flying Down
to Rio
RKO-Radio



 Just about time that some smart producer discovered the scenic beauties of Rio de Janeiro and Dolores Del Rio—and put them in the same picture. You'll enjoy this sparkling movie musical with its stunning setting of Rio's lovely harbor and its superlative cast. What a background for Del Rio's dark beauty, and how grand to see her again! There's no one quite like Her Latin Loveliness on the screen. Gay tunes, novel dances, gorgeous girls—and what's more, there's a plot somewhere about. But perhaps the most amusing number is the dance staged by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire called the *Carioca*, which makes the *Rhumba* look like a slow waltz. The blond and ingratiating Gene Raymond impersonates a breezy band leader who falls in love with the Brazilian heiress played by Del Rio, and wins her away from Raoul Roulien—remember Raoul? Ginger Rogers is completely captivating as the little singer who also shines in those sizzling dances with Astaire. And as for *that* dancin' boy from Broadway—he's a real hit, as a grand dancer and pleasant person. You'll like that number presented on the wings of a fleet of airplanes. The last word in spectacle—until the next one!

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Best Performances of the Month:

Garbo in "Queen Christina"

Gilbert in "Queen Christina"

Patsy Kelly in "Going Hollywood"

Bing Crosby in "Going Hollywood"

Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"

Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood"

Hugh Herbert in "Convention City"

Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio"

Charlotte Henry in "Alice in Wonderland"

Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street"



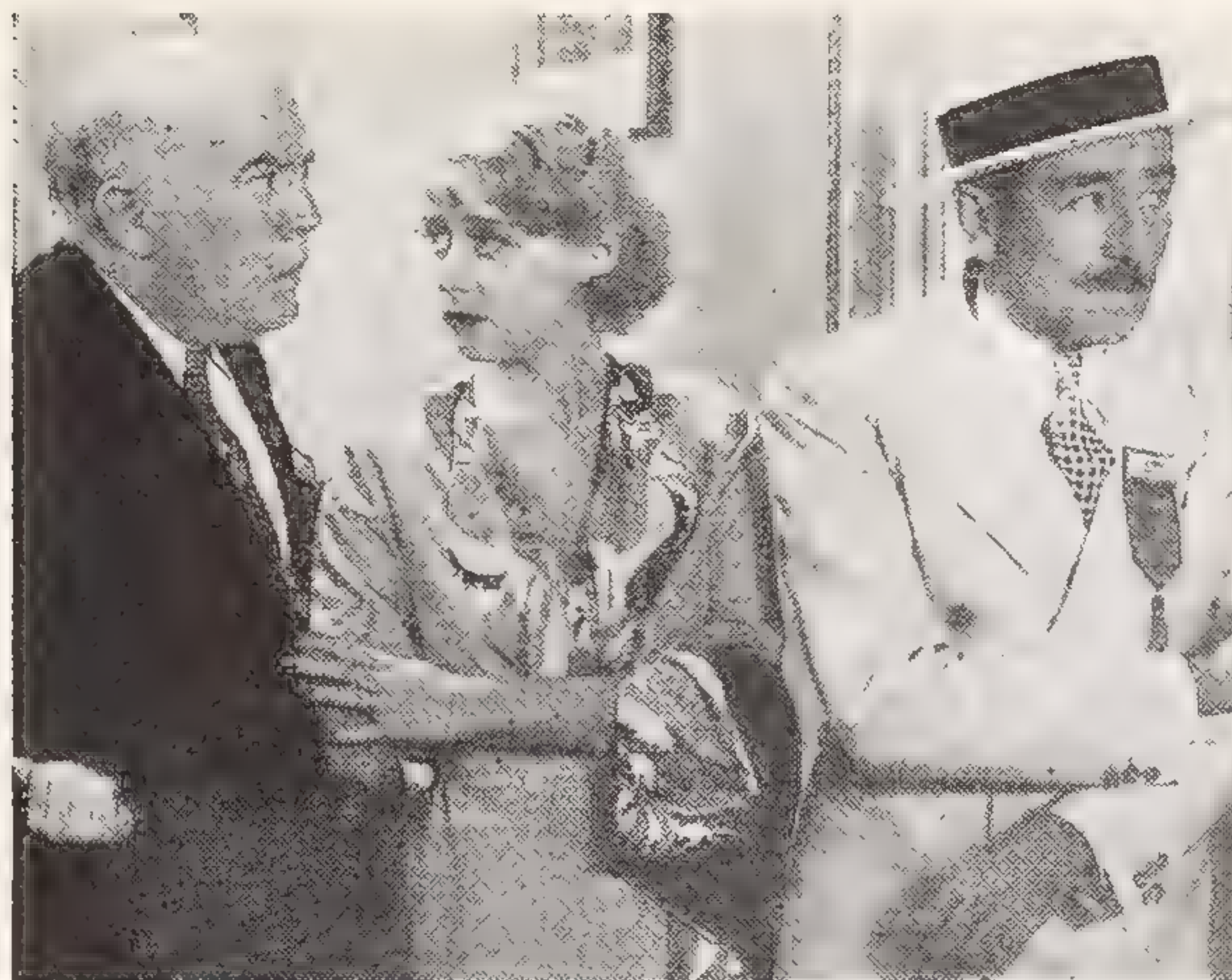
Going
Hollywood
M-G-M



Here's a combination for you—Marion Davies and Bing Crosby! And here's a picture for them to shine in, with the most agreeable movie music since "42nd Street." By now you know your *We'll Make Hay while the Sun Shines* and *Our Big Love Scene* as well as you ever knew your *Last Round-Up*. But no matter how well Radio Rudy croons 'em, you haven't really heard 'em until you hear Bing sing them to Marion—who, by the way, "listens" more alluringly than any other screen heroine. You'll love Marion as the little French teacher who goes to Hollywood on a Crosby quest and becomes a movie star in spite of herself. How she dances—and she's prettier than ever, if possible. As for Bing—well, remember what I predicted for him? It all comes true here. Crosby is better than ever. He is the most natural and likable man on the screen today. No fuss, no "acting"—this crooner with a sense-of-humor is refreshingly real. And at that, he gives a more convincing performance than most "actors." "Going Hollywood" has grand dialogue, a knockout bit by the promising comedienne, Patsy Kelly, and a very funny interlude of imitations by the Radio Rogues.



Roman
Scandals
United
Artists



Convention
City
First
National

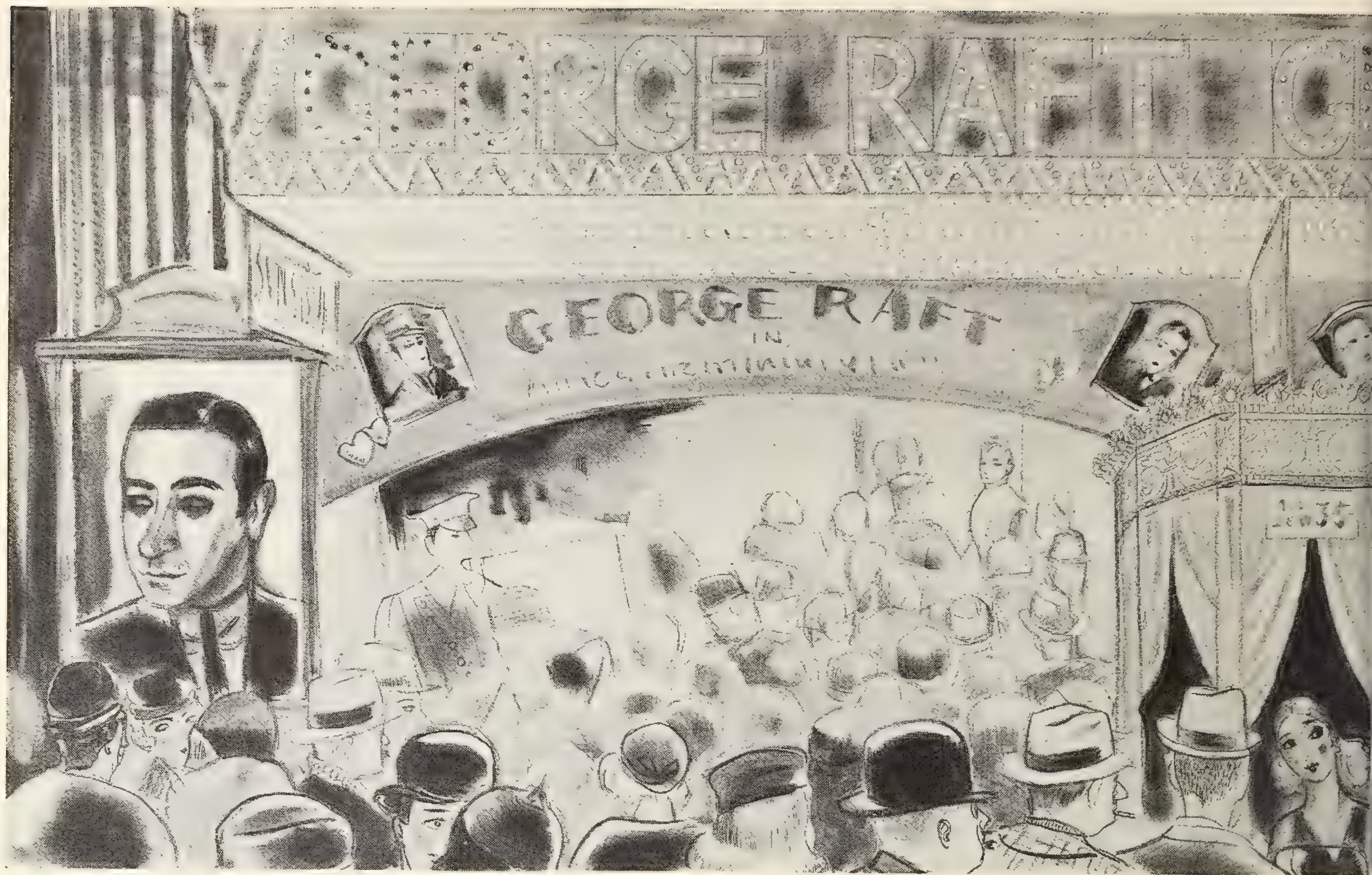


Yoo-hoo, Mr. Sam Goldwyn! Come on over here; I want to whisper something. Who's that with you? Eddie Cantor? Oh, all right; he can listen too. The reason for all the secrecy is that I like your picture, "Roman Scandals," too well. I don't want all the other producers of grand musical movies to hear me say that it's the best I've ever seen. So I don't say it. You can just imagine it. You must know that "Roman Scandals" is as funny as four Marx Brothers pictures and better than any two Eddie Cantor films. I have never laughed harder—not since Chaplin, anyway—than I did at the slave market scene in which Eddie is auctioned off. Cheers for Cantor who plays it and George Kaufman who helped write it. And that's not all. After a slow beginning every scene of "Roman Scandals" is comic perfection. Imagine Eddie as the Emperor's fool and food-taster—resisting the Empress' wiles, lost in a ladies' Roman bathorium, in love with beautiful Gloria Stuart, and finally starring in the most exciting chariot race since "Ben Hur"—oh, better than that. Cantor is genuinely, pricelessly funny. You'll like Ruth Etting's singing and David Manners' profile, and Veree Teasdale.



I might call this the comedy "Grand Hotel"—in fact, I will, for this rowdy screen show is a hilarious record of the Average American Business Man at the Great American sales convention combining the Average Business with perhaps not quite so average Pleasure. The action—and I use the word advisedly—takes place at one of the big hotels that border the board-walk in Atlantic City. There are Adolphe Menjou and Guy Kibbee as rival candidates for the big job of general sales manager. There's dazzling Joan Blondell, as a chorus girl who dabbles in "shake-down" work on the side, with Dick Powell her first victim. There is pretty Patricia Ellis, the boss' daughter; and Mary Astor, the smart feminine salesman, who loves Adolphe and after various complications, wins him. And, last but very far from least, there are three funny men, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, and Hobart Cavanaugh, three musketeers of the bottle, who make matters worse for the cast and better for the audience with their bubbling geniality. Herbert, particularly, will panic you. The story moves at a furious pace. Not for the kiddies—but what fun for everybody else. How you'll like Mary Astor!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



Here's Hollywood



The busy Baer! When not occupied with being a prominent pugilist or KO'ing the screen audience, he makes stage personal appearances or acts as a nightclub "M. C." Here's "Maxie" rehearsing his stage act, supported by a pretty little posse of Helen Morgans. P. S. — Extra! We learn as we romp to press that Maxie may be Mae West's next leading man! Negotiations are pending.

Wide World

WHY does Katharine Hepburn dodge newspaper photographers, you want to know? The reason is that Katty has freckles. Those freckles look ever-so-friendly when met face to face, but their photographic effect is like a lamb in a soot-fall. So, when Miss Hepburn is without make-up, she does her utmost to dodge cameras of every description.

WELL, how was *that* for a strange dinner party? I mean Joan Crawford's private little dinner for three, given in her home right after Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s return from Europe.

The guests were Young Doug and Franchot Tone—her former husband and (take it from me) her next husband. But they are all quite friendly, and it was a most pleasant evening for all.

LAUGH this off, if you can: When Charlotte Henry donned a new tailored suit in Hollywood after her return from a personal appearance tour, her own employers failed to recognize the girl. Reason? For five months, Charlotte wore her "Alice in Wonderland" costume constantly. She is really quite a grown-up young lady in regulation clothes, and it is no wonder studio officials failed to recognize her.



Cartoons by Victor De Pauw

"Getting personal" about movie men and maids

By
Weston East

ENTRANCE AND EXIT

Or, before and after seeing George Raft, the Personality Boy! An average group of men when they enter the theatre, they're just a lot of George Rafts after coming under his potent spell. You know the feeling!

WHEN "The Merry Widow" reaches the screen as a talking picture (probably with Joan Crawford in the title rôle), Clark Gable will be seen somewhere as an extra. His studio has promised Clark that privilege. Gable's very first extra part in pictures was in the original screen "Merry Widow," and for memory's sake, Clark is going to relegate himself temporarily to the extras' ranks again.

NINETY thousand dollars is a lot of coin to toss for the privilege of living in a Hollywood house for a few weeks, but that is the price Rudy Vallee paid.

When they were happily wed, Fay Webb Vallee persuaded Rudy to buy a house in movieland, and it cost \$90,000. The only time the crooner lived in it was during that recent brief period when he was in Hollywood to work in the Fox movie-ised George White's "Scandals."

MY, my, my, but were the stars wrangling among themselves during the filming of "Wonderbar"! Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez—each wanted to be most important in the cast.

Well, one day the cameraman was having difficulty in lining up a group for a close-up. At last Cortez impatiently cried: "If *that* man would move over, we'd be all right."

Al glared at Ricardo. "The name," he growled, "is Jolson."

Happy family-to-be? At any rate, here is the omnipresent cameraman's record of the first meeting between Joan Crawford and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tone, parents of Franchot. It occurred after the New York premiere of "Dancing Lady," which all four attended.



Wide World



"Here's how we duet," carol Clark and Claudette. The Gable-Colbert team is a new and exciting star combination which you'll see for the first time in "It Happened One Night," directed by Frank Capra. They're demonstrating some of the delights of cross-country bus travel in this still.

CAROLE LOMBARD still wears the ring given to her by William Powell. . . . Katharine Hepburn, gifting her company on completion of "Trigger," remembered the cat with a box of catnip. . . . John Barrymore has a forty-foot totem pole in his back yard; he found it on an island off the coast of Alaska. . . . Richard Dix, motoring from Hollywood to Arizona, was marooned for six hours in a severe sandstorm. . . . Alice White's Mexican honeymoon was cut to twenty-four hours when she was recalled to Hollywood for a picture. . . . Ronald Colman, through a Hollywood agent, purchased a 600-acre ranch in California. . . . Lewis Stone holds the unique record of having worked with Greta Garbo in seven pictures. . . . Bill Haines, interior-decorating Carole Lombard's new home, searched two weeks for a pair of statues—and found them in an undertaking establishment. . . . Bette Davis is *that* pleased because in "The Heir Chaser" she socks (instead of being struck by) Jimmy Cagney. . . . Hollywood husbands often take adjoining rooms when their wives go to hospitals; Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, and George Barnes (Joan Blondell's husband) did. . . . Apparently Mae West is a permanent institution in Hollywood, because she is building a house there.

IF YOU have seen Mae West's "I'm No Angel," and surely you have! you will have noticed a rather meaningless close-up of a monkey in a cage. That monkey is—or *was*, because now it is dead—*Boogie*, Mae's particular pet.

After the early previews of "I'm No Angel," studio executives decided to shorten the picture about five hundred feet, and one of the scenes scheduled to go was that of *Boogie*. But Miss West put her foot down as only a West can. Sacrifice one of her own close-ups, if they must, but that shot of *Boogie* must stay in.

Incidentally, Mae so thoroughly believes in maintaining her established screen characterization in public that she refused to attend the funeral when *Boogie* was buried in a private pet cemetery. She knew she would cry, and she didn't want to be photographed in the rôle of a teary-eyed woman, which would be completely at odds with the supposed Mae West character.

SOMEBODY asked Joan Blondell how she happened to purchase that boloney-shaped dog (a Dachshund) which daily accompanies her to the studio.

"I merely took the advice of that song writer," murmured Joan. "He said, 'Get a long, little doggie!'"



Rosemary Ames has that Dietrich-like charm—and plenty of her own appeal, too. She's a new Fox girl.

ONE of those pests who go about mar-
ring signboard pictures found his way into George Raft's studio dressing room recently. Raft was working at the time, and as is his custom, he left the door to his quarters unlocked.

When he returned from the set at lunch-time, he discovered that every portrait hanging on the walls (even including pictures of two lovely ladies), had been given a mustache.

THAT was a funny gag Groucho Marx pulled on Adolphe Menjou. Groucho telephoned Adolphe, and when the sophisticated Menjou answered, Marx droned: "This is the telephone company. We are testing your line. Will you whistle into the 'phone, please?"

Dutifully, Menjou puckered his lips and whistled.

"Thank you," chuckled Groucho. "We'll send you some bird-seed in the morning."

(Continued on page 97)

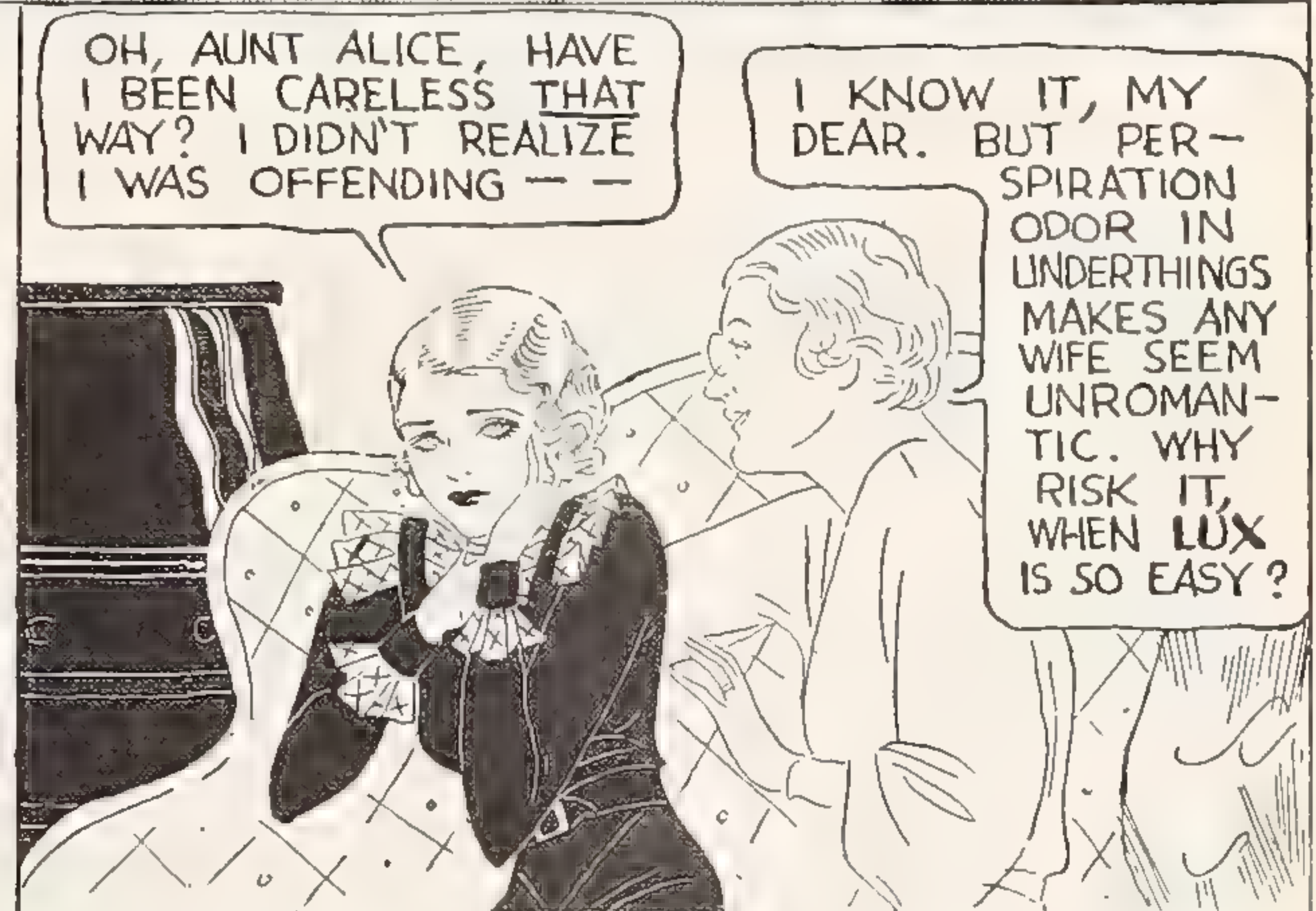


Harold Teen in person! At least, in the person of Hal LeRoy, who will impersonate the famous comic-strip character on the screen.

"What's
the
use"



This young
wife
thought
romance
had fled—
UNTIL...



AND
SOON
TOM'S
ATTITUDE
CHANGES



AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor — *protect daintiness this easy way...*

No girl need ever be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away completely and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.



—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

"Jo's Boy"

Continued from page 52

motion picture as I grew up to know it as far back as I can remember. With the movies practically in a fellow's front yard all the time is it any wonder he isn't exactly paralyzed by the glamor of them?"

With the stage, it was something else again. Though both Douglass' parents are non-professionals, he decided in early childhood that he was going to be an actor or bust.

"My first trip to the theatre was at such an early age that I've forgotten the name of the play. But that's the only thing I have forgotten about that event. Everything else—the awe of the unfamiliar and mysterious, the fascination of watching people at make-believe on a brilliantly lighted stage, and the thrill of wondering what went on behind the scenes—it all left an imprint on my mind that stayed there. I suppose most kids at that age want to be actors for awhile, but from that day on I never wanted to be anything else."

And he wasn't. As soon as he was old enough to put behind him the irrelevancies of formal education, he joined the Pasadena Art Theatre, and acted away to his heart's content. For a solid season he stage-managed and directed as well. Then, as soon as he felt sufficient strength in his wings, (perhaps murmuring "Git along, little Dougie" to himself), he made for New York and the Ultima Thule of the theatre.

His first part on Broadway was in Guthrie McClintic's production of "God Loves Us," an artistic success but a commercial disaster. Shortly after that he landed in a work called, with simple dignity, "Crime," which subsequent events prove to have been a veritable training-ground of future film notables. In the cast with him were such geniuses-to-be as Sylvia Sydney, Kay Francis, Chester Morris, Jack LaRue, James Rennie, and Kay Johnson. That for your present-day "all-

star" movies and their vaunted novelty!

"I kept getting my fate tangled up with those of future movie big-guns," he relates. "My next parts were with Mary Boland in 'Women Go On Forever' and with Miriam Hopkins in 'The Garden of Eden.' Then I found myself, somewhat to my own surprise, acting in Theatre Guild productions, including the lead in 'Volpone' into which I recklessly stepped when Alfred Lunt left it for a vacation. I was also in 'Faust' for the Guild, and in 'Meteor' with Lunt and Fontanne, both in their New York and their London productions of that comedy."

Between these stage ventures Montgomery was, meanwhile, shuttling back and forth from New York to Hollywood, doing a movie when he was not acting in a play or trying to crash into one. His first attempts in the talking cinema, disguised as Kent Douglass, weren't particularly auspicious. It was not until "Waterloo Bridge" that he hit his stride with a really compelling performance opposite Mae Clarke. And now, following the tremendous success of "Little Women," containing among its other glories his tender, sympathetic interpretation of the lyric rôle of "Jo's Boy," it seems likely that Douglass is destined to contribute the major share of his time and talent to Hollywood projects.

"I was a little doubtful about that part at first," he confessed, "perhaps because of the tradition of sentimentality that surrounds Miss Alcott's story. And I still can't get used to the fact that a movie in which I was implicated has been breaking box-office records so fantastically. It shows what a fellow can accomplish," he concluded with no trace of a twinkle in his eye, "when he has actresses like Kit Hepburn and those other girls in his supporting cast!"

Montgomery, by the way, is all for this

Hepburn lady, both as an actress and as Katharine Hepburn. He knew her well in the good old days of Broadway bench-warming in producers' offices, and studied dramatic art with her under the famous coach, Frances Robinson-Duff. "What do I think of her present success? I would have been amazed if she *hadn't* knocked 'em for a loop when she went to Hollywood! Anybody who knew her could see that she had it in her, even before she became well-known on the stage or screen."

"Katharine always was great fun to know, and I found her just as much fun to work with. Good-humored, sympathetic, gay, and above all a swell sport. If there's anything of the prima donna about her, as of course it's been charged, I never saw any sign of it. If she's fond of practical jokes on others, she thinks they're just as funny when she happens to be the goat herself."

He proceeded to cite an incident in point.

"Remember that scene in 'Little Women' where Katharine arrives home from the opera with Paul Lukas, thrilled with the glamor of what she's seen and heard, and tells him she wants to be a great prima donna? Katharine had to speak some rather high-flown lines and end with an elaborate curtsy—a bit of business that had to be performed with just the right restraint to keep it from appearing overdone. Well, she went through it a few times and got it beautifully, as you've seen in the picture. But, by a pre-arranged scheme, director Cukor pretended to be dissatisfied, and made her do it still another time. Then, when Katharine finished the scene again with the proper flourish, the studio hands fired a barrage of slightly ailing vegetables at her. And as a crowning touch an assistant director came forward with a courtly bow and presented her with a ham!"

"Pretty rough ribbing, I calls it, but Kate took it like a brigadier. She joined in the laugh and accepted the trophy with a little speech of thanks!"

With that Lewis-Carrollish brand of logic so often found in Hollywood, Douglass' success in a rôle with four girls in "Little Women" has been quickly followed by another picture, just released by Paramount, in which he is the only man involved with eight girls! The film, called "Eight Girls in a Boat," is adapted from a German photoplay and inevitably recalls "Maedchen in Uniform," though Douglass modestly doubts whether it's quite as good as that classic!

What is Douglass Montgomery's ultimate aim in his flourishing picture career? "Just that I be allowed to develop in my own way," he summed it up. "I think I've proved to them by now that I'm perfectly serious about my film acting. People have asked me if I were aiming to blossom into some definite 'type' of actor—anything from Gable to Leslie Howard. I even suspect that due to my name some of them think I ought to combine the best features of Douglas Fairbanks and Robert Montgomery! But that's all nonsense, of course. I've got my own ideas and my own personality, and all I want is a chance to realize them to the full."

One is reminded again, irresistibly, of a "Little Women" episode—that in which Jo March, the ambitious young authoress, unburdens to the Professor her fears that she will never flower into a Shakespeare. "No," replies that wise and kindly soul, "but you can be a Josephine March!"

Gable? Howard? Tut! "Jo's Boy" has other plans—he'll be the Douglass Montgomery!



Jean in her "Platinum Palace"! The amazing Miss Harlow had this mansion at Bel-Air built to match her personality. Here is Jean in the ivory-white living room, with delicately tinted drapes, and furniture in pastel shades.

"Beauty of Face and Figure

**HARD TO KEEP IF YOU ARE
TORMENTED BY PAINFUL FEET,
CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS
or SORE TOES"**

Says **DR. SCHOLL**

Just as comfortable feet can be made the foundation of new beauty, grace and attractiveness for you, so will tortured feet show in tired eyes, wincing lines, a halting stride and in a silhouette robbed of its once soft, lovely curves.

Corns, callouses, bunions and sore toes can affect you in these respects as seriously as most any other painful foot trouble. Whether it's simply to stop nagging friction or pressure of your shoes on a tender spot on your feet or toes, or to ease the sharp pain of a corn, callous or a bunion — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you



For Corns—Sore Toes



For Callouses



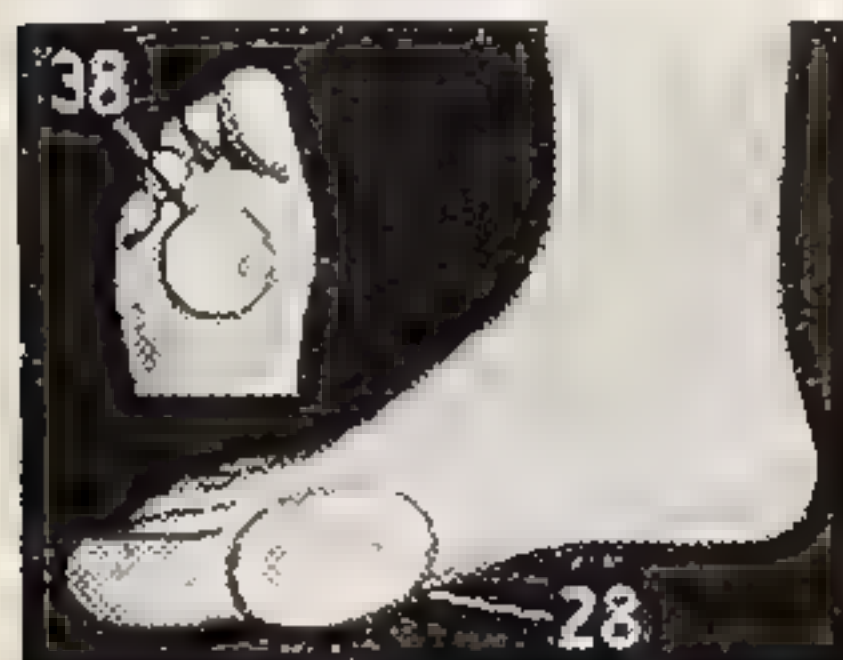
For Bunions



For Soft Corns



42 for Hammer Toe
16 for Thick Corns
25 for Tender Joint
Behind Little Toe.



38 for Thick Callouses
28 for Large Bunions

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause of these foot troubles — shoe friction and pressure — by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They soothe irritated nerves and inflamed tissues and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, enabling you to walk, dance or golf with comfort.

QUICKLY REMOVE CORNS — CALLOUSES

NOW, to quickly and safely remove corns and callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box for that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right off painlessly! Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Avoid caustic liquids or plasters — they can cause acid burn.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are SAFE. Made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.

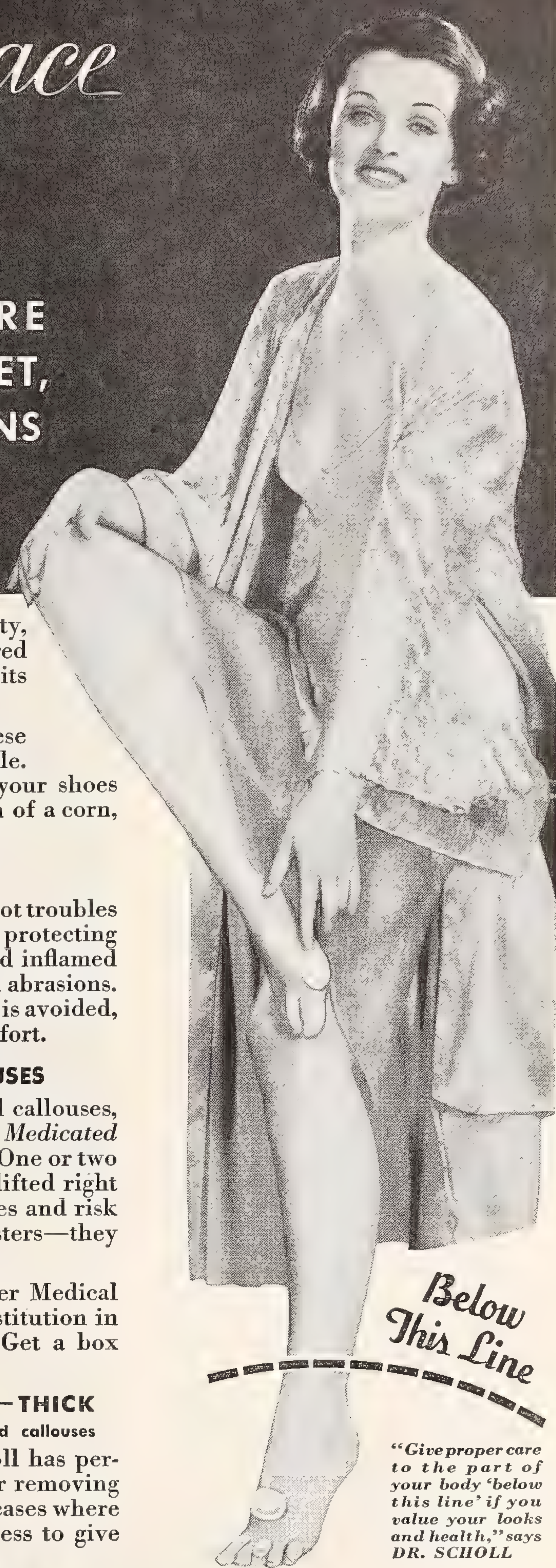
ALSO SPECIAL SIZES AND SHAPES — THICK

for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callouses

In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Put one on — the pain is gone!



*Below
This Line*

"Give proper care to the part of your body 'below this line' if you value your looks and health," says DR. SCHOLL

Have You Other Foot Troubles?

Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble — guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 59, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

"Telling All" about the Barrymores

Continued from page 31

their personal lives *out* of print. They have never sought publicity. Incidentally, they rant ferociously at the suggestion of "personal appearances."

Contrary to many stage old-timers, they have an immense respect for the screen and their attitude towards Hollywood is anything but condescending. Lionel and John have no desire to return to Broadway and rank talkies as every bit as exciting as the stage—both to work in and to watch.

Their triumphs in the legitimate theatre may have caused you to forget that they are movie pioneers. Lionel made his film debut in 1909 under D. W. Griffith and was one of Mary Pickford's first leading men; John and Ethel ventured before cameras almost twenty years ago.

Now would you like to know their ages? Okay, I'll tattle-tale!

In "Who's Who" Lionel skips this detail and his studio associates can't seem to recall it. However, John admits that next month he'll be fifty-two.

Lionel is four years ahead of John, and two up on Ethel. And, *ahem*—in a moment of rashness John confessed to a friend of mine that he is two years older than his "press" age. So, with that hint, you may check again on the family for yourself; but don't quote *me*!

And this brings us to Lionel in person. A bit stooped, gray, he is much as you expect. Immediately you note the familiar mannerism of covering his mouth with his right hand while thinking, and you are pierced by his sharp glance. His wary look turns genial as soon as he decides you are worth his attention.

His reluctance to be interviewed has given him the reputation of irritability. Yet, observing that he was one of the most gracious speakers at M-G-M's press parties for May Robson and Marie Dressler, I searched for him on the set of "Carolina" at Fox. He hadn't been interviewed for more than a year, but he consented to talk exclusively for SCREENLAND.

"I don't want to be considered grouchy," he declared. "But I hate Hollywood's publicity methods. Every story has to have an 'angle,' and you writers play up a factor that is trivial!"

Reassuring him that I'd be the exception, he unbent.

"I have no 'philosophy of life,'" he said to me. "I'm no sage. I'm just an actor!" To me this is an ill-important tip-off to a modesty that is astounding. Lionel Barrymore *refuses* the privileges of a veteran.

Remember that he was acclaimed one of Broadway's finest actors and that he has reached the heights in talkies as both actor and director. He has no wish to resume in the latter capacity, although it was he who directed such notable productions as Chatterton's "Madame X" and Tibbett's "The Rogue Song," both huge successes.

Aside from being a man with no delusions of grandeur, he is a brave soul. He will detest this comment, but I'm going to make it because I believe you ought to know this about him. Neither Lionel nor his wife have been in the best of health lately. Yet—

"I am happy," he assured me with no indecision in his tone, "professionally and personally. You can't pin any fool complexes on me! Ambitions I still yearn to satisfy? *No!* I am content. Regrets? The theatre? Aha, now I begin to smell an 'angle.' I have no regrets or overpowering troubles!"

That, I told him, marked him as a very unusual Hollywood star indeed. Having

emphasized how ordinary he was, he could only say "*Hmm!*" to this!

He gets angry if you criticize Hollywood or attempt to paint it as the promised land.

"There are no more divorces and there's no more *anything* here than anywhere else. And actors are regular humans!" (He



Joyce Williams won her film start by winning a national contest conducted by a Coast physical training school to find the girl presenting the "ideal physical appearance." And an excellent choice, if you ask us!

doesn't credit that royal family line a speck.)

"Acting success," he went on, "is due fifty per cent to ability and fifty per cent to luck. I know thousands with the ability who've never had the breaks. No, personal contacts are no more prevalent in the studios than on the stage! I don't approve of the excessive ballyhooing of stars nowadays, though. A person isn't much of a star if he owes his hit to high-powered publicity."

Then he began a new train of thought. "Why anyone should try to compare stage and screen is beyond me. They have *nothing* in common!" Hollywood cuties who lack an impressive stage background

and who have rushed to voice instructors and into plays for the "necessary" polishing will be amazed at the viewpoint of Lionel, dean of actors.

When I stated that three-fourths of those who are under present film contract have had stage training, he said this was a revelation to him and reiterated that it wasn't important.

"Joseph Jefferson remarked that a fine voice had ruined more actors than whiskey," he asserted to me. "I don't think anyone should worry about his or her voice unless there is something terribly wrong. These microphones can make most any voice sound all right."

"Go to voice teachers? Develop a stage accent?" He spluttered. "Why, what is a stage accent? I never *heard* of such a thing!" I assure you none of this was said facetiously. And here most of our ingenues have been trying to imitate Ethel Barrymore's elegantly trained voice! John used to study voice improvement for hours every day.

"Anyway," he went on without a stop, "how do people recognize a 'stage' accent—whatever *that* is! Most of them have never seen a play!"

Dubbed the conservative member of the trio, thanks to avoiding notoriety, Lionel is by no means old-fashioned. He drives his Ford roadster himself, travels by airplane on long trips, is a keen fight fan, and reads the latest novels. Nor is acting his one accomplishment. He excels in oil-painting, etching, and at the piano.

The reason for his slight limp has never been disclosed—so more tattle-telling:

A dozen years ago he needed money badly. He used to box and wrestle, and he cracked a knee-cap one day in a wrestling match. A movie job came up shortly after, which demanded that he fight and ride a spirited horse. He took the part because he had to have the cash. But he worked in agony and his injury didn't have time to heal properly.

The average athlete would complain at having to forego sports. Lionel only insists that he is "happy." Stout fella!

At any rate, he is devoted to Irene Fenwick, his wife, whom he married ten years ago when she was his Broadway heroine. They have no children, nor did he have any by his first wife, Doris Rankin, who was also an actress. The Lionel Barrymore home in central Beverly is luxurious. But it is a quiet place, a house of comfort and peace.

I might pass on Lupe Velez's discerning description of Lionel. She says, "He is not like a Hollywood actor. He fairly reeks of common sense!" Even madcap Lupe appreciates him!

Let's progress to John.

Today finds him a matured romantic. Yes, ninety-nine per cent of those escapades reported of him are true! He has lustily loved wine, women and song. Lionel contended to me that John was never harum-scarum, but John is his own best debunker. If there's anything he hasn't tried—wire, don't write him what it is!

His having been a fast life and a merry one, he can hardly object if he now looks his age. Though his hair is graying, his eyes flash as virile as of yore. And, there's still the profile!

Which reminds me of an untold incident proving how John recognized the value of the marvelous photography which enabled him to hold onto youth so long. When he completed his first silent film for Warners years ago, he presented the cameraman with a check for \$1000 as a

modest little token of thanks!

You'll seldom bump into John at the Vendome or the Derby or dancing at the Grove or the Mayfair. But if you diligently sail the Pacific you may pass him while he's yachting or deep-sea fishing. He and Dolores Costello accept very few Hollywood invitations. They are exclusive. Not because they are exceptionally dignified; rather, because they aren't!

Their home is probably the most fascinating one in Beverly, what with its valuable collections. One room, for example, is crowded with guns of every size and shape. Another overflows with expensively stuffed animals, birds, and fish. The library is an amazing room full of rare editions. An aviary requires a whole wing.

This winter John bought an adjoining house (they're on a lonely hill-top above Beverly proper) and converted it into a giant "playhouse." A swimming-pool and lawn stretch between and the family—John, Dolores, and the two youngsters, eat lunch every sunny day on rickety card tables set up on the grass.

You've heard that John is a model husband and father now. That is so. And it proves that it is worth-while to marry a man to reform him! He had to call on Dolores every evening for a year-and-a-half steady to persuade her to take the chance! (His first two marriages, to gossip, were to society women and each lasted exactly seven years. This is the fifth year of wedded bliss with Dolores and so far so good.)

John hasn't been to New York in years, preferring to stay home and spoil his nearly-four-year-old daughter and keep up on "Junior's" tricks. His baby son is a year-and-a-half old. Wife and kiddies accompany him on all vacation excursions, no matter whither.

Well, almost all. Last fall he took them to Yosemite. He wanted to try out a sleeping-bag. So he taxied out to a Sequoia grove, slept all night under the big trees, and taxied back in the morning. Dolores wasn't too bewildered at his chartering a taxi instead of driving his own car. She's getting used to his doing what he wants *how* he wants!

Position means nothing to John when it comes to friends. One of his pals is a fox-raiser on an Alaskan island. Another man whom he regards highly raises sheep on an isle off the West coast of Mexico. John visits these chums on his cruises. And his democracy can be pointed by an awfully funny yarn you've never heard before:

Two years ago Doug Fairbanks, Sr., was entertaining some Spanish nobles at Pickfair and requested John's presence. John, figuring that he was wanted mainly to be shown off, took—with malice aforethought—up a very potent brew and proceeded to get the noted visitors so blotto they couldn't be impressed by Beverly's aristocrats. Was Doug annoyed!!

Clark Gable and Lee Tracy are John's closest stellar friends and he isn't jealous of Gable's having succeeded to romantic supremacy on the screen. Often John Barrymore has been accused of conceit. Let me clear this matter up for you.

He is merely frank. He believes, himself, that his success was largely due to mere personality. That he is scoring this year, when he is past the pretty age, is his crowning joy. And his fondness for Svengali make-ups lessens as he discovers he needn't resort to them to play a character with depth.

Jean Parker whispered to me that John is the most *un*-conceited star on the Metro lot. She's had an opportunity to look 'em all over at a time when they weren't on parade.

Is your hair **TOO DRY** or **TOO OILY** to train in these **New Hollywood Styles?**



Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

Help for **DRY** hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

To correct **OILY** hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

Gary Cooper Talks about his Big Romance

Continued from page 15

vacant chair. As I sat down, someone next to me tapped me on the arm and said, 'I want you to meet Miss Shaw, who has just started in pictures,' and motioned to a girl on the other side of him. It was several hours later, after we had seen a couple of pictures and had exchanged a few whispered remarks that we walked out and I had my first look at her.

"And all fiction to the contrary, it was *not* love at first sight. I thought she was beautiful, of course. Anyone meeting her would think that," Gary went on. "We chatted for a few moments, then departed in opposite directions. I am sure that neither of us gave the other a second thought at that time.

"But Miss Shaw was very prominent in Hollywood. After making her debut in New York, she had come to the Coast for a visit. At a party, she had met David Selznick, who was then an executive of Radio Pictures Studio. Impressed with her potentialities, he asked her if she would consider a screen career. More for a lark than because she was seriously interested, she consented to a screen test, with the result that she was signed by Radio on a short-term contract and was assigned small parts in several pictures.

"But though she was a beginner professionally, she knew many people in Hollywood personally and was invited to most of the parties. In that way, we met again and almost before I realized it, I was beginning to look forward to seeing her as soon as I arrived at a party.

"That was when I decided to 'phone her and ask her to go for a drive with me. She consented immediately—and it was then, I think, that I first became conscious of how very much I wanted her to like me.

"And after we had been out together a number of times, I began to recognize Sandra as the ideal of all the things I had dreamed of some day finding in a woman. She epitomizes all of those things which can make life complete."

"Just what are these superlative qualities, Gary, that Miss Shaw possesses and which fulfil your ideal requirements?"

"First, she is beautiful. While I never felt that the girl I would some day love and marry *must* be beautiful, I think that every man *hopes* that when he falls in love it will be with a beautiful woman." Gary paused to light a cigarette.

"We have the same ideas about life and are congenial," he resumed. "We like the same things and enjoy the same people. Whenever I 'phone her and say, 'Would you like to go to the beach?' that's just what she has been wanting to do. When I ask her if she'd like to go for a horseback ride, I find that she is eager to accompany me. If I suggest a moonlight drive along the beach, that suits her, too," he explained naively. "And I couldn't help thinking that almost any girl could bear up under a moonlight drive with Gary Cooper.

"And she isn't a 'career woman'!" he continued. "I always said that I hoped that when I fell in love it would not be with an actress. And although Sandra has appeared in several pictures, and a brilliant future has been predicted for her, she really isn't interested in a career and is going to retire from the screen when we marry."

"Aren't you afraid she'll grow bored with life in Hollywood if she has nothing to occupy time, after the gay and busy social life of New York, to which she was accustomed?"

"No, for she has those inner qualities which enable her to fill her life with things

other than synthetic gayety and crowds of people. She is vitally interested in everything that goes on in the world. She likes to discuss politics and sports and philosophy and motion pictures. She likes to read—and she likes silence. Another way in which we are congenial is in our need for solitude. Both Sandra and I like to be alone occasionally, and for that reason, neither will intrude upon the other's need for absolute privacy when that mood arises.

"In other words, Sandra has breeding and poise and a self-sufficiency that, with her other qualities, make her utterly desirable and the type of woman that any man would be proud to introduce as his wife."

Though admitting that Hollywood offers many temptations to both a man and a woman, Gary insists that it should be no more difficult to achieve a successful marriage there than in any other place. He is uncompromising in his opinion of the most important element in the relationship of a man and woman.

"Fidelity is the most important factor in any marriage," he states definitely. "There may be differences of opinion on any and all other subjects. There must be no doubt

on the subject of fidelity and trust, both mental and physical. Neither partner to a marriage should brook even the faintest hint of unfaithfulness in the other. Both husband and wife are entitled to know, without qualification, that utter and complete fidelity prevails in their marriage.

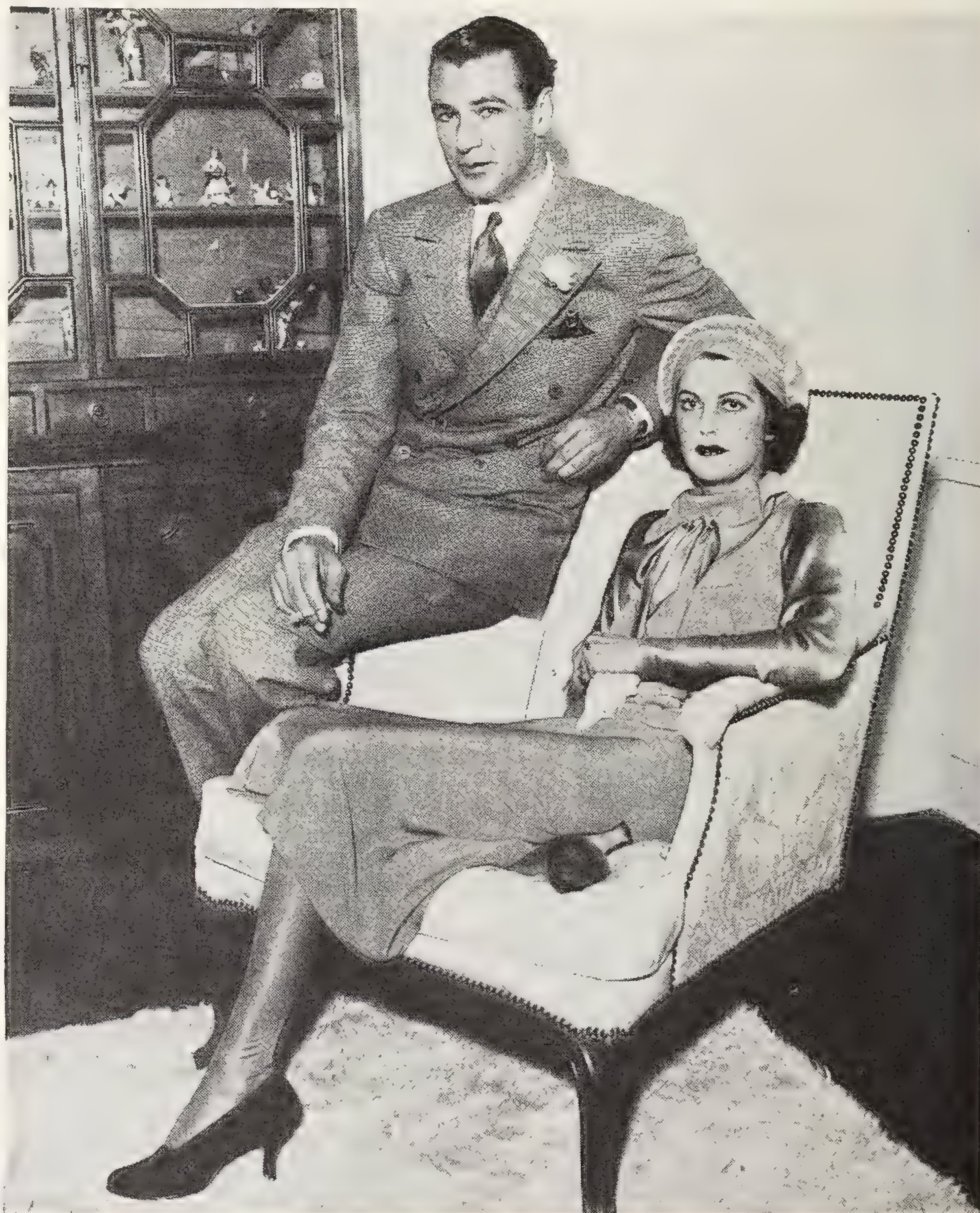
"Only as long as they remain true to each other can their marriage survive and mean what a real marriage should.

"And once either party finds the other unfaithful, then it is time to break up the whole thing. *There is no alternative!*"

Immediately after their marriage, Gary and his bride departed for the coast, where they will live on the ranch he recently purchased about twenty miles from Hollywood. They plan to stay there about eight months of the year.

Of course he wants to continue in pictures—and that is the only change I can accuse Hollywood of having wrought in Gary. For when I first knew him, he expressed a desire to retire from the screen as soon as he had accumulated enough money to insure him an income for life.

He has already achieved that material goal, as for a long time he has been in the higher salary brackets and his earnings, wisely invested by his business



Acme

And so they were married! After keeping all of us guessing, Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe, known on the screen as Sandra Shaw, took the decisive step. Here's the smooth-looking couple after the wedding, and just before leaving on their honeymoon.

manager, assure him a carefree future.

But in the development of his character, he has become imbued with a real love of his work and a desire to achieve something really worthwhile on the screen. Therefore, he declares today that he hopes to continue acting for the next ten or twelve years. He does not attempt to look farther ahead than that professionally.

But in a romantic way, he considers ten or twelve years as mere seconds in a lifetime. As far as his marriage is concerned, he expects it to last for all the rest of his life. Which is the way all good marriages should be planned—even in Hollywood!

New Love for Garbo?

Continued from page 23

very American Jack certainly made an impression. He was so "different." Jack sent orchids. Jack was admitted to the home sanctuary. For a while Hollywood palpitated with expectancy. And not until Jack actually married Ina Claire would Hollywood be convinced the Garbo-Gilbert romance had petered out.

After Jack, Garbo was seemingly to cut romance out of her life, except for strictly professional purposes. During the making of "Mata Hari" there was a mild flutter with Ramon Novarro as the possible hero of the romance. Ramon at least won her to breaking her rule against rehearsals, so that the few love-scenes in "Mata Hari" did get a little exercise. Ramon sent yellow roses. But right after "Mata Hari" Garbo made good her oft-voiced threat, "I go home," and the new excitement as to whether she was renouncing pictures forever, hogged the stage. There never seemed to be a Garbo romance that Hollywood could really get its teeth into. Jack Gilbert came nearest.

For ages the only news about Garbo was that she had moved again, that her laundryman was in bad for giving away her new address, that since her return to pictures she seemed more human, that her manager still kept the ban on interviews, that she prefers comfortable plain sport clothes to dressy things, off the screen, and so on. The gossips had almost given up the idea of a first-class romance for Garbo, when presto, up pops Rouben Mamoulian.

Those working on the set of "Queen Christina" insist that Garbo's attitude toward Mamoulian is that of gentle appeal, of trusting sweetness, of significant little glances that do give an impression of a rather special mutual understanding. Nothing tangible, you see. It may all rest on the instinctive match-making proclivities of Hollywood. For all they really know, Garbo may be a spinster, or even a nun, at heart, just being nice to a superior director. But that isn't what Hollywood wants to believe. They want to see Garbo one wild, miserable, aching woman in the throes of blinding love, all jittery whenever Rouben hoves in sight, a victim of that all-absorbing love that is "a torment and a treasure; Having it no peace, lacking it no pleasure."

And there are even those who are saying that one of these days we may hear that Garbo has become Madame Mamoulian. Certainly the story that Greta accompanied her director on a house-hunting tour, to give her advice on his new abode, sounds promising. One enterprising Hollywood reporter even vows that he has special information leading to his positive belief that Garbo will marry Mamoulian.

But so far we must regretfully admit that the Garbo poise is very slightly shaken, if at all. She is still keeping 'em guessing as we go to press!

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The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race.

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The 5 Ruth Chattertons

Continued from page 51

She is one of the few honest women I have ever known. Too honest for her surroundings. She has been accused of snobbery. Of being high-hat. This charge has always bewildered her. Snobbishness is foreign to her nature. She still doesn't realize that to refuse to attend certain Hollywood parties, to insist upon selecting her own friends, is to forever stamp her as high-hat to the mob.

She detests affectation. Hates liars. Social climbers, parasites and stupid people in general bore her. She will have none of them. I have known her to spend an evening talking to a crook, simply because he was a keenly intelligent individual.

While refusing to waste time associating with people who fail to arouse her interest, she has a deep sympathy and charity for weaklings. She is generous to a fault. She is frightfully extravagant at times, yet she is so smart a business woman that she knows where every penny goes. Is very methodical in running her affairs.

She says exactly what she thinks at all times. Thinks straight and reasons like a man. She is courageous, not belligerent. Never has a chip on her shoulder, but she will fight a buzz-saw at the drop of a hat for what she believes is right.

Ruth loves to talk and argue, because it promotes creative, intelligent thought. She is famous for her habit of sitting up all night merely to talk with intimate friends, or with a chance acquaintance who has something worth while to talk about. In the midst of these marathon conversations, she can talk like an encyclopedia.

However, Ruth has also mastered the rare art of listening. In contrast to her obvious femininity, she has the ability to remain quiet when it is best to say nothing.

Ruth has an odd but compelling habit of fully opening her eyes and gazing calmly, intently into the eyes of the person who is talking to her. She really listens, and thinks rapidly. This is why she wins most studio arguments. Always six jumps ahead of the boys!

Of her own ability as an actress, she is extremely modest and reticent. Yet one knows instinctively that she has the absolute confidence, assurance, and egotism necessary for the proper exploitation of her talents.

She is one of those rare persons who is capable of making and retaining deep friendships with both sexes. In Hollywood she is surrounded by old stage friends, many of whom have seen better days. They cherish and are cherished. She is still "Ruthie" to them.

Ruth dresses simply, but exquisitely. She doesn't care for jewelry. Wears only a diamond wrist watch, and occasionally a string of pearls. For the street she prefers tailored tweeds; for evening, soft clinging gowns in only black, white, or red. Adores all furs, particularly fox.

White is her favorite color. She likes green, yellow, red, and black, but detests blue, purple, and lavender. Outside of a sentiment for yellow roses which her admirers have sent her for years, her favorite flowers are white. Lilies particularly. George Brent always sends her an enormous vase of white flowers every Saturday.

She much prefers a quiet evening at home with her husband, or possibly with a few friends. When she does entertain, it is not done ostentatiously.

At home, among her own, she has all the odd little eccentricities of the average human. She is physically lazy, for one thing. Simply refuses to get up to get anything

if there is anyone else in the room who will get what she wants for her. (Yet she will work like a demon in the studio or theatre. Has been known to paint her own scenery for a play.) The telephone could ring all day and night before she would answer. This is one of her pet aversions.

Ruth cannot make a bed to save her life. But she is proud of her cooking ability. She can also sew, but hates to. Confesses to a passion for making over dresses, which she can never wear. In the early days of her theatrical struggles, she did make her own clothes—and wore them, too. Ruth can really trim a snappy hat.

Cigarettes furnish another Chatterton eccentricity. Until recently she smoked incessantly. She holds the cigarette at the very tips of her fingers, doesn't inhale, and blows the smoke out of the corner of her mouth. She has the very bad habit of leaving lighted cigarettes in ash trays. Dislikes to put them out herself because the ashes soil her finger nails.

Ruthie cannot tell a lie, to those who really know her, because of an odd little mannerism. She loses that calm, intent look when fibbing, and blinks her eyes.

She loves to sit on a low stool, or on the floor in front of an open fireplace, with her back to the fire. Particularly when listening to the radio or victrola. She adores a rough house with her dogs, cocker spaniels and Sealyhams. She is obsessed with a desire to change the furniture about. This trait is in keeping with her restless nature.

She has enormous vitality. Eats sensibly, but enough. Drinks sparingly, if at all. When she does, she is very fond of rare old brandy, champagne, and Rhine wine. Does not believe in diets to get thin. She keeps in perfect health by eating rare, unsalted steaks, steamed, unsalted vegetables, salads, sweet butter, and ice cream. Drinks milk, but no coffee or tea.

She likes exercise, such as walking and swimming. She is an excellent swimmer. Does not indulge in any sports such as golf and tennis, but does swim and walk religiously. While she is an excellent equestrienne, she no longer rides horseback. Too many spills. Loves to drive a car, but seldom does because her husband objects. She drives too fast. A daily massage is a further contribution to keeping fit.

Ruth has never cared for sports as a spectator, such as football, golf, and the various games. She does enjoy polo and tennis occasionally, and she worked up a yen for bullfights in Spain last summer. I suspect, however, that the latter was more thrill than enjoyment. Her favorite indoor sports are chess and backgammon, and she plays a fine game of contract bridge.

Ruth loves to travel. Prefers France to any other place in the world to live. But she manages to be content in California or New York. Nearby Hollywood, she likes the desert at Palm Springs. Detests the beach because of the cold and fog.

Her favorite foreign country, France; and city, Paris. She speaks French so fluently that she has been invited many times to star in French pictures. However, she also loves London, Berlin and Madrid.

Her favorite American spot is good old San Francisco, colorful and fascinating city of Bohemianism and tolerance. And she knows her San Francisco like a book. With Henry Miller, she always opened her plays

there before going to New York, three thousand miles away.

Ruth Chatterton has a multitude of friends among the artists and writers who dwell in the hills overlooking the Golden Gate, but none more worshipful than certain denizens of that strangest of cities, San Francisco's Chinatown. So well-liked and well-known did she become to the Chinese that she can always wander through the dimly-lit streets alone at night.

One of her best friends today is an old Chinaman who is a leading exporter. He and his family always occupied a box at the opening of her plays, as her guests. When Ruth was injured in an automobile accident several years ago at the time when she was gambling for recognition in Hollywood, our own newspapers paid scant attention to the story. She had been temporarily eclipsed in her profession. But six months later when she was playing "The Green Hat" in San Francisco, her Chinese friends showed her copies of their own newspapers which chronicled her accident in headlines.

She likes everything Chinese, except their furniture. Too gaudy. Claims she likes Chinese food, such as birds'-nest soup, but I've never seen her eat it. She has never traveled in the Orient, but plans to go in the near future.

Ruth Chatterton is a woman of many talents. Few know that she is an accomplished musician. Composes her own songs which she sings only for her friends' enjoyment. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano. Plays the piano beautifully.

She is a devoted patron of the opera, concert, and symphony. Never misses a Hollywood Bowl concert when in town. Richard Tauber, the German tenor, is one of her two favorite singers; Lawrence Tibbett the other.

While she is a voracious reader of everything worth while, she has a weakness for the detective-mystery story.

She is also something of a linguist. Speaks, reads, and writes French almost as well as she does English. She is studying German and Italian. Languages come to her naturally. She has translated several plays from the French, including "La Tendresse," her last stage success with Henry Miller. Playwrights and screen writers have profound respect for her dramatic judgment.

Ruth Chatterton has one iron-clad studio rule. She never works after 5.30 o'clock, because she firmly believes that eight hours is the limit of one's efficiency. Yet she has been known to break her own rule many times, working all hours to help her director out of a hole. The working men of her crews are her staunch admirers. She speaks their language. Her constant consideration for their welfare is traditional in the studios. Ruth hates to pose for still photographs. But, one night when dead tired, she posed for two hours for a young photographer who convinced her that he would get in a jam if she didn't. That she had a dinner party on didn't matter.

As everyone knows, Ruth Chatterton was a mere chit of a girl, sixteen, when she scored her first Broadway hit. The play was "The Rainbow," and two years later she rose to stardom in "Daddy Long Legs." Her next success was "Come Out Of The Kitchen." Then, "The Changelings." One of her most artistic successes was Barrie's "Mary Rose."

Ruth Chatterton's art is of the type that will survive for posterity because she went through the Spartan training that is denied the young actresses of today.

Her real beginnings have never been told. In her veins courses the blood of the aristocratic de Chamonts who trace their lineage in France back to 1222, and also the blood of honest English farmers who settled in America before the Revolution.



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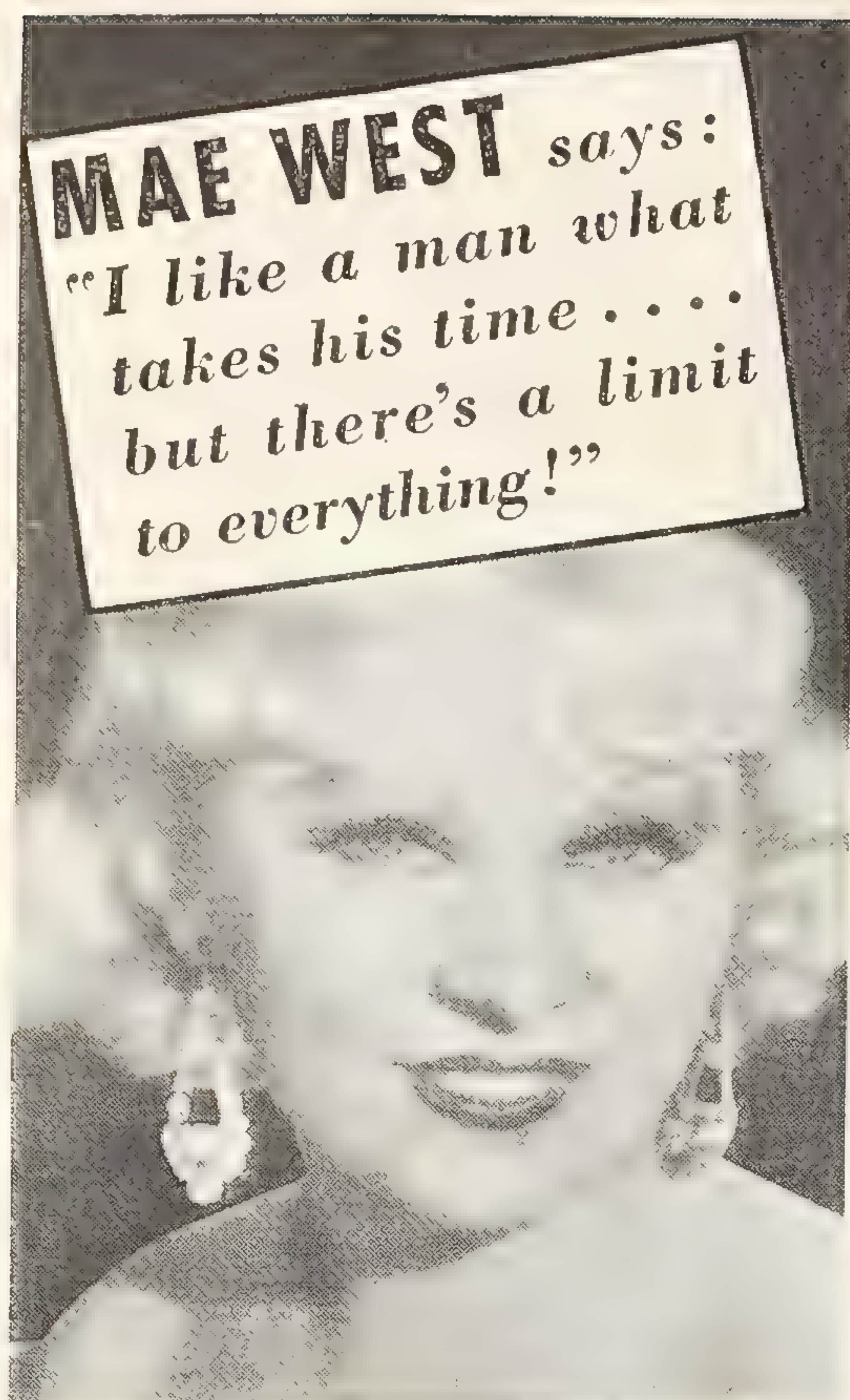
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RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

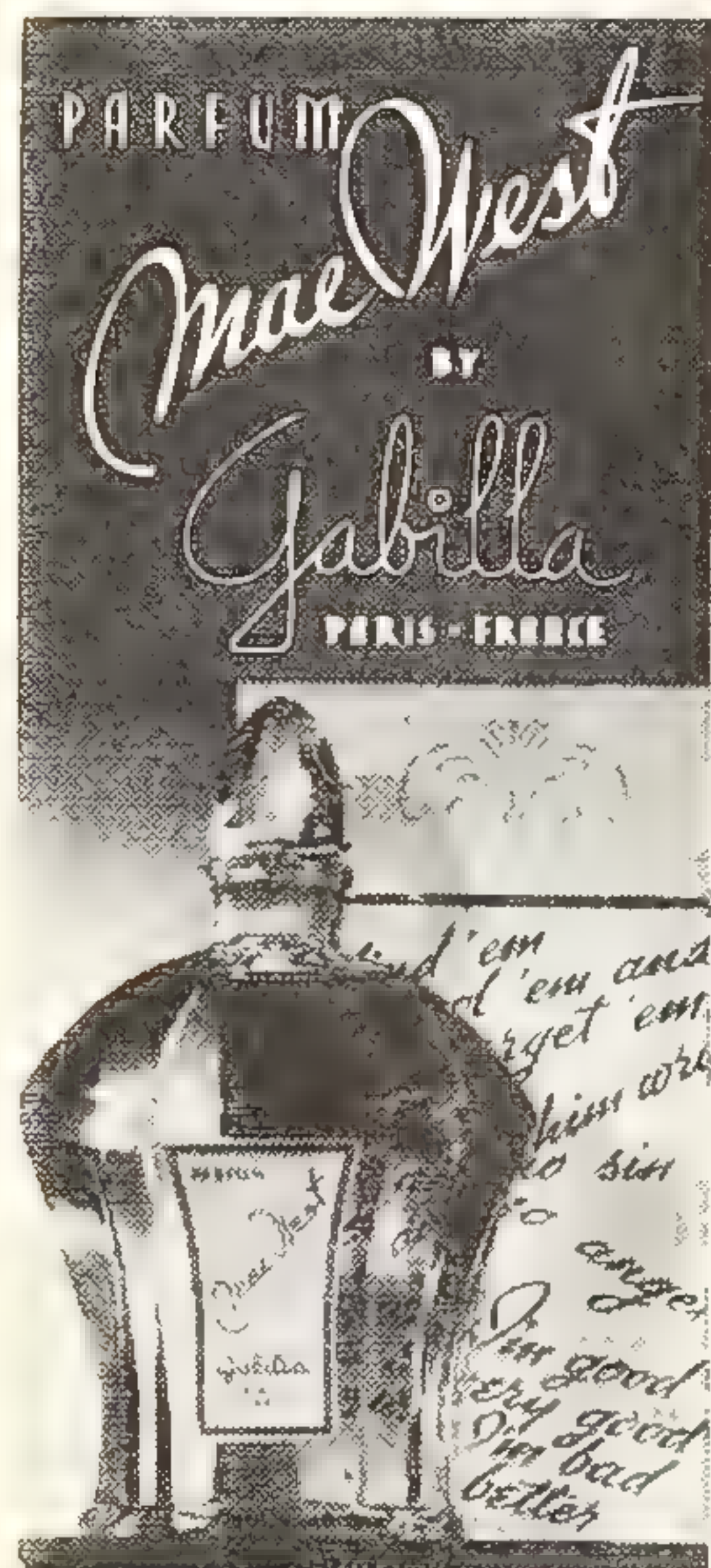
This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of head 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering or border.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 26th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.



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It is characteristic of Ruth Chatterton that the only ancestor she regards with pride and veneration is her grandfather, one Andrew Reed, an up-state New York farmer who had never been taught the niceties of life. "He drank his coffee out of a cup-plate," admits Ruth, "but he was a self-made man who became a successful naval architect despite his handicaps. He was one of the simplest and finest men that ever lived. I like to think that I get my decent qualities from him."

To this stern and rugged inheritance can be attributed her ability to struggle through a pitiful existence in a cheap New York boarding-house where she and her mother once lived on \$10 a week. Ruth was then fifteen years of age. She had been born in New York City, with a silver spoon in her mouth. Her father was an artist. Ruth was educated at an exclusive girls' school at Pelham Manor. When her family fell upon hard times Ruth and her mother went out in the world to make their living.

Although not one of her family had ever been identified with acting, she seemed to have a natural gift for mimicry. As a kid she "rehearsed" Shakespearian rôles in front of a full-length mirror. At fourteen, with the gay courage and optimism of youth she sallied forth to conquer the world. She succeeded in getting a bit in a stock company in Washington, D. C. Here she won the attention and friendship of Julia Dean, a noted actress, who gave her much valuable advice and tutelage. Later, when she landed a small stock engagement in Milwaukee, but needed clothes, it was Julia Dean who shipped her a trunkful.

For the better part of two years the girl fought for her opportunity, eking out a precarious existence in the sordid boarding house on West 45th street. Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory" might have been the ingénue Ruth Chatterton. She was an impertinent minx who blandly assured stage veterans that she could play any and all rôles. And she firmly believed it!

Finally, Henry Miller heard of her performance as an ingénue in the Chicago company of "Standing Pat." He sent for

her. Picture the sublime nerve of a minx of sixteen, who told Gilbert Miller that she would accept the ingénue rôle in his father's new play for "\$100 a week and dresses" and that "she would not play the Bijou Theatre." Ruth had heard the Bijou was a jinx house.

Henry Miller had an irascible temper, but also a great sense of humor. He had never seen or met the prospective ingénue, but her ultimatum struck his funny bone. Talked to her over the telephone and liked her voice. She was engaged to play the ingénue rôle in "The Rainbow"—sight unseen.

She had lied about her age when she started her career in stock at fourteen, and she continued to lie. When she made her Broadway début she was really sixteen, but claimed to be nineteen.

It is a matter of Broadway history that the first night of "The Rainbow" at the Liberty Theatre was one of the most amazing events in theatrical annals. Not only did it witness the discovery of a girl-child who was destined to become one of our finest actresses, but it also witnessed a psychic phenomenon. In the second scene of the first act, after Henry Miller and Laura Hope Crews had exited, Ruth Chatterton made her entrance. She stood silently in a pantomimic expression of the mood of the scene, with a shaft of light falling upon her upturned face. Suddenly the audience of hard-boiled first-nighters burst into a storm of applause which culminated in a five-minutes' ovation. To this day no one who saw that début can explain why, least of all Ruth Chatterton. She had not spoken a line. Miller and Miss Crews left their dressing-rooms in astonishment. And at the end of the play the ovation was repeated. A new star was born.

Today, we find Ruth Chatterton one of the most popular actresses in motion pictures. So is Helen Hayes, who began her career at the same time with Ruth in that Washington stock company. What a tribute to the excellent taste for genuine artistry displayed by our picture fans who have been falsely accused of being quite moronic.

"And the Lodges Speak Only To—"

Continued from page 32

Margaret Kennedy wrote about in "The Constant Nymph"—every member of which has since made a mark in some branch of the artistic world.

So Francesca Braggiotti Lodge came to Hollywood with her small daughter, and dedicated her days to a sound-proof dark room, studying the Garbo tempo, breathing, voice modulation, and temperament generally in order that her voice might substitute for the siren in "Mata Hari," "Susan Lennox," "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me" in foreign-release pictures. So excellent was her skill in the Italian versions that Mussolini himself sent her congratulations.

And that's how John Lodge came to Hollywood—to visit his wife and daughter. His agent will tell you that John had no thought of the screen, that she herself persuaded him to take a test—since there was such a painful shortage of "gentlemen" à la the Ronald Colman ilk. Mrs. Ad Schulberg is the agent and she says we were "tired of seeing men portraying drawing-room rôles who had the appearance of clerks."

So far so good, but John himself admits that he was willing to aid in being "discovered and persuaded." He had done a

good deal of dramatic work at Harvard and loved it.

Anyway, he took the test, and Paramount approved it. John insisted upon beginning in a small part—knew that if he failed through inexperience in an important one his career would end *pronto*—Boston Lodge or no Lodge! His first part was that of the doctor in "Woman Accused," his second rather more significant in "Murders in the Zoo."

"I was offered a part opposite Mae West," he reveals, "but begged to be excused. I still felt too inexperienced to risk that."

John will probably go down to history as the only man who declined to play opposite Mae West.

As the likeable rascal in "Under the Tonto Rim," John proved he was acquiring ever more histrionic assurance. Then came the lover rôle, opposite Frances Dee as Meg, in "Little Women." That settled it! Von Sternberg promptly annexed him for that most coveted male rôle in the Dietrich picture, "Catharine the Great," in which he is winning studio eulogies galore. Von Sternberg can overwork them, keep them hungry, run their nerves ragged, but John Lodge is in the seventh

heaven of delight about it nevertheless.

He's all-Hollywood now. And this is what can happen to a member of that Boston aristocracy of whom it was written, "This land of the bean and the cod, where the Lowells speak to the Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God."

Incidentally, although John is much too gentlemanly to mention it, I think he rather resents Jacques de Bujac taking the name of Bruce Cabot for screen purposes. If he really belonged to the Cabots, it would be all right, you understand. However, Bruce comes from a pretty good family, too—his grandfather was French ambassador to the United States, and his father was a famous lawyer in New Mexico.

"But we are no relation," informs John Lodge, sedately.

It was one of Mrs. Lodge's sisters who started the Braggiotti-Denishawn Dance Academy in Boston—and it was there that Francesca with solemn permission from the mayor, did the first bare-foot dance ever publicly performed in this country. She is a talented, charming person, and John Lodge gracefully credits her with precious aid in his acting career.

"My best successes have always been when I was either seen but not heard or heard but not seen," laughs Francesca—which did not prevent the New York critics speaking highly of her work in straight drama, all the same. Actually her voice is more attractive than Garbo's own—less guttural, more color and emotion. Because of the ban on these synchronized foreign versions of Hollywood pictures in both Germany and France, Francesca is largely restricted to the Italian versions of Garbo now. However, her personality has won Hollywood, and one or two tentative offers have been dangled before Francesca to come out of the sound-proof dark room and show what she can do in good old English.

The Lodges have taken a very modest house on Highland Avenue in Hollywood, no splurge of any kind. Their small daughter, who haughtily tells strangers her name is "Miss Lodge," but whose full cognomen is Lily de Pourtales Lodge, is a remarkable independent 2½-year-old. One suspects that the nurse has a busy time of it, the young lady is so extremely enterprising.

John Lodge stands six feet two inches tall, and has an air about him. He isn't exactly handsome—his large black eyes being his most distinguished feature. He carries himself well, and has a firm chin with dimples, and a most engaging smile. He was distinctly overwhelmed when the reporters rushed him for interviews and pictures on arrival—his family hasn't gone in much for that sort of thing, and it was all distinctly new to him.

He doesn't expect to forsake the law and politics altogether; he knows very well that ten years is about the limit for a star to be popular on the screen. And, incidentally, he is already slated to be in the star class.

"My family has always served its country in some way or another. My brother, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., deliberately prepared for political work as a newspaper correspondent in Washington, as contact man in the Arms conference, and now, beginning at the bottom, as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He is also editor of a newspaper—and he's only 30 years old."

Whereas John comes from a wealthy family, Francesca says she has earned her own living since she was fourteen years of age. "All of our family were brought up to be self-supporting and to have a purpose in life," she explains. "So John encourages me to keep on with my career."



—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

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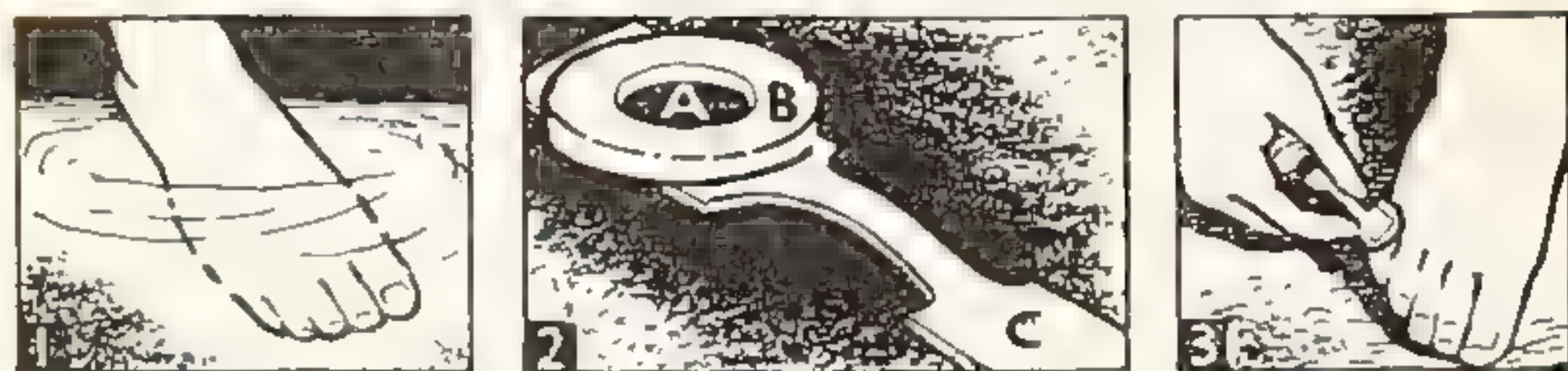
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"Joan loves to putter around..."

WE SEE and hear so much about the stars and their public life, that we sometimes wonder what, if anything, they ever do at home. It may be surprising to a few romantic-minded fans to know that Hollywood has a domestic streak in it, too. It loves to entertain at home—and to have the friends "in", if only to see the new paper on the living room wall. Many of these Hollywood hostesses have excellent taste—and their own ideas about what should be done. When Joan Crawford first took up housekeeping, what she didn't know about decorating a house or planning a formal dinner party, she learned... and practices beautifully. Joan loves to putter around, rearranging flowers, and trying pillows in new places—not only to see that everything is just so, but to see that it has a touch of Joan Crawford about it, too—something unique, original, like Joan herself. Leave it all to a decorator—even such a good decorator as William Haines is? Well, I guess not. Having a finger in the pie is a woman's best fun. Any woman's.

And speaking of having a finger in the pie... having a finger in fudge is even more fun, and very tasty. "Making fudge" is making the grade in Hollywood in a big way these days. It's practically the favorite indoor sport of the stars. Katie Hepburn lies awake nights trying to remember that fudge recipe she learned in the good old days at Bryn Mawr. And those two sisters, Sally Blane and Loretta Young, simply can't agree on whether you let the fudge cool before beating... or what!

Well, to solve all these difficulties, here's a fool-proof recipe that Oshkosh and Hollywood both, would do well to follow. Mix two cups of granulated sugar with a cup of water, and bring to a boil. Then add one cup of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Stir constantly and

Domestic Doings Around Hollywood!

Even the most glamorous and exotic stars have ideas about a house!

By Katharine
Hartley



"Katie cooks up a dish..."

boil over a low flame until a bit of the mixture forms a firm ball when dropped into cold water. Then remove it from the fire, and add 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate, cut into small pieces. Add nut meats if you wish, and beat until thick and creamy. Then pour into a buttered pan. Give the fudge spoon to the most deserving of your friends, to lick... and hold the rest of the crowd off until the candy is cool and ready to cut into squares. And if this fudge doesn't melt in your mouth, I don't know what will. Ice, maybe.

The talk of the town, (among the women, anyway), occurred recently when one bright hostess sat her guests down to a dinner table done entirely in ensemble fashion. Lovely china, crystal and silver, all in the same pattern—a tiny, triangular design, modern in its simplicity. The oh's and ah's were politely suppressed. But I'll bet every woman there had difficulties conquering her urge to turn the silver or a plate upside down to see what "make" it was. The secret is out now, however, and "Community Plate" is doing a big business in Hollywood. You see those smart ensembles everywhere.

There's one thing about Hollywood. When it goes in for anything, it goes in for it lock, stock and barrel. And that "ensemble" idea is not confined to dining tables alone. All the "best bathrooms" have been ensembled completely. Face towels, bath towels, wash cloths, seat covers and bath mats all bear the same smart design... maybe a fish border one day, and a row of tulips the next. Anyway, Cannon is responsible for most of these smart sets. And I hope you need no introduction to Cannon towels.

They're just about the softest, warmest, dryingest towels in the world. And that's saying a lot.

Here's another idea that originated in the Glamor City. You know that peculiar metallic odor that hovers 'round the mouthpiece of a phone? Well, put a few drops of perfume in the mouthpiece, and see if that doesn't add romance and charm to conversations.



"The 'best bathrooms' are all ensembled..."

Yoo Hoo! Here's My Story

Continued from page 56

best beloved on all the world, next to my mother. Of course, that's just my name for her. She's Rachel Smith, State Representative of all minors at the Paramount Studio.

She's so pretty. Ask her how many times a day I give her a big hug. She calls me *Lover*, and says I'm the most affectionate, most responsive and good-natured baby she ever saw.

It was Wacer who discovered me. Guess everybody knows how I got into pictures. Director Norman Taurog wanted a baby that looked like Maurice Chevalier to play in "A Bedtime Story," and he asked Wacer to find one. She's told me many times that the very first minute she saw me she knew I was the one but the studio tested 1000 babies before they decided I had the Hapsburg lip and screen personality they were seeking. So, I'm literally one baby in 1000!

Wacer says I'm such a mimic that all she has to do is to stand behind the camera and act out whatever they want me to do and I follow her.

She's strict, too. And do we have schedules? Whew! Regular naps, daily sunbaths, regular meals. I'm crazy about spinach and carrots and tomato juice and consomme and lots of other good things. Once in a while when Wacer wants to reward me she gives me a teeny bit of chocolate bar. She says it can't hurt me for most of it goes on my face.

I'm allowed on the set four hours a day and two hours before the cameras. These two hours, of course, are divided into just a few minutes at a time so I never get tired or fretful. Oh, and what do you think? I have two doubles! These other babies are in the long shots and stand in for light tests which save my precious time. I'm pretty much puffed for no other star ever had *two* doubles!

Mother and I have a little home in the suburbs and I have a goat, a frisky white and black fellow, a goose, a pet rooster and two pigs and lots of toys and books—I like the books best. Wacer teaches me words out of books. Ho, ho, I could say *book* a long time ago, and today I learned the word *pig*—and I say pig, pig, pig all the time.

I can say, *I'm mad*, too, and it sounds so funny that I laugh and laugh at it. See, I can snap my fingers and dance and keep time.

Do you know Jack Oakie? I love Jack. Every time he sees me he hollers, "Hi, Pal!" Guess he borrowed that from "Skippy." Jack and I are a lot alike for he's a mother's boy, just like me. Then, everywhere he goes there are always girls hovering around. That's how it is with me, too. But it's fun. Jack says when I'm a bit older he will teach me his dances. And Bing Crosby promises to make me the greatest crooner in the world. Bing and I are to co-star in our next and my dear Norman Taurog will direct.

Fredric March is swell, too. He lets me play with his watch and I never drop it as I did the watches in "A Bedtime Story." I know better now. Once, Freddy took me over to see the pretty chorus girls rehearse their dancing for a picture. They were peaches, every one, but they became so interested in us men that the director put us out.

I like men and boys better than girls. But I like Miriam Hopkins. She comes to see me often and sometimes brings her little boy, Peter. Peter has the grandest

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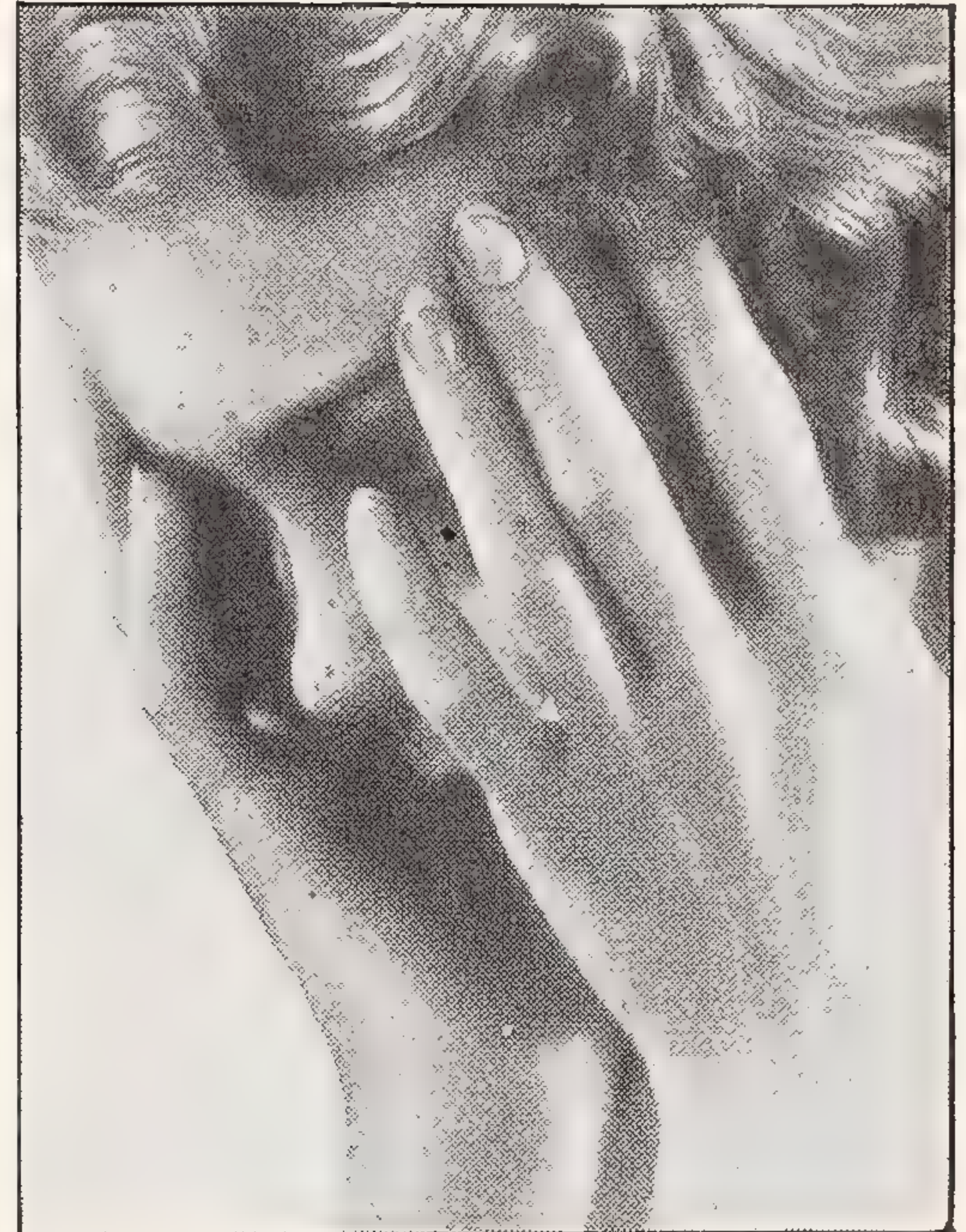


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tan. With all my sun-bathing I never get brown. I get red and then go right back to white again.

I like Marlene Dietrich, too. When she was making "Song of Songs," she'd leave her nice leading man, Brian Ahearne, sitting alone at the luncheon table and slip over to feed me Melba toast. Now, I don't like Melba toast, but I would eat it every time to please Marlene.

Perhaps you've heard there was a feud between W. C. Fields and me. That's all over now. He calls me Mr. LeRoy and we're great pals. Of course, he did accuse me of stealing some of his choice scenes in "Tillie and Gus," and now says that while he doesn't want to squawk, I certainly copped his lines in "Alice in Wonderland." He tells everybody he's just waiting 'till I get a full set of teeth so he can knock them down my throat. Pooh, that's nothing, just professional rivalry.

Oh yes, one of my favorites is Ernst Lubitsch. He never had a child in any of his pictures but he thought I was such a funny baby that he wrote in a wee bit for me in "Design For Living," and we had the greatest fun making it. He'd carry me around in his arms and let me break up his cigars and just laugh at me. Once, quick, before he caught me, I tried to puff a big black one like he does. But he grabbed it, saying, "None of that, Young Fellow. You'll probably learn soon enough, but never from me."

Something new is always happening. A few weeks ago they took me down to the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, just before the matinee, to wash the elephants in the circus prologue for Mae West's film, "I'm No Angel." I turned the hose on them and they liked it. Then I rode around on top of the biggest elephant. Afraid? Oh, no. Why, we were friends.

Oh, hum, what else do you want to know about me? Let's see. Well, Dr. Milton Metfessel, of the Psychology Department of the University of Southern California, put me through a series of tests and said I have the mental development generally found in babies twice my age. I don't know what it all means but mother and Wacer were so proud.

I fall down a hundred times a day but no one pays any attention to me so I get



"How are we doing?" George Raft and Carole Lombard practise the "Raftero," a new and zippy step named after him, which they will perform in "Bolero."

up and pretend I didn't touch the floor. Red is my favorite color and all kinds of wheels fascinate me. I love to watch the camera wheels whirling round and round.

My future? There's such a lot of it, isn't there? Well, I'm signed with Paramount for seven years and as I'm only a year and a half old now I'll be a big boy when that is over. Besides my salary, my reward for turning up as the Chevalier baby, is an insurance policy that will give me a college education. Mother talks about me being an engineer and building bridges but I think I'll go right on in motion pictures.

I'd like to be an actor like Freddy March, wisecrack like Jack Oakie, dance like Georgie Raft, and sing like Bing.

That's a big order for the future, but just watch me get there!

Who Are Hollywood's 6 Most Charming Women?

Continued from page 17

When to this is added the delight of making them decorative and amusing, the result is the tremendous vogue of the woman who is able to accomplish this. Sex, alone, becomes a bore. It is Mae West's hard-boiled philosophy, her irony, that keeps people coming back to hear her shocking, but truly amusing, *bon mots*. The average person has had to find the shelter of a mental umbrella, as it were, from under which life may be viewed and laughed at. This, of course, is not the highest adjustment to life, but it is such a common one that Miss West has struck a deeply human note. She, too, gives a vicarious outlet, but on such moot lines one wonders how long she will continue to hold extreme interest. So Mae West is not on my list of six.

Ruth Chatterton, on the other hand, makes us forget all about time. Hers is the trick of making time stand still. She can be enjoyed in any mood or tense. It does not require too great a stretch of the imagination to picture ourselves in her place. Her good looks are not too ideally drawn. She is mature to older women and

young to the youngsters. Seemingly, by an act of will, she can wipe every vestige of experience from her face, leaving it all the inviting intrigue of a blank canvas. Then you and the moment give it your own expression. And, of course, you love your own creation. Ruth Chatterton is a master of this form of Charm, perhaps the greatest one. She has many other fascinations, but this is the secret of her popularity. Either by design or instinct she uses it in just the right proportion. So Ruth Chatterton is Number Two on my list.

Speaking of time, think how long, how very long, the public has admired that grand veteran of entertainment, Marie Dressler. Somehow we do not hold her in mind with the reverence due her age. We do not think of her as having the mellow tenderness and gentleness of those well past middle life, though she has them. We love Marie Dressler for her pluck. When we hear her name we think, "What a woman! What grit! What courage!" Marie Dressler will one day be a legend

that will be told to children to instil valor in them—told to grown-ups to encourage them. She grips our emotions as the boldest gladiators must have gripped the Romans by some special feat of heroism, while the whole theatre of howling people held up their thumbs (the sign for mercy) and roared their approval. Marie Dressler proves that Charm is not confined to the pretty young things. She shows us anew that women need not fear age but instead make it serve them. If this is not Charm, there is no such thing! So I must chose Marie Dressler as one of Hollywood's six most charming women.

We, of the audience, can give our admiration and allegiance to a number of types of women because we ourselves are such complex creatures. Sometimes we are saints, sometimes sinners, most of the time an inconsistent mixture of the two. The average woman has within her own nature both a siren and a madonna. This is why she can admire both Marlene Dietrich and Elissa Landi.

Miss Landi is in every move and sound the fastidious aristocrat. Discriminating, yet kindly, she is the eternal princess in the Graustarkian drama that goes on inside every woman.

Marlene Dietrich is, in direct contrast, of the earth, earthly. So much so, that even from the screen one can almost feel the warmth of her flesh. There is something deeply feline about her. Her eyes are like those of a lioness, inscrutable, more or less than human. You are almost sure that if she were comfortable before a fire that she would purr—a deep, rasping, rhythmic purr, and that the whole room would be filled with her animal content. This gives her a great and basic appeal. Buried somewhere in the human consciousness is the memory of times when the herd or family huddled together for warmth. Besides that, we all experience a sense of satisfaction in beholding a woman who is physically comfortable. So to a tired and jaded world Marlene Dietrich lends the pleasure of a perfect body. She appeals to us instinctively rather than mentally. An important phase of Charm!

It is to this same tired world that Helen Hayes offers the balm of her exquisite tenderness. She heals our hurts with her gentle, fluttering hands. She soothes and rests us with the melody of her voice. She is a lovely lullably singing giants of disillusion to sleep. She gives us dreams of our forgotten ideals. She makes children of us, children clamoring "Do that again!" Because she stimulates our imaginations and refreshes our visions she is an important selection on my list.

Her exact opposite is Garbo. One of the most interesting things about this strange woman is that she fascinates even those who dislike her. Her severest critics never miss one of her pictures. There is a certain desperate unrest in Garbo that communicates itself disagreeably to others. She seems imprisoned, lashed by desires impossible of fulfillment. It is this that pulls us to her. Within all of us there is something stark, whispering darkly that an inexorable fate will dash our hopes. So we are drawn to Garbo by the strange necessity of having to know how she will come out, thus, perhaps, finding our own solution. Her appeal is sure and deep, based on the common ground of human frustration. True, she is an artist. But there are other artists—and only one Garbo. So she is number five on my list.

There are two women I want so much to name here but I cannot because my editor has demanded that I name only players who are appearing in current films. I refer first to Mary Pickford, who seems to me quite among the most remarkable woman alive. Though she is a splendid actress, it is as hostess, woman, humani-



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tarian that I admire her most. She has grown in personality to that not quite comfortable position of being greater as a person than anything she has attained. No one could admire her more than I do. Oh Mary, why aren't you appearing in a film now so I could put you on this list?

And if you, Betty Compson, had stayed in Hollywood, and made a picture instead of traveling about lately, I would have been permitted to choose you as one of the six most charming women in Hollywood. Few people know the depth and richness of this beautiful woman's nature. She is not easy to know, but she actually has as many facets as a well-cut gem. Here again is that stirring combination of femininity and gallantry. And she is that rarest of all things—fair in her thoughts and dealings as well as in her delicate coloring.

Consider for a moment the Charm of Claudette Colbert. It is totally different. She is like a glass of champagne—sparkling, and apt to stir you to any sort of deviltry. There are two imps back of her eyes. The more dignified and poised she becomes the more the imps show up. They suggest that everybody play hookey from school, stretch black threads for people to trip over, or remove gates from their hinges and carry them to the other end of town. One can imagine Claudette after an evening of hilarity forgetting all about it and writing a poem. You can safely gamble that there is a soft spot in her heart for Tennyson's "The Lily Maid of Astolat." You perceive that she is a creature of moods, and as such would understand yours. "What a charming friend," you say to yourself.

But let me think a little further. One more name to choose! From all that galaxy of charming personalities—who shall

it be? Before my eyes pass the glamorous images of Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Kay Francis and Janet Gaynor.

Interesting and lovely as they are, their great appeal humbly acknowledged, my mind is drawn, for my sixth choice, to Norma Shearer, because she takes us up into the rarefied atmosphere of almost perfection. But not that perfection which is unattainable, in which we cannot quite believe. The smoothness and rightness of her we accept gladly. She does not seem a remote ideal. She makes us feel that with just a little more attention we, too, could lead poised, unruffled lives. She reminds us that beauty, happiness, and success are quite within reach of humans. She says to us, "You can, if you will." So we straighten our shoulders and start at our own tasks with more calm and conscience. Thus Norma Shearer ennobles her admirers. And who does not enjoy feeling just a little bit noble? Is this Charm? Rather!

No discussion of Charm would be complete without mentioning that utterly refreshing little Madge Evans. She is as yet unformed as a personality. Perhaps this is part of her Charm. I find myself wanting to shield her from a mistaken marriage. I want her life to be unsoiled, uncomplicated, free and true and clear, like her own fine countenance. I find other people equally anxious about her. Surely only the force of her youthful, virginal Charm could reach out to stir such loving protection in others' hearts. And never forget this is the greatest evidence of the highest type of truly feminine CHARM. But one might go on like this indefinitely. There are so many Charming women in Hollywood!

What I Think of Jimmy

Continued from page 18

occurred to me to doubt him. He says things with such an air of finality it never seems possible he *could* be wrong or that he might, perhaps, merely be advancing an opinion. When we were together on the stage in New York I had probably had a great deal more theatrical experience than he. Yet, without at all intending to, he used—with that air of authority he has—make me *feel* that he knew more.

People exclaimed when he walked out not so long ago because he wanted more dough. That's nothing new for him. In New York a producer sent for him once for a part in "Penny Arcade." Jim took the script, read it, and went back to talk things over.

"How much?" he asked the producer.

"\$125," said Mr. Blank.

"I want \$200," Jim retorted.

"I can only pay \$125," said the manager.

"Well, get somebody else to play the part then," Jim answered.

He was dead broke, he hadn't worked in heaven knows when, the part suited him to a T and he knew it—but that didn't scare him. And, what's more, the producer knew he was broke, but if you think he got Jim to work for less than \$200 you're crazy! Jim was so darned independent he wouldn't even go back to the producer's office to talk to him.

The queerest things catch his fancy. He has always had a fetish for women's hats. It's the first thing he notices about them. Once, shortly after he was married, he was in a vaudeville act. 'Bill,' his wife, was in another act. They had been separated for about six weeks, which is a long time—when you're first married. Finally she had a week lay-off and wired Jim she

could join him. He wired back immediately and told her to come on.

She arrived while he was at the theatre. They rushed toward each other with outstretched arms. Suddenly Jim stopped dead in his tracks. "My God!" he ejaculated, "where'd you get that hat?" And that was the greeting his bride got after a six weeks' separation!

He's moody as the devil. Every once in a while he gets tired of people he knows and shies away from them without a word of explanation. Naturally, they feel hurt. But because at heart he's one of the most regular people alive, his conscience troubles him afterwards until he has made things right.

I remarked that he likes intelligent people. While we were playing in "Maggie," George Kelly, the author, took a liking to him and Jim used to follow him around like a puppy, hanging on every word George uttered. It's the same with anyone else who has any brains. Jim doesn't care if they talk about shoe-polish or trains. He's only interested in learning something he doesn't already know.

He is the most observant person I have ever met. All the time he is talking to you he is taking in every detail of your appearance. Not only of your clothes but of your features as well. He's quite handy with a pencil or paint brush and he's mentally sketching you all the time he's talking.

He's a natural mimic and one reason he gives such convincing performances is because nearly every one of his characterizations is patterned after someone he has known. He stores phrases, mannerisms, tricks and gestures in the back of his head and when the time comes he pulls them out

and uses them in an entirely natural way. Recently he went on a trip with a Mr. Blank. There was no other reason for the trip than that he wanted to discuss a book of philosophy with him. They had touched on it lightly several times on the set and finally decided the only way to thresh it out was to go away by themselves where they wouldn't be interrupted.

Bill, his brother, has told me that sometimes Jim goes out in their back yard and will lie for hours in a swing looking up at the sky—thinking! If anyone comes near him all that can be got out of Jim is a smile and the expression, "This is the life." Yet he doesn't mean that literally. He's merely trying to figure things out for himself. I don't think he particularly likes Hollywood because he feels that nothing really creative ever comes out of it.

Despite that gorgeous sense of humor, he'll never kid if he can get people to talking seriously. He seems to feel that a laugh only lasts a minute but you can always get ideas from serious conversations to take away with you and mull over afterwards. No one is ever too dull for him to attempt to "draw out." He thinks *everyone* has ideas that are worth hearing.

If, occasionally, he sees there is no hope of a serious conversation he'll let go and clown until he has the whole room in stitches. I've never met anyone who could resist laughing—or who wanted to—when Jim set out to be funny.

He's indefatigable in his efforts to improve himself. During the studio shut-down he devoted an hour each to dancing, singing and piano lessons—*every day*. He's always been a good dancer but he wants to keep himself up to date and not be known as "an old-fashioned dancer." I don't remember what all else he studied during that time.

He never changes his technique. Once in New York we made a test for Fox. I was dolled up in the Mae West mode. We worked like slaves. We did three or four scenes from our show, Jim did some dances and—I think—sang. They thought I was too big and Jim was too small and they showed the test around town for laughs. The other day George Frank, Jim's agent, saw it over there and said they're laughing out of the other side of their faces now. We were exactly the same then as we are now and they could have had either of us for \$100 a week.

If I go on much longer I'm afraid I'll be getting into more or less personal matters. Personal, that is, as far as he is concerned—and hell hath no fury like a Cagney someone has taken liberties with.

But, in closing, I want to say there's only one like him and may his shadow never grow less.

What I Think of Joan

Continued from page 19

always being put upon. People make touches again and again, yet she has never learned to say "no" nor has she let unpleasant experiences in the past make her skeptical of the woes of the next one. I, who am generally known as "a soft touch," have a heart like a pawnbroker being approached for a loan on buttons when compared to Blondell.

Her chief interest in life is her immediate family. They come first and I think anything else in her life is merely incidental.

(Mook speaking: I can furnish an illustration of that. While I have never seen any excessive drinking around a studio it is a common practice at the close of a day for one of the leading players to say to other members of the company,

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Wins man who said "I want unpainted kisses"

SHE knew the minute she met him that he was the man of her dreams. But he did not seem attracted to her. It was her own brother who guessed what was wrong, and brother-like, told her the truth: "Stop using a lipstick that makes you look painted," he said.

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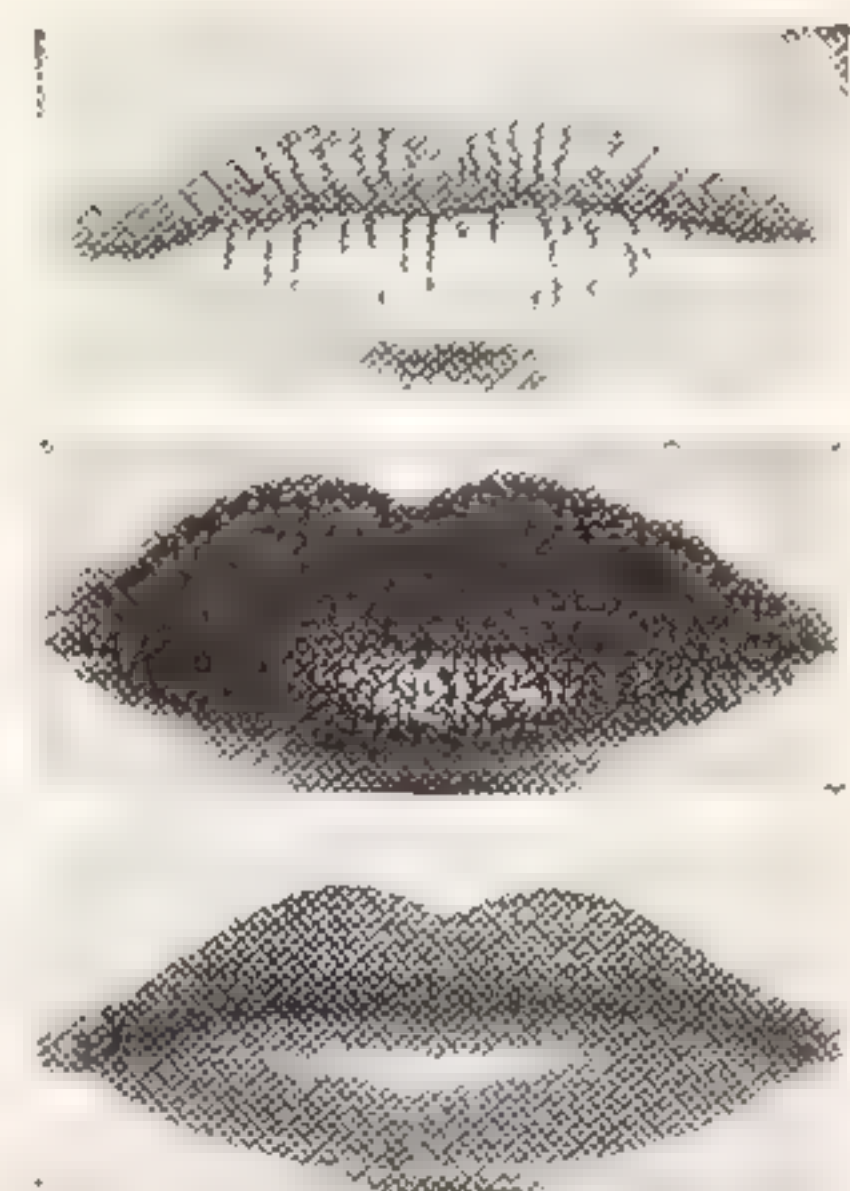
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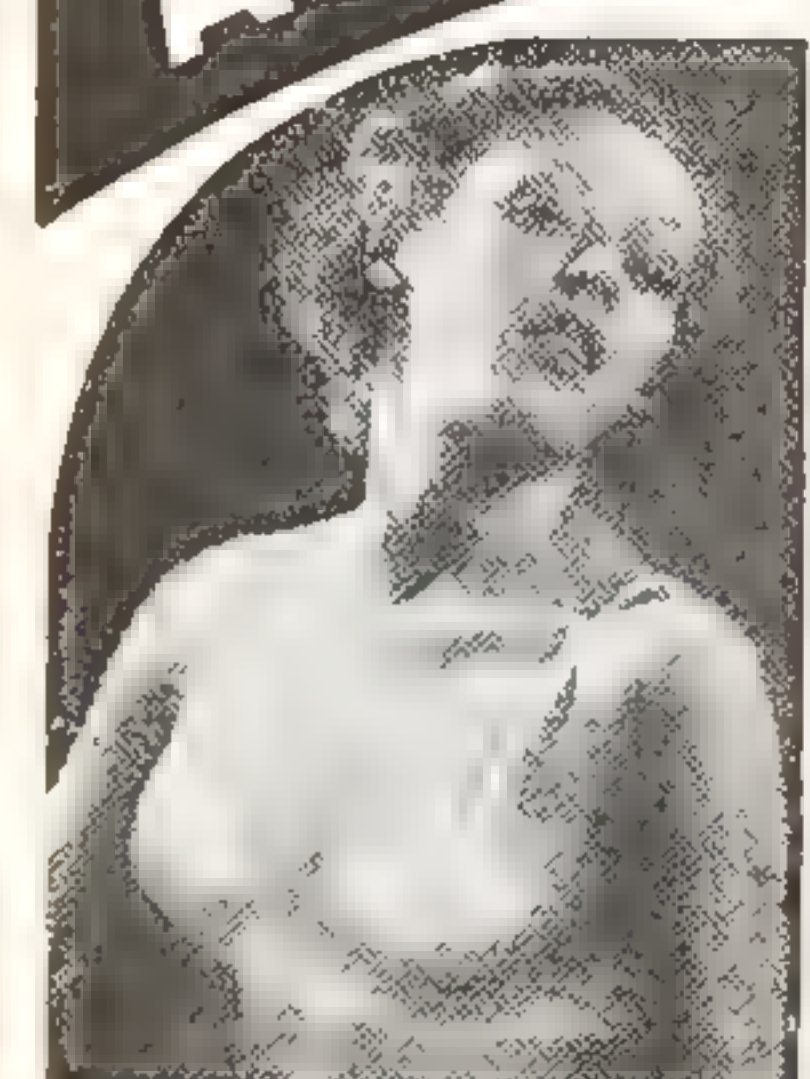
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Good actress—good news! Lila Lee, looking lovelier than ever, makes her come-back to the screen after her illness of several years ago. Lila's first appearance in her new career is in "Lone Cowboy."

"Come on over to the dressing room for a cocktail." It's a natural thing to want one after a hard day's work.

(When Joan and George Barnes were married, Joan said, "Let's not drink without each other. We can manage to wait until we get home if we want a pick-me-up. There'll be times when one of us is working and the other isn't. It isn't the nicest feeling in the world for the one who's already home to have the other come rolling in with a liquor breath.")

(And she has stuck to that agreement, too! Once I had been invited up there to dinner. I arrived a little early and George wasn't home yet. "Have a cocktail?" Joan inquired. "Sure," I answered. When the butler brought the shaker in there was only one glass. "Where's yours?" I asked. "Oh, if you don't mind," she answered, "I'll wait for George.")

She is moody as the devil but unless you know her awfully well you can never tell when she's in one of her moods. She can be laughing to beat the band at a joke and still be SO "sunk." The laughing is just an example of her capacity for enjoying a joke.

The most unexpected thing about Blondell is that she is so exacting in her desire to appear to the best advantage sartorially. That may sound contradictory in view of what I have said about her playing a comedy scene to the limit, regardless of how she looks, but it is all part and parcel of the same thing. When she's supposed to be well-dressed for a scene she *insists* upon being properly gowned. Yet, on the other hand, when she plays a scene in the mud, she goes whole hog. Probably it's more or less a case of being thorough.

(Mook speaking: I don't know about that. I've never seen her that she didn't look as clean as a new-made pin—off-screen—yet her clothes seem to interest her less than almost anything I can think of. She gets much more kick out of picking up a snappy little number for \$10 or \$15 than she does from one for which she has paid \$75 or \$100. The latter she wears charmingly but she'll call attention

to the former and keep chuckling over her thrift and the pleasure she gets out of an inexpensive frock that still manages to look good.)

The real tip-off on Blondell, all my observations notwithstanding, is her choice of a husband. George is fine and sensitive, considerate and human as anyone I have ever met. He will inconvenience himself a thousand times without complaint to do *anybody* a favor, be it friend or perfect stranger.

In New York, when we were playing together on the stage, we used to break each other up nightly. In "Maggie" I used to enjoy her characterization so much I would adopt the audience's viewpoint instead of that of the actor playing opposite her. We would start a certain scene and I would have to look away or concentrate on some prop on the stage to take my mind off her, as the scene had to be played very seriously to heighten the comedy effect. Generally it was hopeless because once we got started laughing, nothing could bring us back to a proper state of decorum.

One night we were feeling particularly youthful and I glanced directly at her. She grinned and when Blondell grins there's never a doubt in anyone's mind that it is a grin. From that point on, in a perfectly fierce scene depicting a family quarrel, we upbraided each other furiously, back and forth across the stage, each of us apparently waiting to strike the first blow but our faces slit from ear to ear with big grins belying every word we uttered and every move we made. We just couldn't stop laughing.

She has always had that effect on me and I hope she always will because people like Blondell don't happen along very frequently.

John Ruskin used to go to the zoo and look at the penguins when on the verge of self-destruction. They were so comical that invariably he would be stirred to a good humor before he left. Well, Ruskin had his penguins but I have my Blondell. And—I hope—she has her Cagney!

The Screen Spectator Speaks

Continued from page 53

further that you finally got sick and tired of being so sweet, and that writers and critics sometimes wrote that you weren't as sweet and ga-ga as your pictures represented you to be. Then you might feel rebellious and most likely fear that you were being typed, and want to change to another kind of dramatic portrayal. If you did, most likely we the public would turn thumbs down on you, refuse to pay to see you, and your career would be ended.

Remember Jimmy Cagney went haywire about a year ago because he was tired of it all and announced he was finished with acting. We believe he was sincere in his desire to return to college to study to become a doctor. But we wanted Cagney—we wanted him to continue to give us interpretations of a hard-boiled guy who was rather soft inside. And we got him because so large a salary was offered to him he could not resist it and he returned to the screen.

Recently we saw one of these horrid, historical albums of the movies of years ago. You know, where they take short sections from famous films of years gone by and race the film so fast that the actors, their mannerisms, even their clothes of only ten years ago are made to appear so ridiculous that we are ashamed that we are more than fifteen years of age. As usual the inevitable funny commentator made his usual absurd wise-cracks. Certainly nothing else is needed to emphasize the short screen life of the average Hollywood player and to prove that many of them enjoy so short a vogue that even a large salary is received at best for only a short interlude in their lives.

The continuance of high stellar salaries is also selfish from our point of view in that part of the enjoyment we get from the movies is in the realization that the screen players are fabulously rich, that they live in a rare world of luxury, that they are the outstanding successes of the entertainment world. They represent another great American achievement—and all of us who pay our admission at our local theatre feel that we helped to make them rich and great. Many of us, too, see as a vista of grandeur their unreal lives as something to hope for when and if our ship comes in—and anything that makes a dream world for us is worth paying plenty for!

Because we feel that way we hold the stars to an almost cruel accountability. We make them live under a searching glare of publicity—we must know their love affairs, what they eat, how they dress, intimate details of their home furnishings, how they exercise, how they play, who their families are—even to their uncles and aunts)—and woe betide them if they displease us. Let a married star contemplate a divorce such as one in every nine or ten married persons in the United States do and lo, the very flood gates of public criticism are opened. We become the detective, the prosecutor, the judge and the jury. Newspaper and magazine reporters and photographers, syndicate writers and cartoonists hound them and pound them and spy on them every hour of the night and day hoping to secure or concoct some juicy, scandalous morsel to headline in every journal and other avenue of publicity throughout the world.

Those things which in our lives would be natural, even though unfortunate and unhappy developments of the years we live, must be handled at high cost for them through publicity counsels, agents and at-

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Unbaked Crumb Crust

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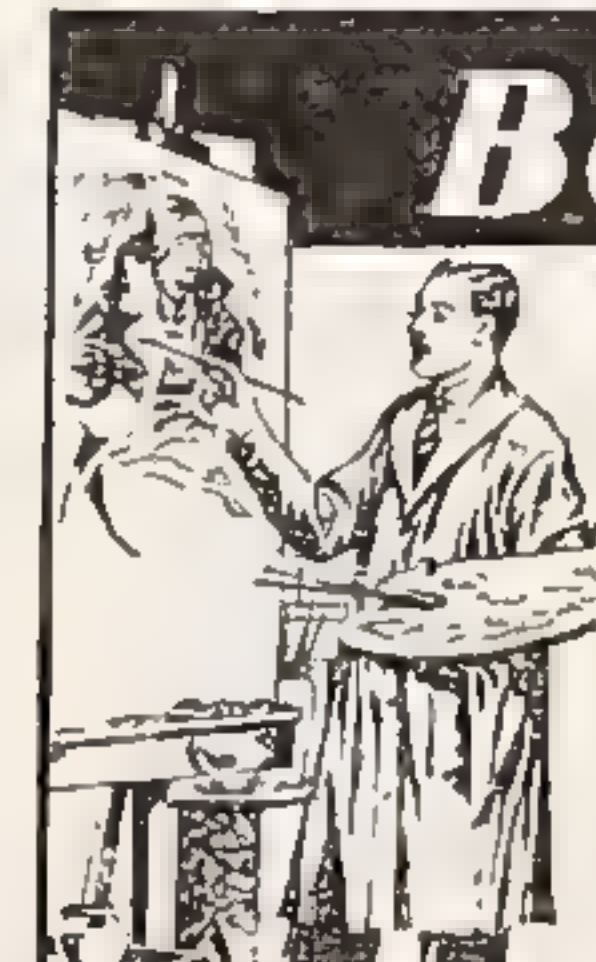
WILL JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLES FARRELL RE-MAKE "SEVENTH HEAVEN"?

The question that all Hollywood is buzzing about right now is, will the screen reunion of the great love team of the movies repeat the sensational success scored in "Seventh Heaven"? In other words, will Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell be able once more to re-create the idyllic romance that thrilled the world when they first appeared together in pictures? You want to know the answer! Well, SCREENLAND'S Hollywood sleuth, James M. Fidler, who is Janet's best friend among screen scribes, and also a close friend of Charles Farrell, is hot on the trail of the "inside" story of the imminent co-starring return of the team that made box-office history. Are Janet and Charlie glad to be together again? Will Farrell's rôle be of equal importance with Gaynor's? Watch for the answer in the April issue of SCREENLAND, on sale at all newsstands February 23.



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torneys; and so adroitly must the sympathy of the movie-goer be cultivated because some frivolous or stupid remark or affair might wind up a successful career overnight.

Just recently that peerless actor, Lee Tracy, on a "rambunctious" holiday, made indiscreet remarks and misbehaved as even you or I might sometime, in a foreign country. If you or I did, we could take our punishment and make amends. But, after Lee made an effort to extricate himself from his difficulties, through the publicity attendant upon his life as a screen star he not only found he was not rid of the unpleasant affair, but he almost had created an international incident. Sorry as he was and frank and honest as his explanation was, he was promptly fired by his employer, and unless we the public demand his return, his screen life is over—after only a few years of success and while he is still a young man.

Let us hope there will be no governmental supervision causing a scaling downward of all of the players' salaries. Let us, therefore, be free to demand that Janet Gaynor continue sweet and that Marie Dressler make more pictures regardless of her age and that Jimmy Cagney give us his fast, hard impersonations. We don't want stock company players who can act every part well but no part superlatively. We want stars who typify certain cross-sections of human lives and affairs. That is a cruel demand, but we know every screen player is not a Sarah Bernhardt or Edwin Booth—we know they are frequently only the creatures of our demands, cleverly manipulated by able directors, make-up artists, playwrights and technicians. And while we demand them to remain our certain, definite types, let them be well

paid so that when their part is played and forever done they can be happy in the recollection that we the spectators might have been cruel task masters but we gave them a break because we paid them handsomely.



Meet Mary Esther Ralston, who so demurely takes a bow with Mama Esther. The elder of these two ladies plays in "By Candlelight."

The Man Who Replaced Lee Tracy

Continued from page 27

pilgrimage through life. Alas, his face didn't come up to his expectations!

Nevertheless, he kept his notions of evolving into a Great Lover in his heart throughout his uneventful childhood. When he was a senior in the high schools at Porterville, California, he got his first taste of dramatics. He performed in the class plays and that convinced him he was destined for the heights.

But there had never been an actor in the Erwin family—his two brothers and a sister still live in peaceful obscurity near their birthplace—so he discreetly enrolled at the University of California in Berkeley, and supposedly began majoring in journalism.

"The summer following my freshman year I worked in the fruit cannery in Porterville," he told me as we talked in front of the fire, "and, at the last minute, instead of returning to college I took the money I'd earned for my tuition and headed for Los Angeles and a dramatic academy."

Can't you picture him murmuring, "Darling, I want you, I must have you?" as he sliced peaches endlessly all that summer?

"I firmly believed—then—that I could play heroic leads," he confessed to me and June. Visions of Stu melodramatically acting before his boarding-house mirror floated before our eyes. Like *Merton*, in reality Stu gaped at Hollywood's stars and confidently planned what he'd do when he was one of the sacred circle.

"Fortunately," he laughed, "by the time I'd finished four months in the dramatic school I had come to the realization that I was humorous rather than 'hot.'" This was casually stated, but you can bet that

facing the Facts of Hollywood was just as much of a blow to Stu's ego as it was to *Merton's*.

Stu quit the training academy when he was offered a part in the local production of "White Collars." Produced in a small theatre, it ran a whole year. It gave him the necessary theatrical varnish, and he continued in Los Angeles stage shows, alternating occasionally as a stage manager, until a Fox scout noticed him. His film career thus began with a rôle in "Mother Knows Best," one of the early talkies.

"I'm thankful I have a trick, quavery voice," Stu pointed out. "It's an asset to my type. I have tried to develop a distinct comedy style."

"Compare myself to Lee Tracy? Well, I'd say that our methods are just the opposite. He's high-key; I'm low-key. He overplays, gets his laughs by his speedy delivery and his flair for bluffing. Whereas I underplay, talk too slowly, and appear vague."

It may seem easy to wander through a talkie looking dumb, but it isn't. Stu explains that, in life, a funny fellow isn't that way all the time. He is apt to be most laughable when by himself and to be perfectly ordinary when with others. On the screen one has to be funny when it can be observed. Furthermore, it's difficult to be amusing and maintain the slow pace when the rest of the cast is playing straight.

That Stu and June should have hit it off so marvelously has never ceased to astonish those who don't really understand them. Squaw Valley and Park Avenue

are worlds apart on the surface. At the time these two married I did a story on them and called it "Hollywood's Strangest Marriage."

The way their love has lasted and literally deepened with each passing year proves to me that my adjective should have been "wisest."

Environment isn't an infallible index. Stu may have been a hick once, but, like *Merton*, he has had no intention of not having the finest things effort and money can procure. June discerned this inner self of his.

What's more, she discovered what many a woman has learned too late—that when it comes to marriage a man's profile isn't as essential as character. Stu is kindly, faithful, sincere, and intelligent. Altogether, the ideal husband.

It takes two to make a go of a Hollywood union, and we must give June equal credit. The daughter of a prominent New York attorney, she was raised in a wealthy, sophisticated atmosphere. But she was not permitted to be blasé. Shortly after her private schooling was over, she attracted Alan Dwan's gaze when he was in New York to direct a George O'Brien film. He persuaded her to try a supporting part. Her beauty resulted in a Fox contract and she was sent to the coast. That was in 1927.

"I enjoy acting," June declared when our conversation switched from Stu to her, "and I hope to go on with it. But it's been absolutely secondary since our marriage. Stu and the baby are first with me. They mean more than any part or any contract!"

This devotion to husband and home, unwavering and unassailable, shows you another reason this couple has beaten the Hollywood jinx. Ambitious, June has wisely weighed the ultimate value of fame vs. love and found the latter infinitely more desirable.

Her professional rating has slipped because of her loyalty to Stu. Soon after their marriage she was offered a fine rôle and rejected it because it meant a location trip. Then Stu was sent to New York for three months and she refused to be separated from him. Stuart, Jr.'s début came along next. Now the baby is fourteen months old and, circumstances having adjusted themselves favorably, June has just done two leads again.

"I don't believe in marital separations," she explained to me. Stu doesn't either. And if this isn't love, what is? When he was on location with "The Stranger's Return" company at Chico, he drove in every night to be with June—a sixty-mile jaunt.

I asked them why they hadn't been bothered by the insidious gossip which sooner or later creeps up on every film pair.

"My attitude has changed on this matter," June commented. "I used to assume that the columnists were persecuting innocent people. But I began to check on the rumors and eventually most of them materialized as truths! As far as Stu and I are concerned, they can't make up trouble where none exists. We've given them no ground to whisper!"

The aforementioned Stuart, Jr. was brought down for my inspection by June. "Mama" and "daddy" cooed at his cute tricks, and I did, too. He's a smart child and it's easy to guess that he's going to have everything his affectionate parents can bestow.

Each morning at eight, June arises and personally gives the baby his breakfast. When she is working at a studio, his nurse brings him to the lot for lunch with her. The Erwins have never spent a full week-end away from home since the baby was born. Junior is too young to vacation, and they don't care to leave him.



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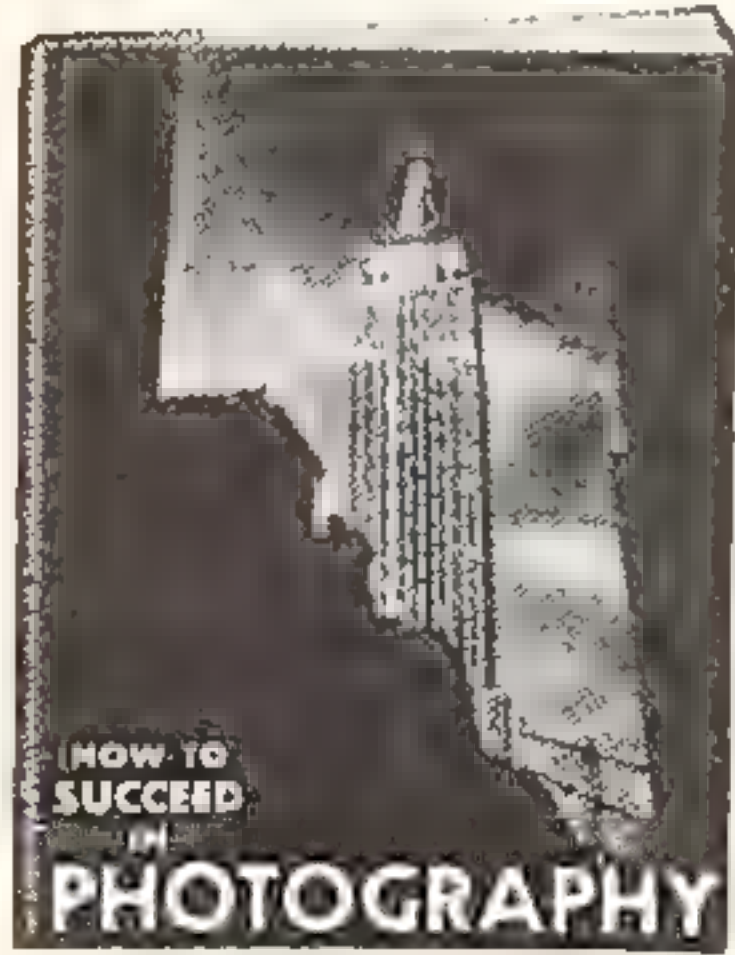
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Stu and June attend a moderate number of Hollywood functions, but never go out when it will conflict with their sensible home regime. In fact, they've never had time to see a Mae West film!

They aren't *too* methodical, though. Doing the unexpected has been a habit ever since their elopement. You'll remember that they met when cast in "Dude Ranch" at Paramount. Stu was the comedy relief and the handsome hero—now forgotten—had the kissing scenes with June.

She thought Stu more entertaining than the hero when they went on location. They began lunching together. There were dancing dates. June kept going places with other admirers, however, so their elopement was totally unforeseen by their friends. At eleven one night they decided to drive to Yuma.

With June's two brothers in the back-seat, they made a historic trip. First they hit a wind storm. Then a cloudburst. Came sand. Finally a terrific battalion of bugs. Warily they marched before a justice of the peace at ten the next morning. It was so hot they couldn't venture forth on the return journey until dark.

They had picture schedules to obey, so their delayed honeymoon was unconventional. They hadn't had time to get away from Hollywood. Then one Saturday afternoon, having a breathing spell, they sat in their car at a sandwich stand at Vine and Sunset boulevards. "Let's go for a ride," remarked Stu. "Let's," agreed June. They didn't get home until the following Thursday! (Yosemite and Tahoe were where they were surprised to find themselves.)

Their consideration for each other, after

two-and-a-half years of constant association, is remarkable. June insists that Stu have his way; he wouldn't dream of crossing her.

Aside from golf and tennis, candid cameraing is his pet sport. June gave him an elaborately equipped "dark room" on his last birthday so he can develop his own prints. His favorite subjects are June and Junior.

Her domesticity makes the wheels of their household run with enviable smoothness. But June always supervised the regime of her home, even when she was single and was fêted by Prince George of England, Buddy Rogers, and other noted young men.

My prophecy is that Stu will eventually be a youthful Will Rogers. In "Viva Villa" he deserted the hick type. And while we don't want him to copy Lee Tracy, Stu's dry, thoroughly human wit ought to be given an outlet on the screen. After all, Merton wouldn't remain forever naïve!

Whether the patrician June will regain her former standing depends on the breaks she gets. Stu's just had his; maybe hers lurks around the corner. She is more beautiful than ever, and that's the highest of compliments. If rôles don't turn up immediately, she isn't worrying. Applause from the world is a luxury; the senior and Junior Stuarts' praise is all she really asks.

This, then, is the man who replaced Lee Tracy, and the details of his private life. Stu's off-screen doings aren't as sensational as Lee's. And for that I'm sure we can thank Mister Erwin's "best friend and severest critic." Take the orchid, June!

Consult the Screen for Ideas in Decorating Your Home

Continued from page 21

was charming, in spite of being, as I say, too nice."

But if you were thinking of remodeling your house so that it will look like Alice Brady's movie Westchester home, take Mr. Gibbons' advice and invite an architect to see the film with you.

"A good architect is the cheapest investment any person can make," he declares. "He saves money and keeps you from the pitfalls of ignorance. I know that a good many people think of him as a luxury for the wealthy only, but instead he's absolutely essential if you are to get a good job."

"When you are sick, you don't try to doctor yourself—that is, if your ailment is serious, or you have any sense—you apply to a man who has studied medicine or surgery. So if you're wise, you'll call in an expert for your sick house."

"Your architect can tell you if it is possible to remodel your place into something like the cottage. If not, he'll give you another workable idea."

But there are some valuable tips Mr. Gibbons can give us.

"In the main, anything that is designed to function is good design. A chair is primarily a thing to sit in, and so it should be designed for comfort in the first place. A car is designed primarily for speed. When we see a long, low car with stream lines, it looks like speed to us and we admire it, because the purpose of a car is to get us somewhere."

"Simplicity is the key to beauty. Today it is essential because our modern life is so complicated. In earlier days, life was simple; people hadn't so much to do, so they made complicated things. A piece of

furniture had curliques on it and no straight lines, because it is harder to make a curved line and they liked to do intricate things."

"They used to take two hours to dress, perfuming themselves, seeing that the lace on their cuffs hung properly, that their wigs were powdered and their silken sleeves matched to their doublets or cloaks. I'm talking of men, as well as women. Today, we wish we could dress in a single second; we have so many more things to do."

"My wife had a Spanish house before we were married. She is a Mexican, as you know, and she had a very nice house and many beautiful old things, heavy pieces of great value. She had always lived among lovely old Latin furniture, and I was afraid she might not care for the very modern house I designed for her."

"I explained to her why my house was best for a modern woman, how a simple background set off beauty, and why geometrical designs are good. She listened and looked, and tried it out, and now she will not even look at old stuff, because she loves the new."

"I like straight lines and never use a curve. I let the people who enter the room supply the curves. It sets them off."

"In 1914, Europe was experimenting with what we call modern furniture and modern sets, but the war stopped it for four years and then they went ahead. Over here, the idea of modern furniture is comparatively new. Five years ago, I did the first screen sets in this style for 'Dancing Daughters.' I had to have a background for a very modern person so I used the latest thing in sets. Now, I use them entirely for up-to-date houses."

"When I first began to do sets for the screen, in 1914, all sets were over-dressed. They used wall-paper in conspicuous designs, decorated walls, too many pictures, objects hung on the walls, figured curtains, embroidered draperies, a general clutter of furniture and pillows and *bric a brac* everywhere. You could hardly see the action.

"I looked at them. After all, a motion picture exists for movement and why lose it? I was a painter and I thought that creating sets was the same thing as painting pictures, in a sense. No one would think of painting a portrait against a background of zigzag lines; it would serve to confuse the eye. No artist would pose a sitter against an intricately patterned screen, for people would look at the screen instead of the subject.

"So I threw out all the ornate and elaborate sets and used instead just a gray wall, a single picture, a chair, and perhaps, if necessary, one other piece of furniture in a scene. Simple backgrounds set off characters, just as simple lines in a gown set off a woman's beauty.

"I didn't use wall-paper then and I seldom use it now, because I find it distracts the eye from dramatic action.

"Some modern wall-papers done in geometric designs and subdued colors are quite charming and fit into many homes. There are period wall-papers that are very nice, too. If I do not use them, you must not think that I advise against them altogether; it is action I must consider when I design for the screen, and I allow nothing to interfere with the dramatic purpose of the picture.

"Remember, though, that a wall-paper of large design in a small room makes the room smaller," added Mr. Gibbons.

"Color is very important," he emphasizes. "With the new sensitive film we get color values as they are, and the trained eye can pick them up on the screen. We used to avoid white because of halation, and put our actors into blue shirts, our brides into pink wedding gowns, our banquet tables were spread with yellow linen—these photographed white. Red used to go black and so did gold. But now we use the colors we would use on the stage.

"Remember to use color sparingly if you are arranging a background for yourself. If you use red, don't put it into a green room, for the red will make the green greener, and the green will make the red redder, and the effect will not be restful.

"If you have a yellow room, you can put a green chair into it, because yellow and blue combined will give you green, and green is a complementary color. You might make your room green and have yellow curtains, which will be nice because the sun will come in through the curtains.

"Light is color. People seldom remember that. Where the sun hits a tree that tree is yellow, farther down the trunk the shadows are blue, together they give you the green of the tree.

"I think it is always well to put your darker shades low, near the ground, and your lighter ones high, with middle tones between.

"If you choose one color and then add two complementary ones, you will have some very nice effects.

"The sort of house you build should be decided by the place you expect to build it in. If you live in New York City, it should be built straight up so that it will fit into the New York skyline. Straight up and down lines will be good there.

"If the house is to be set in rolling country or on a flat prairie, you will want it low and spreading to conform to the lines of the land. Your building must fit its surroundings. Nobody expects a flag-pole to be painted with cross lines to take off its height—you want height in a flag pole. If

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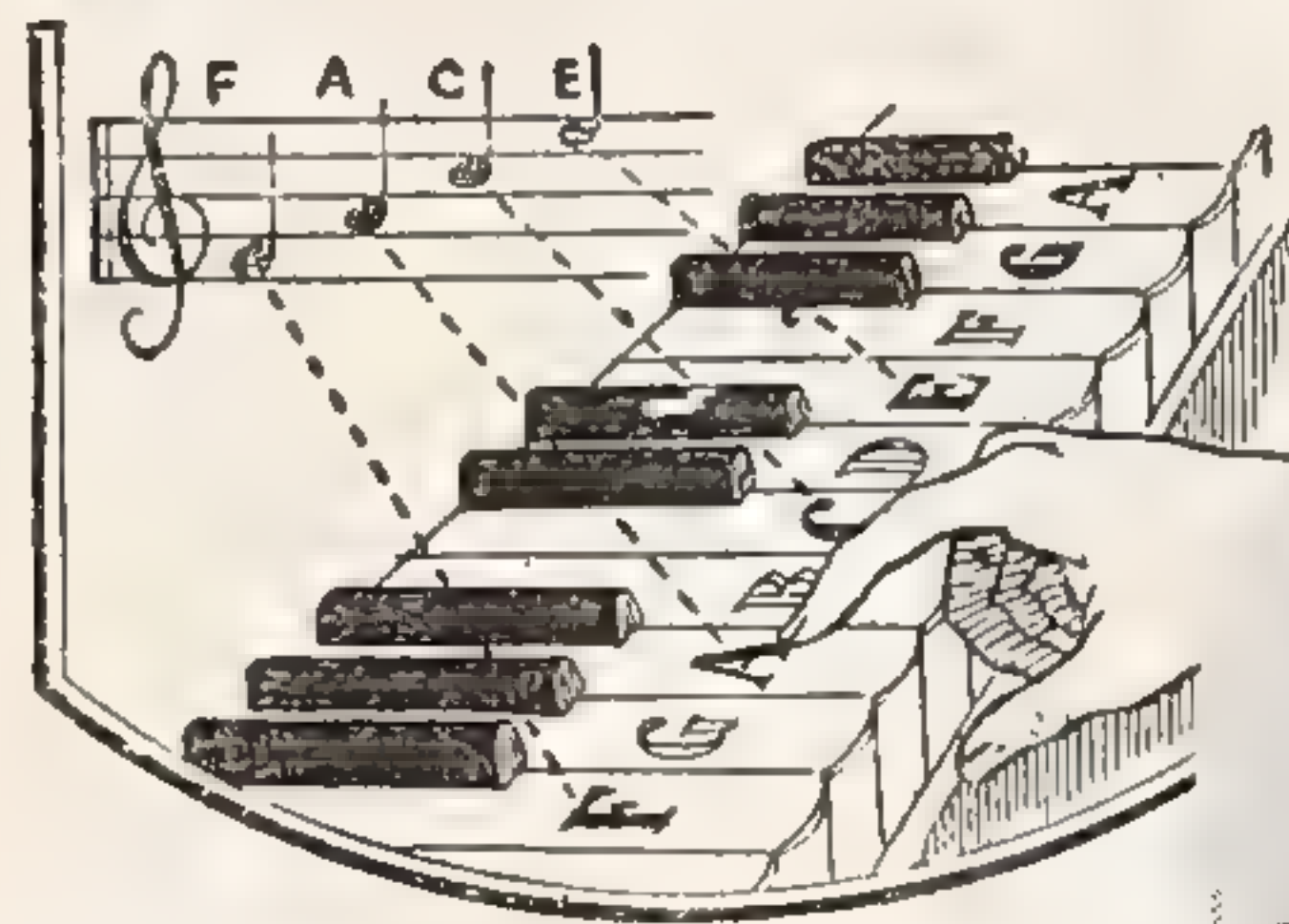
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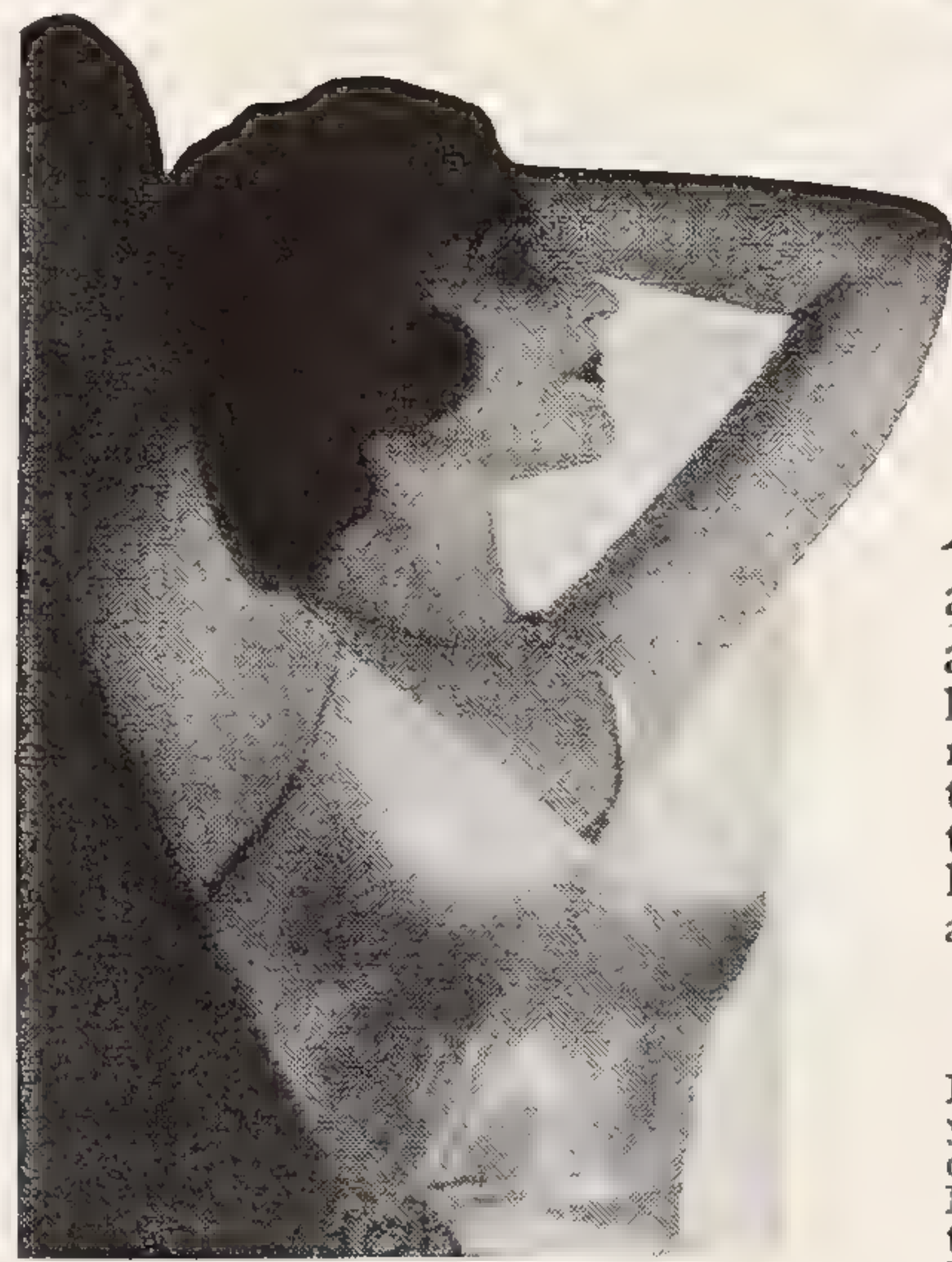
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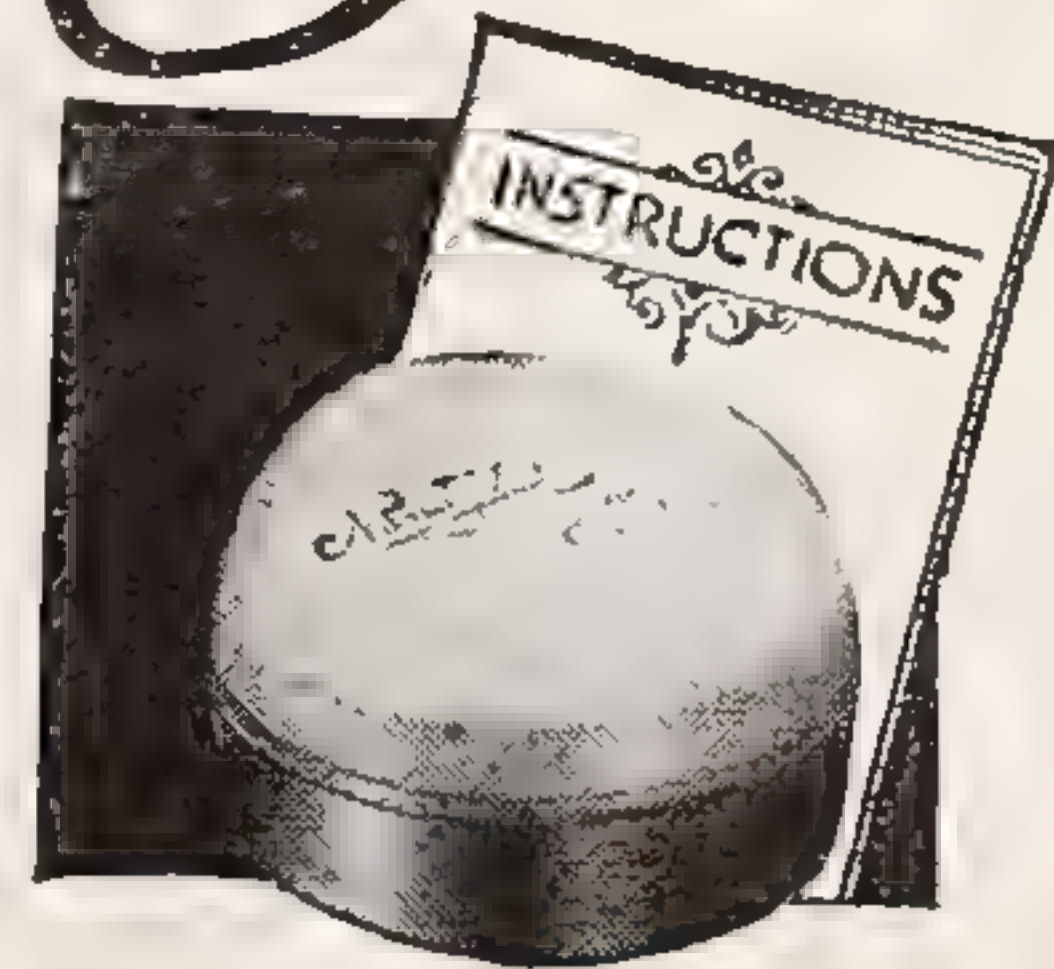
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you have a low window, spread things out on either side to get the full beauty of it; if the window is tall and narrow, build things up.

"Notice windows in the next picture you see and you will get what I mean."

If you are still worrying about Aunt Emma's furniture, here's a tip from Mr. Gibbons:

"If you have several pieces of furniture of different periods and must use them together, paint them all one color and they will seem related. Painting things white is especially good if you don't want them to clash.

"Sometimes you can use an expensive piece of old furniture with your modern stuff by painting it and taking off the old-fashioned curliques and fancy wood work. Make everything as simple as possible."

Not everything you see on the screen will serve as model for your enthusiasm. You must take into consideration the story of the picture on the screen when you judge the sets, according to our authority.

"If you see a child's room in a picture, it is usually safe to copy it, for it will be a happy room," points out the artist. "But a bedroom designed for a death scene will probably be somber. Very likely we have made it gloomy on purpose to enhance the tragedy. We may have done things to add shadows, put in hangings that wouldn't ordinarily be used. It's best to model your own rooms on lighter ones.

"A period picture will seldom give you anything of special value to use in home decoration, unless you can adapt a style of long ago to the fashion of today, as women's clothes today have been adapted from those of the Gay Nineties. Wide shoulders come from the old leg-of-mutton sleeve, and so furniture of another period can be

developed into something quite lovely in the geometrical designs of these times.

"But to the average man or woman, a period room is merely a 'funny' room. I saw 'I Loved A Woman,' and admired the sets very much because they were so well done, so entirely in the period of the film. But to the majority of the audience, they were simply 'funny,' just as they called the clothes the women wore 'funny,' although they were exactly right for that day.

"When you arrange a background for yourself, don't think that if you have it right it won't do for your husband also. A gray wall and a white mantel, a fine piece of furniture, will set off both of you. Just remember that simplicity is the key.

"A room for a young and virginal girl should be springlike; it should make you think of April and morning. Use organdie at the windows and light furniture in the room.

"For a sophisticated woman, I should put in tailored drapes or something with a geometrical design. I'd use sophisticated colors, and interesting pieces that would be entirely out of place if used in the younger room.

"For hints of this, observe the bedrooms shown for very young actresses like Madge Evans and compare them with bedrooms designed for Norma Shearer or Joan Crawford.

"Be sure that you don't let your background overwhelm you.

"The problem of decoration is always interesting. I am as much interested in getting something lovely when I have fifty dollars to spend on a room, as I am in getting effects with \$50,000. It is all a question of what you can do to get the most for your money."

Now You're Talking

Continued from page 11

CRAZY OVER CROSBY

Here's to Bing Crosby! He's one swell lad who can both act and sing—an unusual combination. And when he croons "Thanks"—well, I haven't words to express my feelings. Those who saw "Too Much Harmony" will agree with me that this lad is going to go a long way.

Dorothy Johnston,
300 S. Cortez St.,
New Orleans, La.

DUNNE!

A toast to the screen's most forceful, versatile, and beautiful actress! "The Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers," and "If I Were Free" all are proofs of her amazing, dramatic prowess and her touching, sympathetic qualities. Who do I mean? Irene Dunne, of course! Let's have some more Irene Dunne hits!

M. M.,
52 Fruit St.,
Worcester, Mass.

A MODERN "CLASSIC"

I've just seen the best picture of the year—"A Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. The artistry and feeling with which these players interpret their rôles left me spellbound. A perfect thing! Frank Borzage has taken a homely love story and produced a compelling classic. Thanks!

Bessie Toles,
514 N. Nevada Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

"QUEEN" EDNA!

Long live Edna May Oliver! She brightens any little corner of Movieland in which she happens to be found, and oft-times her light dims that of the stars. Her delightful characterizations of the past make me look forward with pleasure to seeing her as the *Red Queen*.

Frances E. Finneran,
119 Main St.,
Bel Air, Md.

RIGHT!

Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women" has given us a *Jo* that we shall never forget! After seeing it I simply can't help voicing my praise for the superb artistry with which the entire production was handled. Not a single disappointment to a lover of the Alcott books!

Louise Neuer,
1139 N. 22nd St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

TRIUMPHANT TONE!

Franchot Tone was simply immense in "Dancing Lady." Too much credit cannot be given that lad for his magnificent performance. Speaking of scene-stealers—Franchot, for me, practically stole the whole show from Crawford and Gable. What more can one say? Give us plenty

more of Franchot Tone. We can take it!
Vermetta Miller,
310 Mill St.,
Madison, Ind.

A HEARTY CHEER FOR JOAN

Joan Crawford is the personification of grace, loveliness and charm in her newest picture, "Dancing Lady." Excellent in her dance routines, poignant and convincing in her emotional scenes, and amusing in her comedy moments. Here's hoping that 1934 will bring happiness, contentment and continued success to Joan. She deserves them!

Muriel Marks,
2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
New York City.

ANOTHER "LITTLE WOMEN" RAVE

I sat through two performances of

"Little Women" in a very poor seat in the gallery, the house being packed. But it was worth it! What an antidote this picture is to the sophistication of our usual feature pictures! More like it, and I'll become a marathon movie sitter!

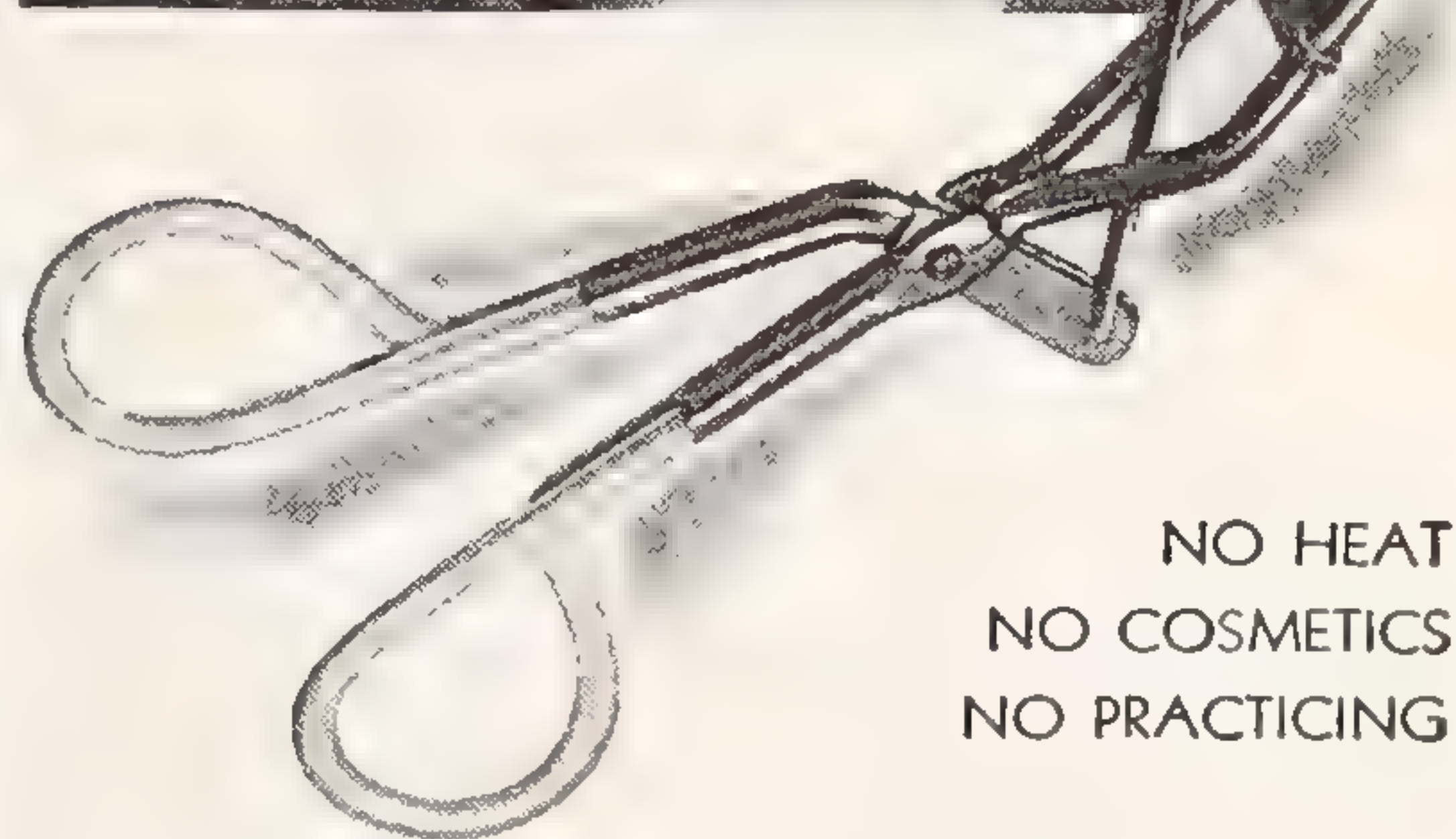
Mignon Quaw Lott,
207 Kelvin Place,
Ithaca, N. Y.

CHEERS FOR A FILM DÉBUTANTE!

How about some more of Frances Fuller? "One Sunday Afternoon" was a Gary Cooper picture, and great is Gary's appeal—so Frances had to be *plenty* good even to be noticed! Yet I was deeply struck by her charm and her sincere acting. Here's love and success to charming little Frances!

Elizabeth Avery,
2606 Maryland Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

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What Next, Charlotte?

Continued from page 57

her future. From director Norman McLeod, who produced the picture, to the least important "props," her co-workers admire and love this little newcomer for her unselfishness, for her willingness, and for her sweetness.

"Not once during production of the picture did Miss Henry ask for time off," McLeod said. "We worked steadily for fifty-six days. Each morning she was among the first on the set; every evening—and far into many nights—she was one of the last to leave."

"There were times when I and others working on this picture reached the end of human endurance. We were working night and day in order to complete the picture in time for Christmas showings throughout the English-speaking world. When we were so tired that we felt we could no longer go on, we would look at Charlotte—smiling, cheering us with a smile that toward the end became a little wan at times but never disappeared—and we would pull our belts a few notches tighter, square our shoulders, and plunge back to work."

It will be a pity if a girl with such courage and ambition finds herself barred from success by a seeming good fortune that backfires; that is, by having won a screen rôle so great that it cannot be topped, and therefore will prove to be the one big event of her career.

Carefully hidden by her studio, (in an effort to not spoil her *Alice*-characterization by having it contaminated by past filth parts), is the fact that Charlotte Henry is no screen newcomer. She has played in other pictures before "Alice in Wonderland," among them "Huckleberry Finn" and "Lena Rivers." Not only did she take part in those pictures, but she clearly demonstrated that she is possessed of a magnetic personality and real ability; she presaged a real future for herself. Only one thing barred her immediate ascension to screen success after "Lena Rivers," and that was her age and her even more youthful appearance—the very thing that won her the title rôle in "Alice in Wonderland."

Charlotte is not the "growing-up" type. She is destined to look very, very young for years to come. Perhaps this fact may open a way to her future success. Perhaps Charlotte Henry may be cast in talkie versions of some of Mary Pickford's earlier productions.

This seems a most logical step for her. In more ways than one, little Miss Henry is comparable to the Mary Pickford of fifteen years ago. She should fit admirably into the Pickford parts in "Suds," "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Hoodlum," "Daddy Long Legs," and other of Mary's child rôles.

There is no sham or pretense about Charlotte. She has not become affected as a consequence of all the fame that has been suddenly heaped upon her slim shoulders. If there is any change in the immature girl who walked, half-afraid, into the Paramount studios and asked for a test for the part of *Alice*, such change is not apparent on the surface. She says her *sirs* and *ma'ams* to her elders, which is unlike the majority of too-fresh children who have been spoiled by film success. She speaks quietly, and never has much to say unless she is first spoken to.

She is more than wise; she is intelligent. She has a remarkable memory. Although she studied her dialogue for "Alice in Wonderland" religiously, there were times when that dialogue was changed on the set. Charlotte had only to be told her new lines

once, and she was thereafter able to repeat them without error.

For instance, there is a Cheshire-cat sequence in the picture that runs slightly longer than four minutes. When the scene was photographed, a mistake in timing caused the cat's mouth to move before the actual conversation, (spoken by Richard Arlen), was heard. Three weeks after that scene was first photographed, it was remade, the second time without conversation—Charlotte had only to repeat her pantomime.

So perfectly had she remembered her previous actions, when the new scene reached the cutting room, only the absence of talk in the second take provided the



The blondes keep coming! But there's always room for more light-haired ladies when they're as pretty as Dorothy Dell, who has just joined the Paramount forces.

cutters with a means of distinguishing the new from the old negative.

Charlotte was asked one day if all the attentions and the publicity being given her were not having an effect on her own opinion of herself.

"Why should it?" was her surprisingly wise reply. "It all goes with the part I am playing. The same fuss would have been made over any girl chosen for the rôle of *Alice*. It is not I who is being fêted; it is the part I play."

Unlike just about everybody who knows her, Charlotte is not worrying over her future. She believes that she is a capable artist. She is a shrewd and impartial critic of her own efforts. She admits without hesitation that she has little or no opportunity to prove her ability in "Alice in Wonderland," but she knows that when the time comes, she has the necessary talent to succeed in any part assigned her.

From the moment of her selection for the picture, and no doubt until she is given another rôle, she has been *Alice*, *Alice*, *Alice*. She has been photographed at the studio, at home, at meals, at play, and even in bed—always in her *Alice* costume. She has made radio speeches, and on every occasion she appeared at broadcasting stations in the same familiar garb.

She made a long personal-appearance tour on which she was introduced to more than a million people. During that tour, she met Mayors and Governors; she dined with Rotarians, Lions and civic organi-

zations: she appeared in dance halls, de-
tores, schools, women's clubs
and areas—and not once was she per-
mitted to be in other than her *Alice*
costume. Even when she dined privately
in hotels, and on trains, and when she at-
tended private house parties, or visited
state capitals, did she wear the same sea-
blue frock and pink stockings and low-
heeled slippers, not to forget the ribbon
that held back her hair. She made that
personal appearance with not one or two,
but with *fifteen* costumes, identical in color,
cut, and material.

Thus do I say that every effort has
been advanced by her studio to establish
the girl in the public eye as *Alice*—and no
effort to build the name of Charlotte
Henry. For this, the studio cannot be
censured. After all, Charlotte was con-
tracted to play *Alice*, and Paramount ex-
pended a fortune in the production of its
picture. The studio cannot be expected
to jeopardize a half-million dollar invest-

ment simply because Charlotte Henry's
future may be involved.

It remains for Charlotte herself to out-
live *Alice*. Perhaps, after "*Alice in Won-
derland*" has been released generally
throughout the country, the studio that
employs her may consider it safe to aid
her in the fight to blot out *Alice* and write
in *Charlotte*.

Frankly, I believe the future hope of
this little girl depends upon you, Mr.
Reader, and upon you, Miss Reader. If,
after you have seen Charlotte as *Alice* of
Wonderland, you leave the theatre, not
with the feeling that you have witnessed
the bringing-to-life of a story-book char-
acter, but with the thought that you have
just witnessed a remarkable impersonation
of that story-book being, then it may be
simpler for you to later accept this new
actress as herself. Upon you, the Public,
and not upon Charlotte or her studio—de-
pends Miss Henry's sole hope for a screen
future.

The Past, Present and Future of Jean Parker

Continued from page 33

might visit her. As often again, he wrote
imploring notes, begging Jean to go out
with him.

And though her very young heart cried
out against the pain of denied compani-
ship, Jean smilingly refused to permit the
youthful Lucas to visit her. Neither would
she go out with him, because she was too
poor to buy the clothes that every young
girl loves to wear in order to please her
sweetheart.

Opportunity to step from poverty to fame
came to Jean in a most spectacular fash-
ion. In 1932, she was chosen by her school
to ride on a float which was to have been
entered in the Pasadena Tournament of
Roses parade. Something went wrong and
the float was not entered, but before that
occurred, Jean's photograph appeared in
a Los Angeles newspaper.

Now pictures in newspapers ordinarily
mean little, but it happened that this pho-
tograph revealed Jean in a bathing suit, and
that Miss Ida Koverman, secretary to
Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
studios, is interested in all water sports.
She was the organizer of the Women's
Swimming Association of New York a few
years ago, the first organization of its
kind. Therefore, anything in a bathing
suit captures her eye at once. She saw
the newspaper photograph of Jean Parker,
and she persuaded her employer that this
girl's picture indicated screen promise.

Ultimately, Jean was invited to the
studio for a screen test. "Come tomorrow
—Thursday," invited Miss Koverman, by
telephone.

Astoundingly, Jean answered, "I can't
come tomorrow; I am going on a hike."

Miss Koverman could hardly believe her
ears. A girl, offered a motion picture test,
could not accept because she was going on
a hike! Could this be impertinence?
Luckily for Jean, Miss Koverman decided
it was youthful ignorance. She laughed.
"Then come the next day," she invited.

On the assigned Friday, Jean visited the
studio. Miss Koverman, liking the girl
immediately, explained that if the test was
good, it would mean a contract. No doubt
the studio chief executive's secretary ex-
pected Miss Parker to be excited by that
announcement, but Jean wasn't at all ex-
cited.

"I don't want a contract," she answered.
"I have two more years of high school to

finish. I am not an actress. I am not
beautiful."

Jean interposed innumerable other rea-
sons why she wanted no screen contract.
She wished to become a commercial artist,
she insisted. She also wanted to be a con-
cert pianist. She had never thought of
motion pictures, because she was not beau-
tiful.

Miss Koverman was thunderstruck, but
she realized that the naïve innocence of the
girl could not have been posed—Jean Par-
ker actually believed she had nothing to
offer motion pictures!

Of course, the test was taken. Miss
Koverman says today that she has never
in her life, on such short notice, wanted to
help a girl as she did Jean Parker. So
the test was arranged, and within twenty-
four hours, despite Jean's own belief that
it was all a dream, M-G-M had signed the
newcomer to a long-term contract.

A series of not too important film rôles
followed. "Divorce in the Family" was her
first part. Then she played one of the
young Grand Duchesses in "Rasputin."
"Gabriel over the White House," "The
Secret of Madame Blanche," and other pic-
tures provided her with other minor rôles.

As so often happens in Hollywood, an-
other studio provided Jean with her first
real opportunity—she was borrowed by
Columbia for a feature part in "Lady for
a Day." That started the Parker ball
a-rolling. Radio borrowed her next for
"Little Women," and on the heels of her
performance in that picture, she was again
borrowed by Radio for "Wild Birds."

It is "Wild Birds" that promises to win
Jean quick stardom. When the picture was
given its first pre-view in a cold studio
projection room, a storm of applause
greeted its ending. That applause was not
alone for a fine production, but for a finer
performance enacted by little Jean Parker.

But what, meanwhile, of her school-days'
sweetheart, Frank Lucas? Well, when
stocks and bonds were crashing and bil-
lions of dollars were being lost in the great
financial debacle of 1929, '30 and '31,
Frank's father lost a great part of his
fortune, and the son was forced temporarily
to relinquish his plan to complete his col-
lege education. He had to find a job.

And of all places, Frank secured that
job at the M-G-M studio, the same studio
that held a contract on the services of

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a little girl named Jean Parker!

But now a new and queerly contorted situation had arisen. Now Jean was the important one, and Lucas the reluctant lover. She was an actress, and he merely an office worker, and not for one moment did he think of imposing on their former friendship.

He did not account for Jean, however. Now that she was in a position to have him in her home, now that she had a home to which she could invite him, she made up her mind that she would not let him escape her again.

But nothing so prosaic as merely saying "Why don't you come up some time?" entered Jean's mind. A romantic sentimentalist by nature, she sought a more colorful method of promoting his first visit. She conferred with mutual school friends, and together they hatched a plot to kidnap Frank.

So one night four masked men seized young Lucas near his home. They bound and gagged him, and presently a very frightened young man felt himself carried to an automobile, and then was aware that he was being taken for miles and miles by a group of silent men. Whether they were gangsters, or kidnappers, or merely highwaymen, he had no means of knowing. It is to his credit that young Lucas did not whimper for mercy.

Soon he felt himself being lifted from the automobile. His feet were placed on the ground, and he was guided into a building and up a flight of stairs. Silently, his captors led him through another door, and at last he was invited by a heavy, gruff voice to "Sit down." He sat.

"Of course, he couldn't know, but I was in that room," Jean explains happily. "For a few minutes I watched Frank, blindfolded and seated on the davenport. Soon he began to feel about in an effort to learn what kind of seat had been placed under him. It was then that I knelt beside him and removed the blindfold."

Neither Jean nor Frank will describe the scene that followed, and unfortunately this writer was not present to witness it. Suffice to say that from that moment to now—and there seems every reason to believe that I may safely say "from now on"—Jean and Frank have been openly in love.

A few weeks ago, during the filming of "Wild Birds," rumorists tried to insinuate that Jean and young Tom Brown, leading man of the picture, were romantically inclined. Nothing was ever further from the truth. Daily young Lucas drove Jean to the studio; every evening he called with

unfailing gallantry to drive her home.

"If only people could understand how sweet and fine Frank is, and how long I have loved him, they would never report me interested in any other boy," Jean says.

Miss Parker is a charming, unspoiled youngster. She delights in sitting on the floor. She sat there and told me about her five serious ambitions—ambitions that will completely fill her future—all of her future, that is, not to be devoted to love. Her ambitions are to be a fine pianist, to be a successful commercial artist, to be a great interpretative dancer, to become a famous motion picture and stage actress, and to write a book!

She wants to write only one book—something to live after she is gone. Such a desire sounds strange when voiced by such young lips, but childhood poverty and suffering have caused Jean to use her head and to think for herself. No pampering has spoiled her; she has always had to do for herself. She is older than her years.

She is deeply emotional. Talking of any subject that is dear to her heart, she will suddenly well up inside, and tears will flood her eyes—and very beautiful eyes they are, too. For instance, she recently attended a benefit show for old vaudeville artists. Among the performers was Donald Brian, the man who years ago created the rôle of the Prince in "The Merry Widow" on the stage. With his wife, Brian re-created, on benefit night, his former dance, the famous waltz. Jean watched him, and suddenly she realized that here was a man who, years before she was born, was a great dancer and stage star. Before she knew it, she was crying, much to the amazement of those near her.

Many people laughed at that little incident. Those laughers are fools. They do not realize that only soul could bring those tears to Jean Parker's eyes. They do not understand soul, those laughers. But when I told this same story to Charlie Chaplin, he stared at me for an instant before he said, "I should like to meet Miss Parker." *Chaplin understands soul.*

Because of this so rare element, I predict Jean's future freely. Given such opportunities as were provided her in "Little Women" and "Wild Birds," she is destined to become a great star, whether she now realizes it or not.

But soul must be handled as carefully as must human hearts. If ever the Parker soul is crushed, the greatness will go. I pray studio executives are not too pre-occupied or too case-hardened to recognize this fact.

DeMille's Magic at Work Again

Continued from page 25

history. One of the choicest sirens of the New York stage, young, beautiful, and alluring, the fair Colbert was set to playing sweet little nothings in organdy!

Her company had a ball of fire on its hands. So it cast her as modern versions of *Goldilocks*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Pollyanna*. With a million dollars of lure under contract, the company settled for a cream puff. It was weird, wonderful, and very sad!

Naturally, after a few pictures, Claudette quietly and very thoroughly died, like a volcano that had never been given a chance to erupt. She was on the point of being turned out into the night, a Hollywood failure.

At that dramatic moment, with the orchestra beginning "Hearts and Flowers," the dapper Cecil Blount DeMille came strolling by. He was the sheriff gallop-

ing up with the pardon. He was the Marines landing. But let the star-maker tell it. He loves to.

"I met Claudette on the lot one day," C.B. told me. "She was on the point of being dropped, and no doubt was pretty low in her mind."

"I stopped her. 'Miss Colbert,' I said, 'I think Hollywood has got you all wrong.'"

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. DeMille?" she asked.

"Why, they've been making you play The Little Fairy Princess and all that sort of thing," I told her. "They seem to think you're a good girl, or something!"

"Don't you?" she asked.

"I certainly do not!" I said. "I think you're terrible! I think you're one of the wickedest women I've ever seen in a studio. I think you are positively bursting with suppressed acting sin!"

"Do you really," she beamed, flattered half to death.

"I do," I told her, "And I'm going to do something about it. I want you for the part of *Poppaea*, the sinful empress, in 'The Sign of the Cross.' And I'm going to get you." And I did!"

DeMille snickered into his fried scallops and tartar sauce as he thought of the executives' confusion when he went to ask for the use of Colbert in his picture.

"But do you think she looks like the Christian girl?" they asked. That was the rôle played by Elissa Landi. Another sissy part!

"I don't want her for the Christian girl," said DeMille, trying to be patient and to keep from laughing. "I want her for *Poppaea*, the wicked empress."

One or two of the big-wigs nearly had a stroke. But they let him have her, and what she did with that rich rôle was a hundred-percent caution, net. No one in Hollywood could have played it better—or wicked!

And that, chums, was the beginning—the real beginning—of the lovely Claudette's movie career. All the insipid rôles that had gone before were so much waste motion, mere futile beatings of the air.

From *Poppaea*, the she-devil of old Rome, to *Cleopatra*, the hell-cat of ancient Egypt, was an easy and natural step.

Between the two pictures, DeMille has taken a company to Hawaii and made "Four Frightened People" in the jungles of that sun-kissed archipelago. Oh, yes, Claudette was in the troupe, under the master's wand.

"She proved herself a real trouser, out

there," DeMille told me. "You'll find her giving the best performance she's ever done in pictures. Now watch her *Cleopatra*!"

His bright blue eyes twinkled as he forked another scallop. Don't you fret, Cece old boy. We'll watch!

The star-maker, hard at it again! Once more a glittering young woman has caught his fancy as star-material. Again he is doing what he did so long ago with a youngster named Swanson and a flapper named Daniels. And is he brimming over with joy!

A great old bird, this DeMille. A grandpappy now. Four grown sons and daughters—one of his own, three much-loved adopted children. A good job, a worthy name, the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his lapel. Clear-eyed, fine-skinned, smart under the scalp. He's marched on all these years, with "high-brow" critics snapping at his heels—making the sort of pictures he likes—and that many millions appear to like, too.

His eyes twinkle as we say goodbye.

"Every woman has a spot of *Cleopatra* in her," he says. "Some more, some less. If all women weren't a bit of *Cleo* at heart, most of the best plays and stories and songs would never have been written. It's *Cleo* that makes the world go 'round."

"I just happen to think that Claudette has more *Cleopatra* than anybody I know. See if you don't think I'm right."

And with that the young-old veteran charged blithely into the storm to see if he could find a handsome, husky Marc Antony on the actor-littered sidewalks of New York.

Dancing for Beauty's Sake

Continued from page 55

that old exercise where you sit up from a prone position and touch your toes with your hands, and then lie down again.

These and many others are all designed to teach your muscles to work smoothly and evenly, and literally "without a hitch." That "stiffish" feeling so many of us get, after years of no exercise at all, will soon melt away. Shoulders get straighter, and hips pull in, and abdomens disappear, and waist-lines shrink substantially.

One of the nicest parts of this dancing business, is the clothes you wear. Or,

rather, the clothes you *don't* wear! A pair of short velveteen trunks with a rubber dancing belt under them, and a light weight blouse will suffice. The first time you catch a look at yourself in a mirror in this outfit, you will probably wonder who that young girl is. The trunk-and-blouse thing is successful for just that reason. It makes you look young, and when you look that way, you usually feel so. And youth and exhilaration are the most enticing qualities of all.

Radio Round-Up

Continued from page 54

Which reminds me that you'll probably be seeing the Casa Loma boys in shorts—I mean short film features, of course—soon. And if Glen Gray photographs as well as he looks "in person"—well, you never can tell!

Irene Taylor, the little girl with the big voice, is even more pleasant to the eye than to the ear. She's dark, exotic, and petite. She grew up with Ginger Rogers in Fort Worth, Texas. Irene, you know, sings with the Casa Loma orchestra.

I'd been suspecting that it was about time I sat in on one of SCREENLAND's own broadcasts. And when the boss told me that Phillips Holmes was to be guest artist I was *sure* it was about time! I knew Phil hadn't done much broadcasting, so I dashed up to the studio about thirty-five minutes before the program began,

with the benevolent idea of paving the way for him. But when I got there I found Mr. Holmes sitting in the crowded reception room going over his script, unmindful of the people staring at him. "Why aren't you fussed? Why aren't you pacing up and down?" I said in amazement. "Oh, I'm very fresh about that microphone, I refuse to be impressed by the monster," laughed Phil. "The only thing that worries me right now is how I'm ever going to be ready to sail for England this evening!"

Phillips went over the script of his broadcast only once with Mr. Sam Taylor, the announcer. And just as they were about to go on the air, Phil grinned at Taylor and kiddingly cautioned *him* not to be nervous! However, young Holmes said he wished his dad, Taylor Holmes,

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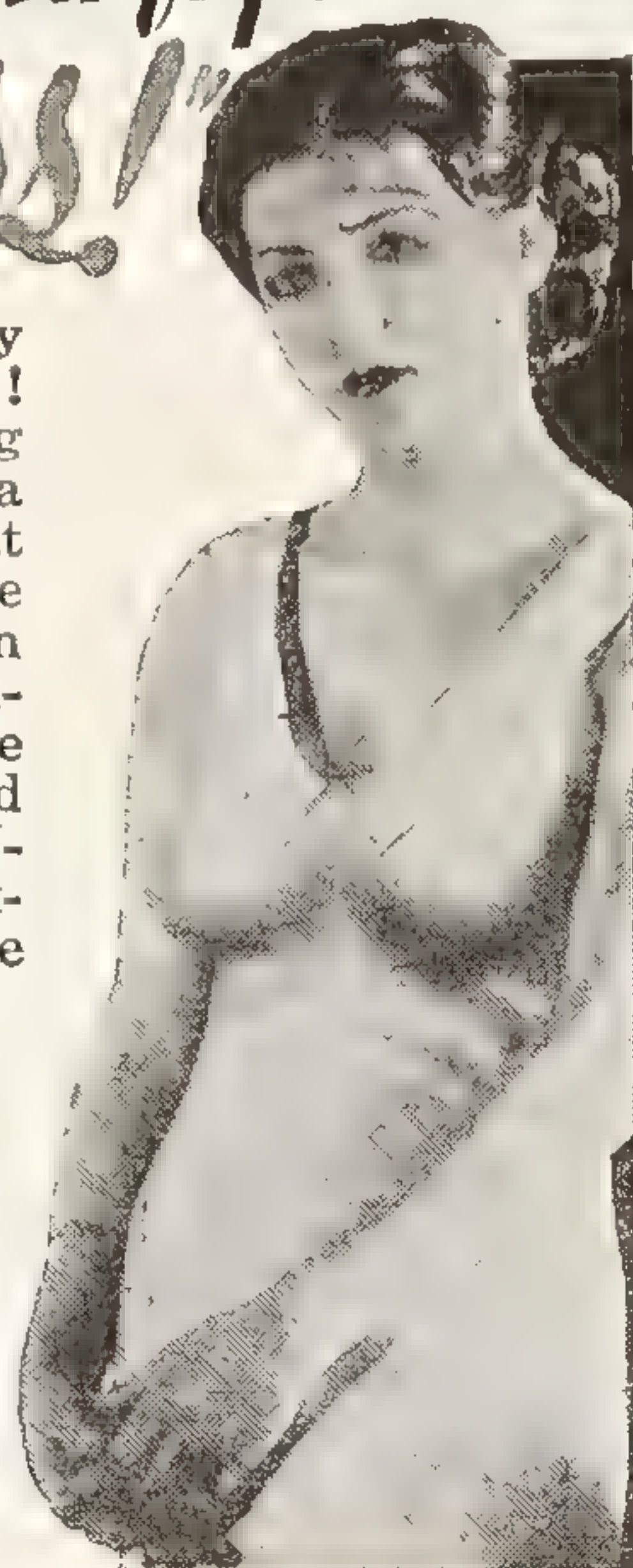
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had been able to be at the studio with him. So your guess is as good as mine as to whether he is really as cocky as all that! Anyway, here's wishing Phil a grand vacation in jolly old England—he may make a movie while he is over there, too.

The Hinds Honey and Almond Cream program is one of the most "ultra" on the air. Here are "names" for you! Names of stage, screen, and opera—and more to

come. Katharine Hepburn inaugurated the series of weekly Sunday broadcasts on January 7, over NBC at 10:30 P.M. And you tuners-in know how grand she was! Next Lily Pons, famous French coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, thrilled us with her glorious voice. This series is rightly known as Hinds' "Hall of Fame" and is serving us with the cream of the amusement world—for which many, many thanks.

ASK ME!

By Vee Dee

Nona. With so many stars from the stage, with a world of experience, extensive training, and fine voice control, is it any wonder an inexperienced person, even with a lot of ambition and ability, finds it hard to get a foothold on the screen? George Raft was born in New York City but doesn't say when. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His screen career began in 1931, appearing in "Quick Millions," "Hush Money," "Palmy Days," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface." For several years George was a nightclub dancer in New York, later appearing in stage productions on Broadway. His next picture will be "All of Me" with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Helen Mack. Helen is the bright little girl who is coming right along with all the best troupers. She plays with Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in "Christopher Bean." Her first talking film was "While Paris Sleeps" with Victor McLaglen. Later she played with Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings." Helen was born in Rock Island, Ill., on November 13, 1913. She has lovely dark brown eyes, weighs 105 pounds and is 5 feet 3½ inches tall.

Kitty. You are appealing to me for a word picture of David Manners? I'll not overlook such a cry for help, so here is David, all ready for your inspection. He has grey-green eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 169 pounds. He was born on April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Real name is Rauff Acklom. He attended the University of Toronto and later decided to try the stage. He played in "He Who Gets Slapped," "The Witch" and "Dancing Daughters" on the stage. His first screen appearance was in "Journey's End" in which he made a very favorable impression. Among his latest pictures are "The Devil's in Love," "The Warrior's Husband," "The Girl in 419," and "The Torch Singer" with Claudette Colbert. Two charming children appeared with Claudette and David: Baby LeRoy, Shirley Ann Christensen as *Little Sally*, and later, little Cora Sue Collins takes the rôle of *Sally*. David made his latest appearance in the Eddie Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals."

Muni Fan. You can't decide if Paul Muni has a personality—allow me to say he has plenty. Did you see "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang" or his latest, "The World Changes"? He was born on September 22, 1897, in Vienna and at the age of four came with his parents, who were struggling actors, to New York. Paul's boyhood was spent in various schools over the country and in East Side public schools in New York City. He has played in vaudeville in Chicago, working at odd jobs between engagements; played in a stock

company in Boston, became identified with theatre guilds and art theatres when his work came to the notice of Broadway producers. He was a sensation in "We Americans" and "Four Walls" on the stage. His real name is Muni Weisenfreund. He is married, is very fond of music, having studied the violin since the age of four. His next release will be "Hi, Nellie!" *Red*, the convict in "I Am a Fugitive," was played by James Bell.

Ann C. You want me to give all other players a rest but give Nils Asther a break—if appearing in two important new pictures, "The Right to Romance" with Ann Harding, Sari Maritza, Robert Young and Donald Reed, and in "If I Were Free" with Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, isn't getting a good break, what is? Nils' first two American pictures were "Topsy and Eva" and "Sorrell and Son." While working in "Topsy and Eva" he fell in love with Vivian Duncan—their engagement was soon broken but two years later it was renewed and their marriage took place. They have a little daughter, Evelyn, whom Nils adores, but their marriage was a failure so divorce followed. Nils is 31 years old, has black hair, greenish eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His hobby is collecting antiques and his love of good literature is well-known.

Richard B. W. Your favorite, Sally Eilers, stole a grand march on her many friends and flew to Yuma, Arizona, on September 24 and was united in marriage to Harry Joe Brown, the well-known director. The wedding followed by less than a week the marriage of Jean Harlow and Harold G. Rosson, who likewise chartered an airplane from the screen capital to Arizona's "Gretna Green." Sally was divorced from Hoot Gibson on August 28. She and Hoot married on June 29, 1930, were separated for the first time a year ago, but affected a reconciliation which lasted a few weeks until Sally went to Europe for a vacation. Sally's eyes are all right; they shine like stars so don't let any rumor disturb you about Sally losing her eye-sight.

M. O. D. Here you are in print and how do you like it? Billie Dove hasn't made a picture for a long time and we miss her. Billie is 30 years old, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds. She is happily married, you know. Katharine Hepburn does not reveal her age. Dick Powell was born November 14, 1904. Lillian Roth was born December 13, 1911. Adrienne Ames is 24. Joel McCrea was born November 5, 1905, and Frances Dee, November 26, 1908. Joel and Frances were married on October 20, 1933, at Rye, N. Y., and on Friday, too—but who's afraid of Friday?

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 66

OFFICIALS of a Hollywood radio station became excited with the news that Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland were to make a double appearance over the air. In view of considerable rumor surrounding the two, Miss Bennett's agreement to appear was cause for widespread conversation.

But a few of the facts never were made public. Principal among these was the fact that Connie, when asked to sing over the radio, agreed—*provided the station would pay five thousand dollars for one song.* Now you can understand why you have not, up to this time, heard Miss Bennett on the air.

NIGHT LETTER: WESTON EAST, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, NEW YORK CITY. PLANNING SEVERAL VISITS TO HOLLYWOOD WITHIN NEXT FEW MONTHS STOP WILL LEAVE PARCELS AT HOMES OF JOAN BENNETT (FEBRUARY) DOROTHY JORDAN (MARCH) BILLIE DOVE HELEN HAYES AND REGINALD DENNY REGARDS THE STORK.

CHRISTMAS week meant plenty of excitement in the Joe E. Brown household. December 19th marked the fourth birthday of his youngest daughter, Katherine Frances. December 24th was the eighteenth anniversary of Joe and Mrs. Brown. And Christmas Day, in addition to being *that* special occasion, was also the birthday of his eldest son, Don. Quite a festival season, all in all.

THIS came to me as a true story, and is passed along as such. It seems that when Sally Rand performed her famous fan dance for the picture, "Bolero," so many people tried to crash the gate that director Wesley Ruggles barred everybody except members of the cast and staff.

George Raft, star of the picture, arrived late to work, and he was stopped at the set's entrance by a new gateman.

"I'm the leading man of this picture," Raft explained.

"Tell it to somebody else," snapped the guard. "I've already passed Fredric March, Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie and six others who said they were the leading man. How many men are in this picture, anyhow?"

THIS sounds like a press agent's dream, but it is truth: A director hired an Italian hot-chestnut vendor for a minor bit in "Old Hannibal." The embryo actor was to bring his stand to the studio for long shots on a New York street, and for a final close-up with May Robson.

"All you have to do," the director explained to Tony, "is sell your chestnuts." Considerable elucidation was necessary to make everything clear, but Tony at last indicated that he understood—all he had to do was sell his chestnuts.

The long shots were taken, with Tony shouting "Hotta ches'nut! Hotta ches'nut!" and the extras buying. Half an hour later, the director and his crew moved up for a close-up of Miss Robson buying a bag of chestnuts—but there was no Tony. He had sold all his chestnuts to the extras—and had gone home!

THERE is a clause in the contract of new-leading-lady Evalyn Venable's contract which provides that she is not to be kissed in movie love scenes. So when Evalyn and Fredric March were sofa-ing it for "Death Takes a Holiday" and March was permitted only a kiss on her shoulder, he frowned his disapproval.

"I can't help it," explained Evalyn. "Father had that clause put in my contract. What would he say if he came on the set and saw me necking?"

"What do you think my father would say," retorted March, "if he saw me sitting on a davenport with a beautiful girl, and soft music and low lights—and I didn't kiss her?"

HISS and Cheer Dept.: A group close-up to Madge Evans, Robert Montgomery and others who took up a collection for "Peanut" Banks, the little extra girl who worked in a picture-bit, only to have her entire earnings stolen from her room the very night after she was paid.

A long shot with spotty lighting to those scandal-mongers who built a molehill into a mountain in the unfortunate Lee Tracy Mexican affair. True, Lee did digress a bit from the straight and narrow, but eye-witnesses in plenty have testified that Tracy has been unmercifully crucified for his mistake.

And a perfectly gorgeous close-up (the best in the box, Mr. Cameraman) to Isabel Jewell for her staunch loyalty to Lee Tracy during his troubles. She stood ready to rise or fall with him, without regard for her own career.

A pretty close-up to Ginger Rogers. During the holidays she came upon a small boy gazing wistfully at a turkey in a store window. "Are you going to have turkey in your house?" she asked. The boy's eyes swam in tears as he looked at Ginger and said, "Naw. All we ever have is babies in our house. We ain't got money for no turkey." And so Ginger provided that family with its holiday bird.

ONLY by a fraction of an inch did Lyle Talbot escape being permanently mangled when he was injured in that recent automobile accident.

You may remember that Talbot suffered facial bruises and concussions? Well, the scar on his forehead strangely follows his hairline, and by clever manipulation of make-up, it does not show when he is photographed. A half-inch lower, and Lyle's career would have been ended.

HARPO MARX wants to know if Indians call a cemetery "happy haunting grounds." . . . Ann Dvorak, who won movie attention as a member of a dancing chorus, dances for the first time, since fame came, in "Upper World." . . . Appendix operations claimed three stars in as many weeks when, one after another, Jean Harlow, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Joan Blondell had 'em yanked. . . . English actors had to mail their Christmas gifts back home in November. . . . Janet Gaynor rarely dines in the studio café; she prefers luncheon cooked and served in her dressing-room bungalow. . . . Wallace Beery was broken-hearted when, on his return from location with a full-grown mustache, his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, who as everyone knows is the apple of his eye, failed to recognize him.

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IT WOULD be cruelty to mention her name, but a certain star stormed into a studio photographic department and berated the retoucher for what she termed his "unsatisfactory retouching of her latest sitting."

The fellow listened to her tirade for a minute, then snapped, "Listen, I ought to be paid extra for touching out your double chins!"

HEART BEATS AND HEART BLEATS DEPT.:

THE most exciting romantic chatter of the moment is that Greta Garbo may marry her director, Rouben Mamoulian. Why, so emphatic is the report, Greta may be Mrs. Mamoulian almost any day now.

There are ever-so-many weddings *about to take place* that a half dozen now-engaged couples may trip to the altar soon, if they are not actually married before you read these lines. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, for instance. And Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye, who'll marry either in New York or Hollywood.

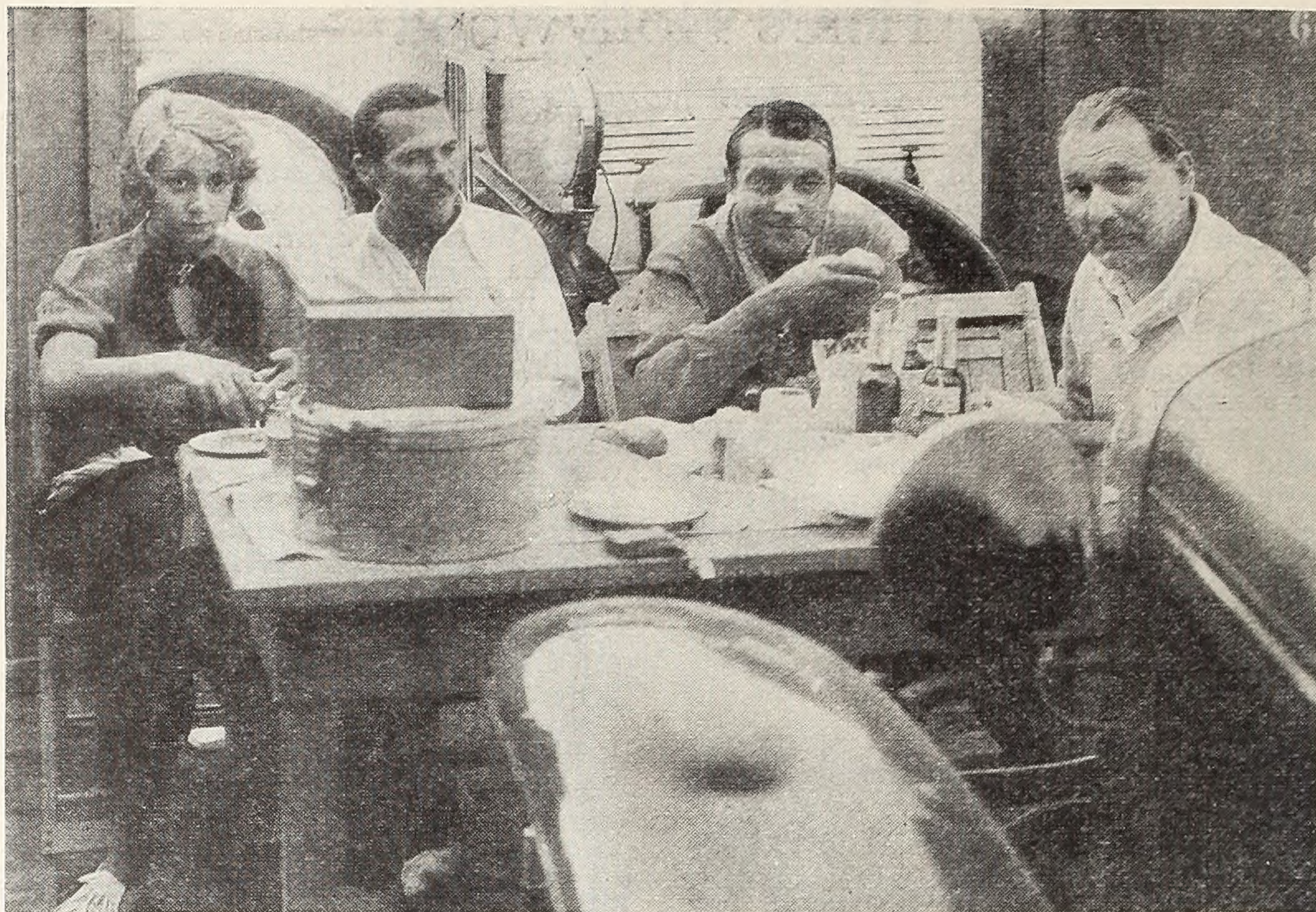
Then, too, Christine Lee and Ricardo Cortez, and Pat (Toby's sister) Wing and William Perry, wealthy young ranch-owner, may take the step any minute.

Ken Murray has filed suit for divorce from his wife, and Sue Carol will likely sue Nick Stuart at once. They'll marry when their divorces are final, of course. Miriam Jordan's Eastern broker-fiance and the blonde actress can't be wed until she divorces Joe Davis, her English husband—but she'll be doing that soon.

There are Anita Louise and Tom Brown, too—very young, but very much in love, and a marriage shouldn't surprise you. Ruth Romaine is likely to become Mrs. Georgie Stone any old time, and Genevieve Tobin admits that she and Felix Chappellet are only awaiting a propitious moment between her pictures.

Among the keeping-companies who are attracting attention by their devotion (apparently) to each other, are Marian Nixon and Gene Raymond, Mary Brian and Donald Cook, Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou (who'll likely wed next summer, when Adolphe's divorce is final), and Mary Carlisle and Eddie Hillman (Marion Nixon's ex-).

Bets are on that Harry Bannister (divorced from Ann Harding) will not



Family reunion! Joan Blondell visits her husband, photographer George Barnes, who is shooting scenes on location for "Massacre." They're lunching with Richard Barthelmess and director Alan Crosland.



Hepburn goes maternal! Katharine plays scenes in "Trigger" with eight-months-old Irene Rich.



Here are some amusing doubles for the stars of "Dinner at Eight," who appeared in a two-reel burlesque of that film, called "Come to Dinner." Front row: Ninon Bunyea as Billie Burke; Flavia Arcaro as Marie Dressler; Leda Lee as Jean Harlow. Rear row: Curtis Karpe as Wallace Beery; Margot Stevenson as Madge Evans; Herschel Mayall as Lionel Barrymore; Renee Brun as Karen Morley; Charles Cannefax as Edmund Lowe.

marry Mary McCormic. Bette Davis denies emphatically that she and hubby Harmon O. Nelson are rifting. Ned Sparks was cruel, testified Mercedes Sparks—and they are now divorced.

Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee are ga-ga-ing. Florine McKinney and director W. S. Van Dyke have it bad. Lyle Talbot is helping Countess Dorothy di Frasso forget Gary Cooper.

Fifi D'Orsay is at last sealed to Maurice Hill, after many pro and con wagers. Alice White went to Mexico to wed Sidney Bartlett, and after a twenty-four hour honeymoon, she was recalled to work. Director Lowell Sherman and actress Geneva Mitchell are pricing marriage licenses. Contrarily, Thelma Todd and her husband, Pat de Cicco, are said to be thinking in terms of divorce.

Joan Crawford has as much as admitted that she will altar-ate her life with Franchot Tone when her divorce from Doug Fairbanks, Jr., becomes final. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are more serious since their two-week split-up, and maybe they'll try marriage in the merry, merry month of April.

Patsy Parker and Bert Wheeler have cooled, and it looks like no-go between Joan Gale and Lew Schrieber, her agent. The film colony's youngest (and sweetest) romance continues to belong to Jean Parker and Francis Lucas.

Amidst the din of choo-choo bells and whistles, Betty Compson married Irving Weinberg, her business manager, on the observation platform of a transcontinental train in Albuquerque, New Mexico, late in December. Forty-five hundred goggle-eyed citizens were on hand to see the solemn rites performed.

Two days later, Gary Cooper took onto himself Veronica Balfe, professionally known as Sandra Shaw. Their marriage occurred in New York City, and while earlier than friends anticipated, it was no surprise.

To offset all those divorce rumors, Sidney Fox and her husband, Charles Beahan, the writer, were re-married at the Little Church of the Flowers, near Hollywood, on the first anniversary of their New York wedding. They'll re-wed yearly, Sidney says.

Mrs. Benny Rubin sued for divorce from her comedian-husband, and won \$300-a-month alimony.

Oh to be in Hollywood now that April's there!

(With apologies to Robert Browning)



"Photograph by Wynn Richards"

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